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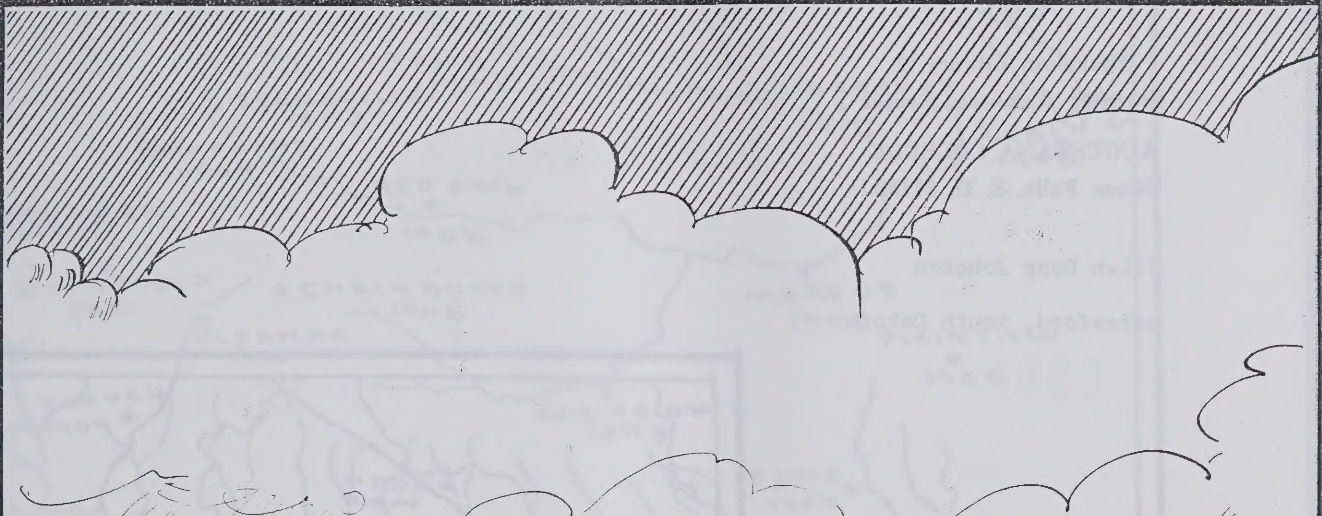

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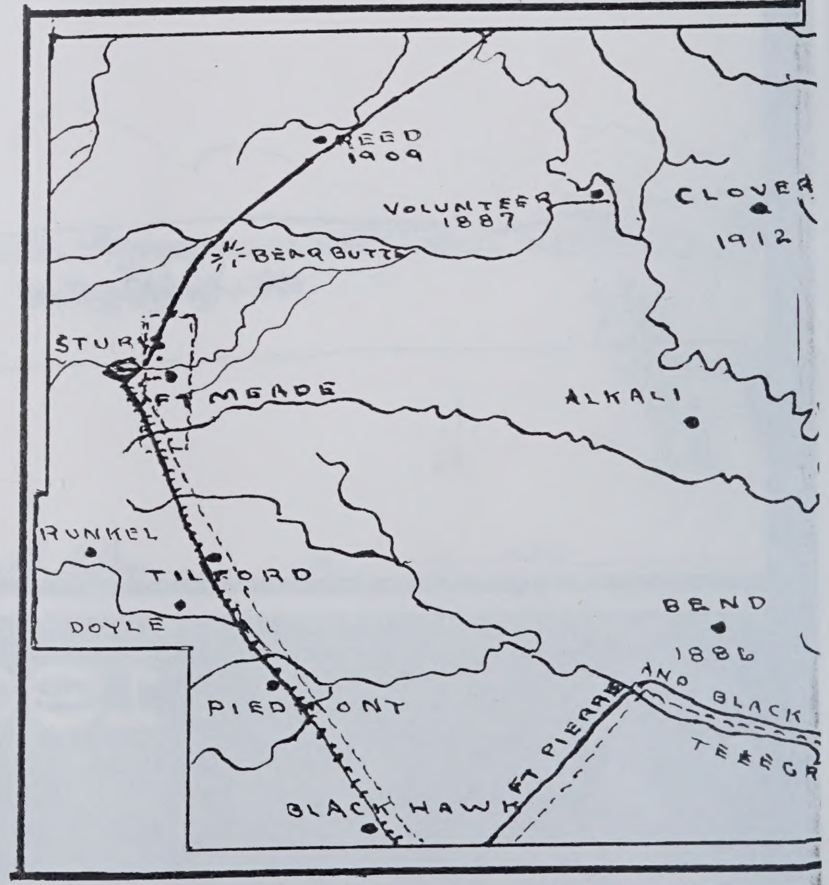
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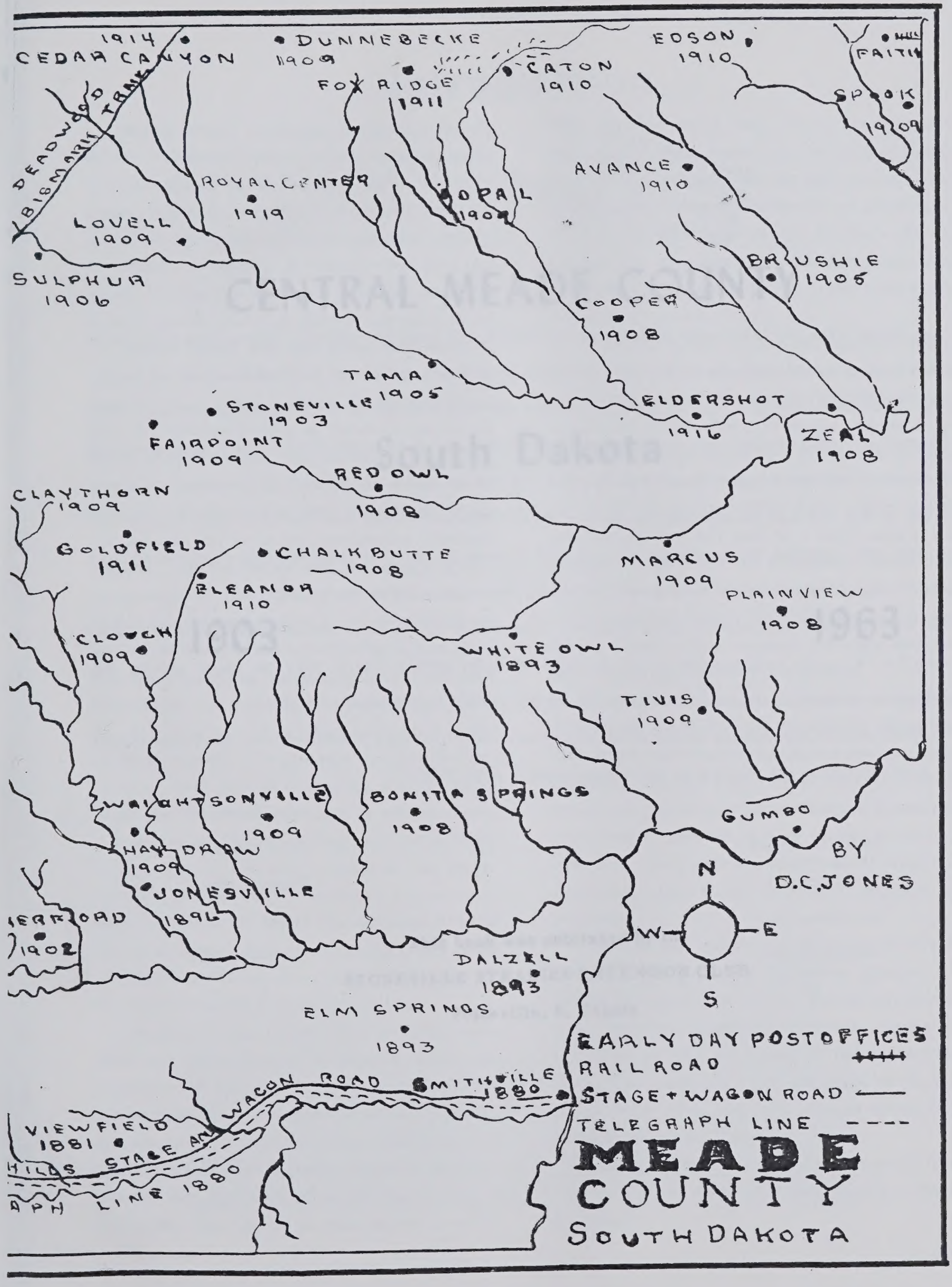
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STAGE + WAGON ROAD
TELEGRAPH LINE
WAGON ROAD
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HILLS STAGE AN
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MEADE COUNTY
SOUTH DAKOTA

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CENTRAL MEADE COUNTY

South Dakota

1903 1963

This book was published by the
STONEVILLE STEADIES EXTENSION CLUB
Stoneville, S. Dakota

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The dates 1903 to 1963 were chosen for our book partly because Stoneville, where most of our club members live, is now 60 years old, but also this seems to cover the time in which most of these stories began, bringing each community up to date as well as we could. We hope through this book we can help to keep alive the history of these people that might otherwise never be known by some of our present generation and especially the children of today. Some of the pictures are old and do not reproduce in print as well as newer ones, but it was our aim to recapture as much of the old days as possible with the old pictures and stories. We do not feel qualified to determine the accuracy of these accounts, and they are only reprinted as they come to us, therefore we assume no responsibilty for any incorrect information or dates.

We wish to thank everyone for their wonderful cooperation in helping us gather material for this book. Without this it would be impossible to have so many wonderful stories. There were so many people, we cannot begin to mention them by name but their efforts are greatly appreciated.

We also wish to mention our thanks to our neglected families for the cooperation while the printing staff put the book together in the shop set up in a vacant house at John Wahl's.

Ella Wahl- - -Editor
Donna Cammack
Ella Cammack
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Luberta Jones

Inez Clarin- - -Assistant
Julia Young
Wanna Young
Dagny Vig
Maureen Vig

Introduction

Meade County is located in the western half of our "Sunshine State." S. Dak. receives more sunshine than many of the other states. The word Dakota means friend, what a wonderful name for our state. May everyone feel proud to say, "I belong to Dakota, a republic of friends," and keep our motto; "Under God the people rule." We are proud central Meade County is part of this great state.

Meade County was once called Sioux country, and is the largest county in the state, as well as most of the counties in other states. It is larger than the combined areas of Delaware and Rhode Island. It is 140 miles from one corner to another, and has a total area of 3,491 square miles. It was created and organized in 1889. Fort Meade, an old cavalry site just out of Sturgis and now a Veteran's Hospital, and the county both are named after a commander of the Union army at the Battle of Gettyburg, General George G. Meade. The county seat is at Sturgis, and it is also the largest town. The old Courthouse constructed in 1894 will soon be replaced with a new $550,000 structure.

This vast area of abundant variety that makes up Meade County is a pleasant surprise to many visitors, with part of it reaching into the Black Hills, and the remaining acres of rolling prairie land broken by countless creeks and rivers. These creeks and rivers were a boon to the homesteaders in many ways, but also a trial as there were no bridges in those days and these streams had to be forded. If they were too high, they would sometimes be forced to wait a month or more, for the water to recede to make the crossing.

Besides being famous for its large size, there are many famous landmarks within the boundaries of the county. On the northern part is a long ridge of several miles known as Fox Ridge, and can be seen for many miles. Before reaching Sturgis from either Highway 212 or 34, travelers pass by that lone sentinel in the western part of the county, Bear Butte. On clear days it is visible fifty and sixty miles away. There are numerous other buttes, their names are not so well-known, but were of great benefit to the early day traveler, as there were few other landmarks to guide them.

The Bismark Trail is still visible in places, showing the thoroughfare used during the gold stampede to Deadwood, S. Dak. Cedar Canyon and Sulphur are along the route.

Ranching is one of the most important industries, and in the early days, large herds of cattle and horses roamed this section with brands of large and famous outfits. The grasses are very nutritious and several varieties that are resistant to drought and unfavorable growing conditions thrive here.

Railroads in the county form a very unique situation as they are only in a small area on the western border, and the Milwaukee coming into Faith on the eastern border. Large transport trucks are depended on largely for freighting from central Meade County. This is much different than the team freighting described in this book.

The entire area has access to electricity through the Rural Electric Association during recent years, and many people have taken advantage of having Mercury Vapor lights installed so their homes and yards are lighted all night. Electricity also made it possible to have modern homes and television. Also, more recently the Rural Telephone Association has made telephones available to everyone.

Another new addition to the county in the last two years are the many Minuteman Missiles installed throughout this section. The construction of these missiles caused a tremendous 'flurry' of traffic on the little side roads as well as the state roads. The installation was completed in the fall of this year, 1963, and have all been turned over to the Strategic Air Command.

Meade County is a wonderful place to live, and former residents still think fondly of their days here.

Homestead Laws

When the Homestead Act was passed in 1862, it brought many people into this area from all parts of the United States and many foreign countries. The Act provided that any person or head of a family, or one who had reached the age of 21 and was a citizen of the United States, or who had filed his declaration of intention to become a citizen, was allowed to file on 160 acres of land in certain specified areas, or 80 acres on a more favorable location such as within a railroad grant. For each 160 acres the homesteader was charged a fee of eighteen dollars of which fourteen dollars was to be paid at the time of filing and the balance at the time of proof. Persons had to be on the land and start improving it within six months after date of filing and had to plow ten acres into crops and establish a residence.

Between 1912 and 1916 Congress enacted three laws to benefit the settler. The Three Year Homestead Act, The Enlarged Homestead Act, and The Stock Raising Homestead Act. The Three Year Homestead Act reduced the residence time on the claim from five to three years, providing ten acres was under cultivation by the start of the second year, and twenty acres by the start of the third year. The homesteader was granted five months time off the claim each year, except when he chose to pay $1.25 per acre and proved up in fourteen months. There was also deferment due to climatic conditions or sickness.

In 1909 a 320 acre homestead law was passed, but S. Dak. did not become eligible until 1915. Under this act the land must be of non-mineral and non-irrigable type. Eighty acres of it had to be under plow and crop by the start of the third year. The Stock Raising Homestead Act was passed in 1916. It applied to grazing lands unsuited for farming purposes in the drier regions.

Despite many hardships such as drought, and winter storms these honyockers stayed and worked their land. Many small towns were established, schools and churches started and eventually large communities grew up. Many of these homesteaders still live on their land today.

Homestead Shacks

Most of the homestead shacks were 10x12 in size because this was the amount of lumber that could be hauled in one wagon-load by a team. Some of the homesteaders had no team, and had to hire their lumber hauled. Those that came before 1906 when the railroad came in hauled from Pierre, S. Dak. The homestead shacks were made of rough boards with tar paper on the outside, nailed with shining round tins to keep the nails from pulling through the paper. Usually the inside walls were unfinished, but sometimes a heavy blue or red building paper was nailed up.

Some shacks had a hole dug in the ground under the floor for storage. The door was a small section of the floor cut out and fastened together and hinged.

Frost collected on the windows and on the nails in the inside of the shack. The frost furnished some entertainment for the children, when so often there was little for them to do. They could draw pictures and sometines eat some of the frost, also making designs with a thimble and other articles.

Dedication

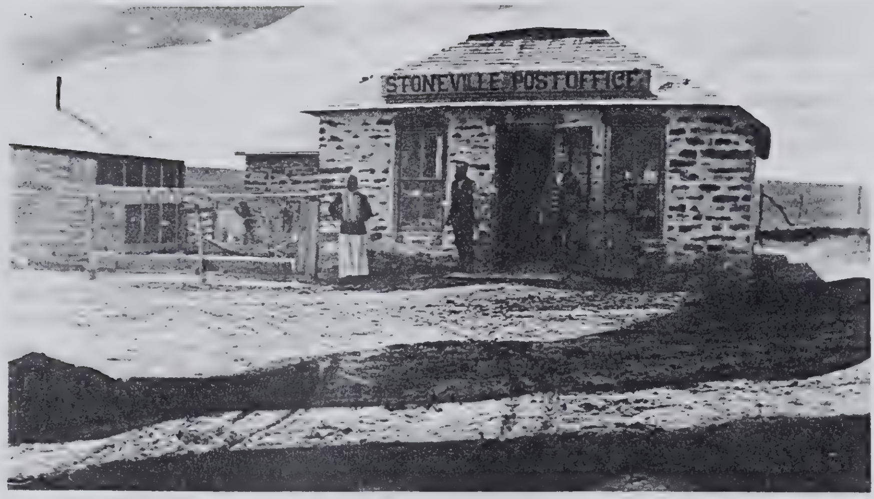
To our Senior Citizens
who bravely endured the hardships of pioneering,

To our present generation
who greatly appreciate their heritage,

To our Junior Citizens
whose wisdom holds the key to the future.

Stories Contributed From the Following Communities

Boneita Springs
Chalkbutte
Clough
Cooper
Dalzell
Eleanor
Elm Springs
Enning
Fairpoint
Haydraw
Hereford
Lovell
Marcus
Mud Butte
Opal
Red Owl
Royal Center
Stoneville
Sulphur
Tama
Union Center
Viewfield
Volunteer
White Owl
Wrightsonville



Mr. and Mrs. Columbus Zrout and Mr. and Mrs. George Rounds taken about 1912.

Stoneville

Stoneville originated in a stone building about five miles west of its present location in 1902 by George T. Rounds. He attended the first school in S. Dak. in Bonham County, and his name is on a memorial there.

George Rounds came to western S. Dak. in the summer of 1900. In Sturgis he met Charles Horton, who had a place on Big Draw, and he wanted Mr. Rounds to build a rock house on this location. After building this rock house in 1901, he liked the country so well he took a homestead on the adjoining land, and built a stone house and store in the same building. When the building was completed he put in a small supply of goods which were freighted from Sturgis, some 60 miles away. There weren't too many settlers at that time, but business picked up as it was the only store for miles.

Mr. Rounds wanted to raise horses, and the water running down the creek, and all the springs running, seemed an ideal location for raising horses. He predicted that ten years would see the whole area taken up by homesteaders, so he and C. Horton went in and filed on the land they had built their houses on. In a few years all the land was taken.

One day in Sturgis, George Rounds met his old friend from back east, O.T. Sevareid, and asked him to come out and run the store for him. The Sevareids moved out and some of their children were born there.

White Owl had the only post office in the country at this time, and the early settlers needed a post office closer and more convenient, so Mr. Rounds enlisted the aid of his old friend, Senator Gamble of Yankton, to get a post office established at Stoneville. He had great hopes for the future of Stoneville, and it wasn't long until he was installed as the first postmaster of Stoneville, on June 9, 1903.

The first mail carriers were Dan Mc Daniels, who was Mrs. Phillip Rounds grandfather, and Jess Brown. The mail was carried from Sturgis with horses. They got fresh horses at the Belle Fourche River. Andy Culbertson lived there at that time, just north of where the bridge is now. There was no bridge at that time and the horses forded the river. It took all day to come out, but by changing horses they were able to keep coming. They also brought many honyockers to the country.

The store boasted a shoe store and Frank Zrout run this department, and the shoe repair shop. Lumber was also sold. Flour could be purchased for $1.00 for 50 lbs,. Work shoes sold for $2.00 a pair.

G. Rounds built a phone line from Stoneville to Eleanor, then Volunteer, and on into Sturgis.

Joe Schuster homesteaded on land just south of the original Stoneville site, and had a coal mine. He put cars and tracks in the mine and got out a 1/2 ton of coal at a time. It sold for $4.00 a ton.

The ladies organized a book club, which consisted of a traveling library that went around to private homes, with everyone contributing books.

There was no school in the country, so G. Rounds built one himself, furnishing the material and doing the building.

As the years went by, many changes took place at Stoneville. It was moved many times, with nine postmasters since Rounds started it. Mr. Rounds passed away in June, 1917 and Columbus Zrout was appointed as postmaster Nov. 3, 1917.

In 1918 Brattons built a new store and house 3 1/2 miles west of the present location, on the west side of the Orth's place. He had Ernest Smith and C. Zrout combine their small store with his. Brattons also built a hotel in 1918 and John Franklin ran it. Franklin was to become the third postmaster, receiving his appointment on May 26, 1920.

The Stoneville Hall Association was organized in 1918. Members bought shares at $50.00. The money was used to build the hall located on the southwest corner of the Henry Orth homestead. Earl Jones, Floyd Grinnel and Henry Orth were the original board members. When the store was moved farther east to the corner where the post office is now located, the hall was sold to Mrs. Agnes Kovarik and was moved south of present store location. Later it was sold again and moved to Plainview, where it still stands.

Claude Hurd had a garage and Walter Brooks worked for him. Later this garage was also moved to the present Stoneville location, just north of the store and Heplers were the owners.

George Boal was the postmaster from Jan. 21, 1921 until Oct. of the same year. Then Mac Simons had the store and Esther Simons was appointed as postmistress Nov. 1, 1921. Then the store was sold to Hal Doran with Ella Doran as postmistress from Dec. 20, 1923 until 1928, when Hazel Hinrichs was appointed on April 12, 1929. In the early thirties the store was moved to the corner of the present Stoneville. For a time Hinrichs had a store on the west side of the road and Doran's had a store on the east side. John Doran was the next postmaster, being appointed Aug. 31, 1933. Then Ralph Schreckenghaust bought Doran's store and Ruby Schreckenghaust was installed as postmistress Jan. 3, 1940.

Hinrichs closed their store during the war, and the building was sold to Charles Hanzlik who raised the building in 1947.

Schreckenghausts sold their store to Oliver Clarin in 1947 and Inez Clarin was appointed in July of that year as postmistress. The Clarins still operate the store and live there with their family, Lynn in college, Lonny and Janette in grade school. Vicky is married to Jim Wahl and they now live at Red Owl with their little daughter Anne.

Stoneville -- 1963

Stoneville School -- 1912

STONEVILLE SCHOOLS

by Anna Orth

When I came to Stoneville in June 1921, there were two schools in Union School District No. 2. The one I taught was on the west edge of the school section, and the other schoolhouse was east on the Red Owl road about three miles.

About 1925, the two schools were moved to the present location on the southeast corner of section 16. The ninth grade was given that year with Ruth Dillabaugh teaching the 9th grade, and Grace Campbell the grades.

A new addition was built in 1926, making a three room school. One high school teacher, Mr. A. L. Tinney taught 9th and 10th grades, and at that time the grade school was so large, for the first time, there were two grade teachers. Later on a three year high school course was given, with two teachers, and two teachers in the grade school.

The high school was discontinued in 1942. The last two terms gave 4 year high school courses. The last class to graduate was in May 1942. The teachers were Lyle Pearson and Jeanette Anshutz. The graduation class of 1942 was Orin Craig, Katherine and Virginia Orth.

Some of the other high school teachers were Edgar Wolfe, Paul Talich, and Knute Knutson.

Stoneville School, 1963

PICTURED BELOW TOP ROW: Anne Kolar, Dorothy Washburn, Margaret Orth, George Mikudik, Buster Jones. BOTTOM ROW: Esther Lee, Pearl Washburn, Helen Washburn, Paul Washburn, Harold Mikudik, Walter Lee, Byron Wall.

PICTURED ABOVE: The first school picnic of the Stoneville School, June 1918. SITTING: Mary Kolar, Alice Young, Nettie Bartlett, Wm. Young, Buster Jones, George Mikudik. SECOND ROW: Margaret Orth, Anna Kolar, Dorothy Washburn, Rose Bandy. THIRD ROW AT BACK: Emma Davis, Rose Orth, Wells Washburn, Clayton Long, Birtie Logsdon, Jimmie Cale, Roy Logsdon, Joe Bandy, Steve Kolar, Earl Kuchera, Chas. Bartlett.

EXTENSION CLUB

by Anna Orth

The first Stoneville Extension Club was organized in the middle 1920's. Floyd Collins was the County Agent at that time. There was no Home Demonstration Agent in Meade County at that time.

Quite often demonstrators were sent out by the Extension Department of the State College, who gave the lessons to different groups, or individual clubs. Clara Sutter came out as a poultry specialist. Susan Wilder came several times also.

Some of the charter members were; Ona Timmons, Florence Jones, Anna Orth, Agnes Lee, Agnes Mikudik, Florence Lee, Esther Orth, and Bertha Young to mention a few.

Sometime in the 30's, the club was discontinued, as a Ladies Aid had been organized. This became a very active organization as church services were held at Stoneville and Red Owl by the same pastors for quite a number of years. After World War II, we were served by the Lutheran Church from Newell, with Rev. Hegland flying out from Newell in his own plane. After he moved to Alaska, other pastors came out from Newell for a few years until they were discontinued.

1944-1963

When the Extension Club was reorganized in 1944 it was named "U-Go-I-Go." In 1957 the club was named "Stoneville Steadies" and has a present enrollment of ten members.

In the early days many social events were sponsored and in 1959 a July picnic was planned for all the people that had lived in the Stoneville area, and invitations were sent to all the former residents whose addresses could be found. This picnic has become an annual event, and is especially enjoyed by the senior citizens.

STONEVILLE 4-H CLUBS

Stoneville has had 4-H Clubs on and off through the years. One girls' club was quite active in the 1930's, and discontinued until in the 1940's during World War II, when a girls' and boys' club was organized again. The boys' club only lasted a short time, due to the lack of a leader. The girls' club was active for four years, then discontinued.

The present clubs were organized in February of 1957, and they are the "Busy Stitchers" and the "Junior Stockgrowers." These clubs are very active, with a present enrollment of 22 members.

FRANCIS ROUNDS

I came to Sturgis with my father, George T. Rounds in August 1900, from Tyndall, S. Dak. I had to return to the eastern part of the state to go to school, but my father stayed.

My father had met Charley Horton in Sturgis, and he came out to Big Draw to build Horton's rock house. He stayed on in the country and filed on adjoining land, where he started the Stoneville Store and in 1903 added the post office.

I filed on a claim in 1908. During these years I made several trips to the eastern part of the state. Part of these trips were made on horseback from Fort Pierre, which was as far as the railroad came, except to go down through Nebraska. I could buy a horse for $10 or $15 and then ship the saddle home.

In 1910 my father built a phone line with which I helped. It went to Eleanor, on to Volunteer and then to Sturgis. I was a repairman of the line, and got a $1.00 a day and furnished my own horse. The line was going down in 1917. It was called the Stoneville Telephone Company.

My brother, Neil also filed on land in 1908 joining Stoneville. My brother, Oscar filed six miles east of Stoneville.

I met Miss Hazel Black from Iowa, while she worked in the telephone office at Kadoka, who filed just east of Stoneville April 26, 1911. We were married on June 1, 1911. We had a stone house 12 x 12. We lived on the place for 46 years.

Our son, Phillip, started to school in a little black shack over the hill. My father had built and paid for the first schoolhouse in the area. I served on the school board for 35 years.

I had a runaway one time with four horses. The lead horse got a foot over the singletree going downhill. There was a load of lumber and canned goods on the wagon. I was knocked off, but the lumber was saved and we found cans many years later.

My mother and stepfather came to live with us for a few years, later they moved to Rapid City. She was a painter and painted many beautiful pictures.

We had the first car in the community and often had to go for the doctor. At this time it was a Dr. Longspaw. One time I had gone to get him for the Barns family, and was returning the doctor to his home as he had no car, when Carl Lee knocked on the window to have me get the doctor for Agnes's sister. I also took people to the doctor at Newell. One of these times I'll never forget was a woman living on the Andy Culbertson place. I got pretty nervous before we got to Newell, wondering if we would get to Newell before the stork arrived.

We now live in Black Hawk, and our one son, Philip lives on the old Stoneville place. We still have our ranch, too. We also have four grandchildren.

Francis Rounds by his claim shack.

The Francis Rounds's place in 1912.

Francis Rounds's barn and one of his first cars. Francis and Philip in the car. Jim Woodin on the horse.

Francis and Philip Rounds by the house Francis and his father built on Hazel's homestead.

HOMESTEAD LIFE

By Hazel Rounds

I came to Stoneville in Meade County in April of 1911 to file on a homestead. I was working in the telephone office in Kadoka, South Dakota, at the time. It was while I was working there that I met Francis Rounds.

I wanted to file on 160 acres and Francis knew of a place near Stoneville that I could get.

I came to Sturgis on the train and on to Stoneville on the stage.

After seeing the land I decided to file on it so we took Francis's father's team, and started the sixty miles back to Sturgis. It was snowing a little when we left Stoneville. When we got almost halfway there, it started to blizzard. There were no fences to follow, and we became lost. We finally came to a house. We were cold and it was getting late, so we asked if we could stay all night there. They wouldn't let us stay so we took out again across the prairie. After dark we came to the Halfway House that belonged to the Messmores. Mr. Messmore was in bed but got up when we got there. Mr. Messmore got us some supper and fixed us some beds. The next morning we started out again for Sturgis, and this time we made it all right. We went on to Belle Fourche, so I could file on my claim. When we got back to Sturgis I went back to Kodaka to work.

Francis got a load of oats and came back out to Stoneville. He planted the oats that spring on his homestead, but it never came up until in September, it was so dry, that year.

After I went back to Kadoka Francis and his father started to build me a rock house. It was only twelve feet square.

On June first, 1911 Francis and I were married in Newell. After our wedding we got the team out of the livery barn and started for Stoneville. We got there about eleven o'clock that night but their beds were all taken so we went on to Charlie Hortons. They were all in bed but Mrs. Horton had a couple of the kids get up and give us their bed.

My house was nearly finished, so we moved in, and started up housekeeping.

The next February we were expecting a baby so we decided to go to Kadoka, to wait for its arrival. We started for Newell which had the closest railroad. It was fourteen below zero when we left home. We had a team of little ponies and a sled. Columbus Zrout went with us, so he could bring the team back. When we got out to Justmans, we stopped to get warm. My face was frozen, and Mr. Justman went out and got some snow to put on it, to thaw it out. After we all got warmed up we started out again. We got to Lutz's on Station Elm before stopping again. We warmed up, and Mrs. Lutz tied a heavy shawl around my head and we went on to Newell.

We took the train for Kadoka, and stayed there the rest of the winter. Our baby, Philip, was born March 15, 1912. When he was three weeks old, we started back to the claim. We came as far as Sturgis on the train, then we hired a car. We got out about twenty miles and got stuck in a draw. I sat on the hillside almost two hours before they got the car out.

When we got to Newell we picked up a man and his wife from Iowa. They were coming out to their claim. We got stuck in a creek about a mile west of the Justman place. Francis carried the baby, and the Iowa couple helped me along, as I still wasn't very strong. We got to Justmans about midnight, Charlie Justman got out of bed and went out on the prairie, and caught a team, and went to pull the car out of the mud. We got within two miles of Fairpoint, and ran out of gas. We sat in the car, while the driver walked to Fairpoint to get some gas. It took him about an hour. We finally made it home, about four o'clock in the morning.

I was to have proved up in November of 1912, but the commissioners were gone, so we decided to stay on the claim.

Francis worked on the telephone line keeping it repaired between Stoneville and the Belle Fourche River. He got a dollar a day, and furnished his own horse. I was alone a lot, except for the baby. The Horton boys carried a pail of milk up to me every day, and one of the Horton girls almost always stayed with me at night.

We went through a lot, drouth, grasshoppers, blizzards, etc, but we were always in good health, and had plenty to eat.

We had many nice neighbors, and did a lot of visiting. Someone came to visit us, or we went somewhere almost every Sunday. There were no special invitations. We just had to go early, before they started somewhere.

There were no Doctors close by, so the neighbors went in time of need. Since we had one

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of the first cars in the community, Francis was called upon many times, to go to town to get the Doctor for someone. He also carried passengers to and from town.

We had a club called the "Honyockers Club." We got together once a month. We visited, had dinner for which we paid ten cents, and sometimes went on picnics. We also had a library, which everyone got lots of enjoyment from.

Everyone seemed to have good times, as most were young and full of big ideas, and dreams of getting rich on this one hundred and sixty acres, that Uncle Sam gave us.

For furniture, in our little house, we had a couch, a small table, a sheep camp stove, and a big packing box for a cupboard, and a couple of chairs. We very much wanted a Victrola, so we decided we would pick up cow-chips to burn instead of buying coal. We took our coal money and bought the Victrola, which we enjoyed listening to the 46 years that we lived on the place at Stoneville.

Nellie Shoun, known as "Granny Shoun"

NELLIE SHOUN
by Mrs. Fred Dillabaugh

Mrs. Nellie Shoun was a well-known and respected member of the Stoneville community for many years.

She was born at Uthem, Yorkshire, England, Aug. 23, 1838. In 1857, she married William Tranmer. They had one daughter, Alice, who became Mrs. Joe Timmons. William Tranmer died and Nellie came to the U.S. with her 8 year old daughter in 1866.

After living around the Council Bluffs, Iowa area until in 1876, she outfitted a wagon train and came to Crook City where she started a hotel which she operated successfully until 1870 when she married V. P. Shoun and moved to his ranch at Viewfield.

In 1894, she went to the Stoneville area where she filed on a homestead. Here she engaged in the horse and cattle business in which she succeeded very well, in spite of a handicap of nearly total deafness.

She remained at her home until 1927 when she became ill. She spent a short time in Sturgis, but died on Feb. 27, at the age of 88.

AN EARLY DAY SCHOOLTEACHER
by Warren A. Rose

The first school I taught was in the old school building that used to be just west of the present school. It was a six months' term beginning in November 1911 and ending in May 1912. The board members at that time were: L. L. Bartlett, chairman; Hiram Davis, treasurer and Matt Washburn, clerk.

Some of the pupils that year were; Rose Orth, Lucy Davis, Emma Davis, Was Washburn, Max Evans, Wells Washburn, John Evans, Carrie Logsdon, Roy Logsdon, Stephen Kolar, Earl Kuchera, and Ruth Timmons, also Earl Washburn and Roberta Logsdon.

I homesteaded about two miles north of old Stoneville where George Rounds operated a general store. I walked six miles to school and back again, sixty miles per week with a grand total of 1,440 miles in the six months. I walked almost as the crow flies, across the prairie with very few fences and no houses except the Timmon's ranch 1 1/2 miles northwest of the schoolhouse.

I missed only three days in the entire six months. One week the thermometer stood in the twenties below zero every day.

SAM KEISTER
by Bruce Wilson

Sam Keister came from Lead to homestead near Stoneville. He was the first to discover coal at the coal mines located two miles north of the present site of Stoneville. He tunneled into the side hill, then later Harry Yeaman helped him sink the first coal mine shaft.

Sam owned shares in the Homestake Mine and grub-staked many of the homesteaders and also loaned money to many people all over Meade County in later years.

Sam owned one of the first threshing machines in the country. He was a good blacksmith and built a well drilling machine which is still in working condition.

Sam enjoyed very much getting out and visiting with all his neighbors.

MANUEL S. COY
by Mrs. Fred Dillabaugh

Generally referred to as simply "Coy" he was one of the colorful figures of the early days. He was a Mexican and a native of San Antonio, Texas, but except for a sister who visited him once, and a grandson, Mike, who came to spend a few years with him, he had no contact with his relatives. His father was active in the San Antonio police department.

In a story of early days on the Holcomb ranch it is written that Coy was regarded by Siver Holly as "the greatest cattleman of them all."

Coy settled down from riding the range and going on round-ups to a life of cattle ranching northeast of the present site of Stoneville.

He was a loyal friend and well liked by all who knew him until his death. He was buried in the Red Owl cemetery. He was not very definite about his age.

by Earl Jones

Manuel Coy always said he was past sixty. He lived on Rock Creek in a log cabin. He arrived in South Dakota with the first herd of cattle to arrive for Fort Meade. At the time of his death he was in his nineties.

He helped drive our cattle to Underwood shortly before his death. We usually had a herd of about 300 each fall which we moved to Underwood to ship to market and he was our herd boss. It took about 5 days to get there.

by Henry Orth

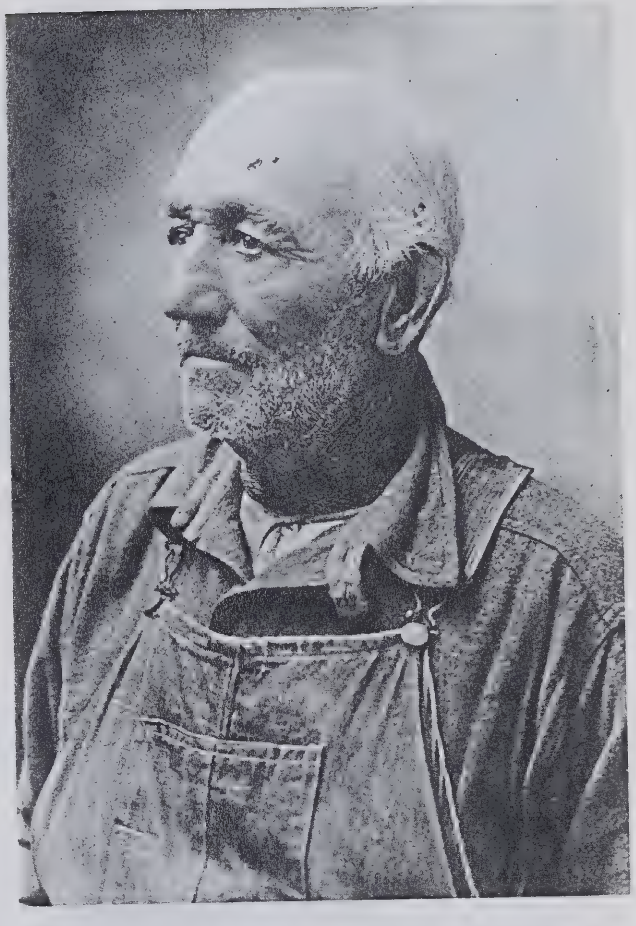
The last picture Manuel Coy had taken was on his last cattle drive to New Underwood. The cattle were made up of cattle from the Stoneville community. If anyone had a few cows to be sent to market, they would all be gathered together until they had a large herd, and Manuel Coy would be the herd boss on the trip to Underwood.

He died in Sturgis, S. Dak. Charles O. Nicols was the undertaker. He was buried in the Red Owl Cemetery. Later Earl Jones, myself and others from the community built a marker from a native shell like rock formation.

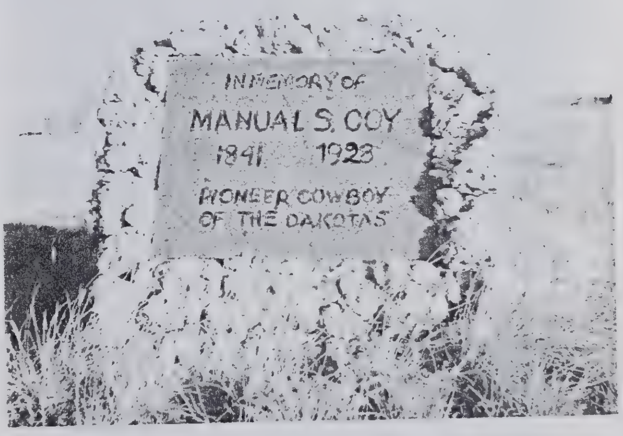
He was born in 1841 and died in 1928 at the age of 87.

A newspaper copy-

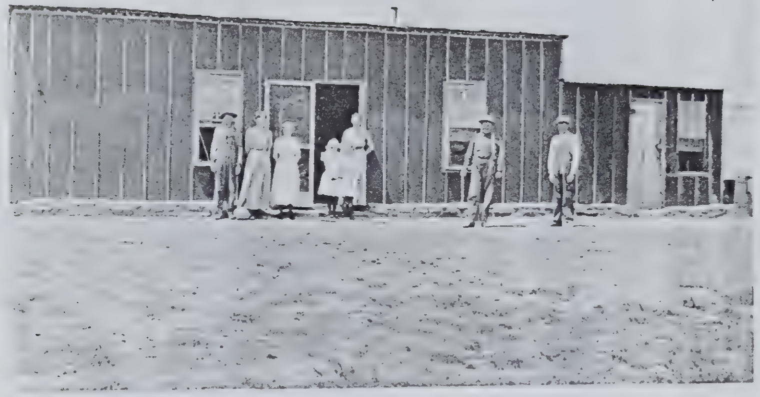
Stoneville, S. Dak. April 14, "With a range reputation as a good friend, but a bad enemy, Mac was the whitest man I ever met," said A.E. Jones of Stoneville, when the hand of death wrote "finis" to the life story of Maneul S. "Mac" Coy, one of the most colorful narratives told on the western plains. Known from Texas to Canada as an expert pistol and rifle shot, and one of the best ropers that ever used a lariat on the plains of the Dakotas, he was the west's oldest active cowboy at the time of his death.



Manuel S. Coy



Coy's tombstone in the Red Owl Cemetery.



Paul, Bertha, Rose, Mrs. Orth, the girls are Ruth Timmons, Margaret Orth, Mr. Orth, Hank Orth.

Lena Washburn and Margaret Orth

HENRY C. ORTH

We were living on a rented farm near Tyndall in the early 1900's. Mother's sister, Mrs. Matt Washburn, was already living in Meade County, where they and Mr. Washburn's mother had filed on homesteads. Grandma Washburn was a half-sister of George T. Rounds, who was the first Stoneville postmaster.

Mother persuaded my father to come to S. Dak. and file on a homestead, so we could have a place of our own. He came out here in Nov., 1907, and filed on a homestead near the Washburn place. In March of 1908, he came back out here and built a tar paper shack, leaving Mother and us five children in Tyndall. Later he returned to Tyndall and had an auction sale, after which he and I took an immigrant car to Sturgis. Mother, my sisters, Bertha, Rose, and Margaret and my brother Paul came out on the train to Sturgis.

My father, Paul and I took a load out to the homestead. He left us at Washburns and returned to Sturgis to get Mother and the girls. It was an unusually wet spring, so they made several attempts to make the trip out here before they finally succeeded, about a month later. The creeks were flooded at the crossings and the gumbo was very sticky.

The shack had no floor. When Bertha opened the door and saw the grass was knee-high on the floor, she exclaimed, "So this is where we are going to live!" Before fall a floor, partitions and bunk beds were built, which made it a very comfortable homestead home for us.

We began operating a lignite coal mine in the fall of 1908, tunneling into the hillsides, and bringing out the coal with wheelbarrows. Kerosene lanterns were used for lights. We hired from two to six men during the winter season. All of them were neighboring bachelors, who were proving up on their claims. All these men had their meals and sleeping quarters with us, so Mother was kept very busy. Our yearly output was about 400 tons, which sold for $4.00 a ton. We operated the mine four years. By that time, and for many years later, there were numerous coal mines operating in the Stoneville and Fairpoint areas.

My father died in 1915. Mother and we children stayed here on the place, as there were many more settlers by then. I filed on a homestead in 1913, which joined my father's on the west.

The year, 1911, was the driest year this area had ever known, even more so than 1936. Corn planted in the spring came up in September, as the first rains came in August. Many homesteaders left here at that time.

My wife, Anna, and I still reside on the old homestead.

Fred Young and team and Grandpa Young at the old homestead.

FRED YOUNG

Homestead days are fun to reminisce about. You remember the pleasant times and some very funny things that happened, many you should forget. But they also remind you of the many hardships. Looking back over the years we can see what we would change, however the time for that is past so we can only rectify some of the major blunders and perhaps do a little good.

We look forward to seeing our nine grandchildren achieve their goals and desires in the many activities they are engaged in.

It took a lot of work to build up this vast prairie into the homes and modern living of today and I have done everything to make a living but teach, preach, and make moonshine.

My parents, my brother Walter and I, filed our homestead in 1908. We shipped an immigrant car of horses, cows, farm machinery and household goods from Hartford, S. Dak. to Sturgis and freighted it with teams from there across prairies of no roads or bridges. The homesteaders or "honyockers" as we were called were not welcomed by the "scissorbills" or old ranchers, who had free range for their horses, sheep or cattle. Our first task was to build fences to keep our stock in and theirs out. We cut the posts in the draws and along the creeks and freighted the wire from Sturgis, the trip taking five days.

The drought of 1911 caused many homesteaders to prove up and leave, which they could do after they established residence and did the required amount of work, such as breaking five acres of ground, digging a well with pick and shovel, etc. Uncle Sam bet your filing fees of $16 against 160 acres of land that you couldn't stick it out for eight months and in many cases he won. If it hadn't been for the lignite coal that was mined here we would have frozen out. There are very few left in this community that stayed.

I was drafted in World War I in 1917, two months after I was married to Bertha Orth, who homesteaded near by. I served 21 long months in the army. When the armistice was signed, and I returned home, my father had passed away and my mother and brother had an auction sale and moved to eastern South Dakota and I was ready to leave too. Everything but my four horses had been sold, but my wife, a native South Dakotan, didn't want to leave. She wanted to start over again and so we did. We are still living on the old homestead.

Our three children were born here, two sons Robert and Paul, and our daughter Violet. They are all married now and have homes of their own. Our son Paul, has built his home here. He has taken over from where we left off as we are both tired and retired. I still have my homestead and Robert and his family live there, two miles south of the present Stoneville post office and store. Violet and family live 2 miles west of Robert's on the old John Johnson homestead, so our children are all close by and we like it here.

Don't ever think there are not lots of ups and downs in the life of the homesteader and it would take many pages to relate them but I can truly say I don't think that anywhere is the air any fresher, the sunshine any brighter or the sunsets anymore beautiful than they are in Meade County. (Or any drier).

Fred Young's homestead

BERTHA ORTH YOUNG

Meade County in S. Dak. with all the trials and tribulations of pioneer days is home to me and to many who have moved to other states and cities. If they have spent their early youth here you can often hear them refer to it as home.

I came here from eastern S. Dak., in 1908 at the age of 13. There the homes were large, many two story. The homestead shack that Dad had built seemed almost impossible more like a shed with its small windows, no floor, bare 2 by 4's and rafters, tar papered roof and sides. Those claim shacks were all pretty much alike only some were made of sod. Our chicken house and fuel shed were sod and I can remember helping lay some of the sod. Everyone worked, there were none of today's modern conveniences and it was all hard work, the kids of today would say, they sure were 'kooks' to work like that but there was no other way, but with the hoe for getting the weeds out of the cornfields and a husking peg or hook and the old team and wagon to get the corn picked.

Still we had lots that we don't have today, the creeks and draws had wild fruit of every kind, (June berries, wild currants, chokecherries, wild plums and buffalo berries) and we picked buckets of them. We'd can the juice and pulp and make it into jam and jelly as we used it. It really went good with homemade bread which is another thing in the past. The only bakery that I can remember was in eastern S. Dak., where us kids bought heartshaped white gum, with a picture on it, for a penny, mostly sweetened paraffin wax.

The stores out here had flour, yeast and baking powder, but no bread and unless the bachelors could get some woman to bake for them they ate biscuits, some made real good ones while others struggled with the art and indigestion. I can't remember any remedy but a teaspoon of Watkins liniment in a glass of milk. Some had what they called "Ole," but I don't know how it was made but it was a cure for everything including snake bites.

Strange to say as much as I walked around the prairie I never saw a rattlesnake but once when I was on horseback one rattled, my horse shied and I very nearly landed along side of the rattler. I believe there are more now than there were then. I've heard the story of one being in the shack and on the bed, they threw back the covers and made a jump for safety, then killed the rattler. That was too close for comfort.

It wasn't all work, we had a lot of fun too. Dad ran a coal mine and there were hungry miners to cook for and very dirty roller towels and bedding to wash. Freighters from Marcus, Brushie and Cooper would have to stay overnight as it was too far to make the trip in a day. After the dishes were done we would have some big games of cards. High five, Razzeldazzel, Pitch and Poker to name a few. Bridge and Whist came much later. Then there were the Saturday night dances, many in the 10 by 12 shacks, with a fiddle or two for music. We drove miles with a team and wagon. There was a foot warmer for your feet and you wore as many clothes as an Eskimo to be sure you were dressed warm enough. It wasn't like going in the car and I think the winters were much colder than now, but that didn't stop anyone. Everyone came, either on horseback with a team and buggy and even on foot. We used to pile hay in the bobsled and all go together in that.

We danced the waltzes, two steps, three steps, seven steps, square dances, polkas and schottische. The foxtrot, bunnyhug and the rag came later and really shocked the modesty of a great many. We would have home talent plays and basket socials with everyone taking part and doing their bit. We would meet at the different homes to practice and really had a good time, even dance after we got through practicing.

Our first phone line was on the barbwire fence. It was built in 1916 with 8 families on the line and later extended to 14 families and believe me it was a busy line. It was like the grapevine, everyone listening in, so everyone knew just what was going on. How else were you to keep up on all the events as there was no daily paper, radio or television.

There were ball games in the summer. Upper Red Owl team even had suits with U.R.O. on them. That always drew a crowd on Sunday afternoon.

The fourth of July we went to a celebration at Fairpoint in 1910, there was one at Chalkbutte that same year. In 1911 on the fourth of July we had a picnic in Granny Shoun's grove and they even built a bowery floor out of shiplap for a dance, another fourth we had a picnic in the grove and danced in John Timmons new barn. In 1915 we drove to Newell and it snowed and was very cold. I recall the story the proprietor at the boarding house told about the Chinaman, who came in saying, "Bella cold, Bella cold," and quote he said, "Well if you would put your shirt inside your pants your belly wouldn't get cold."

In 1916 I filed on my homestead and in 1917 I was married to Fred Young, also a homesteader.

A great many of those people that I knew then have gone on to their reward. They were all human and made mistakes but they were among the finest anyone could ever wish to know.

CHARLES WILLIAM BLEYHL

Charles William Bleyhl was born near Madison, Minnesota, on January 1, 1887. My parents were Edward and Louisa Bleyhl.

At the age of 21, my brother, Ed and I each filed on a homestead near Stoneville, S. Dak., in the year 1908. The Stoneville Store and post office was at that time five miles west of where it is now. The Stoneville Store is now located on my brother Ed's homestead, and mine was just across the road north from the store.

We filed on our homesteads in the spring of

1908, and in November shipped our horses and machinery out. Our neighbor Oscar Rounds let us stay in his shack until I got mine built. The country was sort of wild at that time. There was no 'Herd Law' so all the stock ran wild. We bought a couple of tons of hay and fenced it in, and one morning a big bunch of horses and cattle had come and torn down the fence and our hay was gone.

The first fall I made three trips to Sturgis, which at that time was 65 miles. The roads were just trails with 30 miles of that gumbo. When it rained we just had to stop and unhitch horses. We would hobble them and turn them loose to graze until the gumbo dried.

I brought out the lumber for my shack in the first trip, so we built mine first. Then five of us lived there until the rest got their's built, my brother, Eb and three neighbors and myself. The shack was 10 X 14. We built a barn out of sod.

It was hard to get water. We dug three or four wells, but didn't get any water, so we had to haul all of our water over 1/2 mile.

The weather was nice all winter the first winter we were there. We hauled wood and fence posts all winter. We had to fence all of our land to save our crops, as there was no 'Herd law.'

Going out to the homestead, we shipped our horses and machinery by train, but when going back to Minn. we emigrated and had to ferry across the Missouri at Fort Pierre.

My brother Ed married Pansy Riffel who lived with her family about six miles northwest of where we lived, and they lived there a couple years after I left. Then they moved to De Lamere, North Dakota, where they farmed until Ed passed away. They had five children, 3 boys and 2 girls. The youngest boy passed away at the age of 21.

The year after I came back home, I was married to Clara Iovby in 1911. On Nov. 1st, two years ago, we celebrated our golden wedding anniversary. We have three children; one girl Leona, and two sons, Bervin and Emerson. We have 8 grandchildren and 5 great grandchildren, including twin grandsons and twin great grandsons, and we love them all.

JAMES M. HEFNER'S

by Mildred Hanson

Our family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. James Hefner, and three daughters, Hazel, Helen and Mildred.

We left Waterloo, Iowa early in April of 1909, with one horse, a dog and very little household furnishings. We traveled as far as possible by train, transferring to freight wagons and our horse and buggy for mile after mile---the time meant nothing to three little girls. We had over night rest at the "Halfway House," changed horses and then we were on our way again.

Kennelly was the freighter at that time. We had to ford a river. I don't think there were any bridges, or perhaps it was run-off water that had flooded the streams. It was deep enough that the wagon would float. Every so often, we would stop to chop the "gumbo" from the wheels and the horses hooves.

We arrived at our place, sick, tired out and in a state of wonder. The sight of that little 'Shanty' must have been sickening to our mother, who had left an eight room house and furnishings in Iowa. We girls were warned not to get out of sight of the house, but it wasn't long before were all over the 160 acres.

After a few months we had taken to the ways of the country. How we enjoyed the trip to Stoneville; the grand old man "Mr. Rounds," the general store, post office and cobbler shop.

We rocked up a spring, eight feet deep, built a sod barn and put in a garden. We also had a good flock of chickens and turkeys. We girls lived outdoors, kept busy picking up buffalo chips to burn and bones to sell.

The summers were hot and dry, and the shallow wells went dry, so the neighbors would drive over to our place for spring water, and mother would have a chance to visit. I can remember the big herd of range cattle coming over the hill in a cloud of dust, heading for our spring and water. Our three wire fence was no obstacle to them--it went down as if made of string. All the creeks were dry and we were the only ones to have plenty of water. It must have been a terrible time for the cattlemen, with all of us little homesteaders fencing off the water and feed.

The winters were cold and crisp, with snow drifts 8 to 10 feet deep. One winter we were snowed in. Mr. Hunter got to our place in the afternoon to help us out.

We went to school at Stoneville when they could get a teacher. All three of us girls rode on an old 'sway-backed, hoof bound' white horse. Some of the children at that time were Robert Kennelly, Bud and Ada Humble, Rosie and Paul Orth.

We lived on the "claim" three years. April, 1912 we moved to Ellensburg, Washington, where our new baby sister was born. Father died the next year in a train accident. We never moved back to South Dakota, although I have been back to visit many times. I must say the three years we lived in that little one room "shanty on our claim" was the most wonderful years of my life. We still own the land, which joins Rounds on the South.

Charles Johnson

Charles Johnson

THE CHARLES JOHNSON FAMILY

We had heard so much about the good times out in Meade County and the money people were making out there, so in the spring of 1930 we packed up our family and went out to try our luck. We missed the good years. We arrived in Sturgis about the middle of March. Carl Lee and brother John was there to meet us, and took us out to Stoneville that night. We had supper at Carl Lee's. After supper we went to John's place to see what was going to be our home, and we were a little disappointed. The two-roomed house was much too small for our big family, but thought of what the early settlers had when they first came and decided to make the best of it.

We had eight children; Irene, Roy, Mary, Mildred, Clifton, the twins, Violet and Viola, and Karl, who was just six weeks old when we came to Stoneville.

Although we found a lot of work, both inside and outside, the children all helped. That spring Charley, Roy, and John put in 60 acres of crop besides a lot of alfalfa. We had a lot of men to cook for. We wonder sometimes how we got all the work done. We had a bumper crop that fall but the prices went way down.

I remember one experience Roy had when he was bringing the children home from school one evening. We had just had a new layer of snow that covered everything. Roy drove a little too close to an open well and one of his horses slid into the well. The neighbors came to help get the horse out of the well and after a lot of work they finally got him out. The neighbors were all so wonderful to help out wherever there was trouble.

A couple years later, two of our good horses died from sleeping sickness. The grasshoppers were also very bad that year. In 1937 we had a fairly good crop of corn so we decided we had better move while we could. Jack Doran packed us all in his big truck, and after having a nice, big breakfast at Doran's we were on our way back to the old place we came from, Goodwin, S. Dak., where we are still living.

We lived at Stoneville for seven years.

JOHN W. JOHNSON

by Mr. and Mrs. Charley Johnson

When John heard that people were filing on homesteads in Meade County, he hurried out to the Stoneville area and filed on a claim in 1907. In the spring of 1908 he settled down on his claim and started to make improvements on it. There he worked for forty years, all alone, and if we knew all the experience and hardships he went through I believe it would fill a book of his own.

One experience John had that he often told happened when he went out to catch some of his horses on a frosty morning. He was carrying a bridle over his arm and it was dragging on the ground, making a rattling noise. He thought it was a rattlesnake following him. When he caught on to what it was, it really amused him.

John Johnson in the orchard--the grasshoppers ate the leaves leaving the apples.

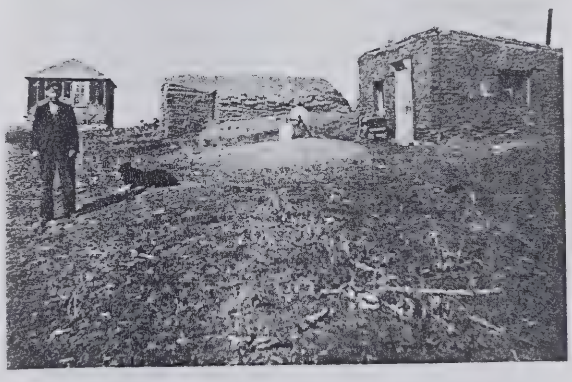
John Johnson's place in the thirties.

He worked very hard, putting up hay and raising crops, when the weather was favorable. When the neighbors needed any feed or any help of any kind they knew they could always go to John for help. Several people have said that if it hadn't been for John they wouldn't have been able to stay there. The neighbors were all very good to him, too.

One of the worst experiences he had happened when he was out after his horses. One of the horses kicked the horse he was riding and broke John's leg. John laid out on the prairie for some time until he drew Mrs. Carl Lee's attention. Being so far from a doctor it was some time before he could get any medical attention.

John tells about Mr. Kvernan when he came out to build on his claim in 1929. He stayed with John and would get up and have breakfast ready for John when he got up. John really enjoyed that.

After forty years of hard labor, John decided to rent his place and take life a little easier. By this time he had accumulated 2700 acres of land. He then moved to Sturgis where he met Mrs. Tompson from Spearfish. They were later married when John was 72 years old. The last 11 years of his life were very happy ones. He had a very nice home, something he never had before. His wife took such good care of him. We hope she will be blessed for all she did for him. After they were married, they lived in Spearfish until his death on Jan 8, 1962.



John Johnson with the sod buildings.

DR. & MRS. MYRON TEDROW

by Mrs. D. C. Jones

Dr. Tedrow came west in homestead days. He lived on several places before buying a farm south of Old Stoneville. He brought his wife out to S. Dak. before 1920.

He was a veterinarian and as a sideline bought train carloads of horses to break and then sold them, shipping them to the eastern part of the state from Faith.

In the late 1930's the Tedrows moved to Illinois to care for his aging parents. They always said they hoped to come back to S. Dak. someday. They both passed away in Illinois.

Rev. John E. Evans--J E Cross rancher

THE JE CROSS

by John C. Evans

It was born of the dust and wind. It arose out of timeless ages of butte and prairie. And when our father, a Congregational churchman, laid his clerical hands to the plow, he rolled out the long, black strips of sod and there was the creation. Thus, there came into being two sod buildings, a house and barn, which were to be our home for ten scorched years. And there it stood securely through the hot blasts of summer and the shrieking winters, a symbol and a refuge.

The Reverend John Edward Evans was no farmer. He was a church missionary who had been sent out from Wisconsin to a bleak, bare land into which homesteaders, "honyockers" they were called, were flocking by hundreds. His job was to organize churches and Sunday Schools wherever he could gather a few people together. After that, however, because he was inbued with pioneer audacity, there grew up around us a horse and cattle ranch known as the JE Cross. So this energetic clergyman surprised himself by becoming a rancher and even had his branding iron registered at Sturgis, the county seat of Meade County.

That was the way it began in 1909, while the rest of us were all safely in Wisconsin, except for young Winter, seventeen years old, whom my father had brought with him to share in the manual labor of house building. Then in 1910 our mother brought us all to Rapid City, where my father had spent the winter and was waiting with team and freight wagon. From that point in June we five embarked, jolting across the prairie toward the new home freshly cut from sod two and a half miles north of old Stoneville, which had been established only seven years before in 1903. I was still eight years old, Max ten, and Margaret sixteen. Winter had gone back to Wisconsin for a new career.

For academic advancement we had a glistening new schoolhouse at Stoneville, built by Mr. Hagen, a Norwegian carpenter, just across the road from Charlie Culbertson's. This building is still in existence, moved from its original site and used as a granary and store house, but still there. We had a six month school year and a succession of teachers each of whom stayed fourteen months until they had "proved up" on their newly acquired homesteads.

There were Miss Delany, an eighteen year old from Sturgis: Miss Dullea: Miss Minty, who married Dr. Morse, finally settling in Rapid City; Mr. French: Mr. Roy Cann; Miss Crowe; Mrs. Humble; Miss Henry; and Warren Rose, whom my father imported from Minnesota to take the job. Some of these came to finish out a predecessor's unexpired term.

But somehow we made progress. Some years we had to go to another school where there was a teacher. Once the Sevareid boys, Nels and Hank, had to come to Stoneville because there was no teacher at Fairpoint. Later we rode horseback five miles to Fairpoint because Stoneville was vacant. Two years we went to a shanty school on the Jake Keffler's place to a Miss Flannigan, who seemed to come out of nowhere and passed back into the same area. I think she was a friend of the Keffler's. One year we rode seven miles away to the Washburn school, as we called it, near Red Owl. This was near Johnny Washburn's place.

All this is to show how people arrived and departed, all attracted by the promise of new land, many of them disillusioned as soon as they arrived. Not so, my eager optimistic father. "This country has a great future," he would say. "We are waiting for a railroad between Newell and Faith. It will come just about here," he would show us with a sweep of his arm. We kids were pop-eyed. Maybe it would cross our land, go past or through our house. This was while the water holes dried up in Big Draw Creek, the ground cracked wide open, the very birds decided to go elsewhere, and Jake Keffler with a team and scraper built a dam.

Clarence Horten had gone from his stone house, which still stands. Andy Culbertson, whose house partially remains, left too. But some of the old-timers stayed on: Charlie Culbertson, the Sevareids' at Fairpoint, Johnnie Timmons, Blake Crowser near Red Owl. I don't know where Mr. Zrout, the shoemaker with beard and leather apron, went, nor Mr. and Mrs. George Rounds, who ran the Stoneville Store and post office. That store was an exciting spot. I used to ride Gypsy or Blossom to get groceries and the mail three times a week when it came in on the stage from Newell. It stood just over the hill from the schoolhouse and portions of it still remain. There Mrs. Rounds would encourage me to read aloud from bulletins and "Wanted" posters so that I might amaze, with my proficiency, anyone within earshot.

There was also the store at Fairpoint, a much more metropolitan center. There I would ride in the buggy with my father and play with Hank Sevareid, who was my own age. Later, when we were somewhat older, Max and I formed a sort of combo and played for dances in the old Fairpoint town and dance hall, still standing on the Sevareid premises. This activity seemed to have our father's blessing, and I would chord away on an old pump organ while Max sawed like mad at his violin, at the same time blowing on an especially long harmonica held in his mouth by a Sears Roebuck contrivance going around his neck and shoulders. Thus, instead of moving the harmonica, he moved his head. Finally the dance would be interrupted for a box social. I always ate with my sister Margaret and her current boy friend. We have stopped at Fairpoint several times during the past few years. Nels is there, Ed, Bill and Marty; but Hank has passed away and lies in the Fairpoint cemetery.

There was a succession of people who came to our place at various times and stayed for long or short periods: Warren Rose, teacher at Stoneville and Red Owl: Jake Halverson and Oliver, his brother; Jim Wooden, an uncle of Francis Rounds, who trained oxen for my romantic father, helped build our stone barn, and wrote poetry of a sort in which even I could sense an element of deficiency. Finally there was "Indian Pete," Pete Culbertson, uncle to the Sevareid boys, famed in wild west show business, and raised by Indians. What high adventure there was for my brother and me when Pete arrived! He was a colorful character and represented something out of the old west much older and more romantic than we would ever know. Some of his former "Indian Pete" bronchobusters were still in the area. I think Leslie Boe was one, though this may not be correct. I was forever astonished that such a great man condescended to stop at our place, but of course I know now that it was our father who drew him to us. With long, braided hair wrapped twice around his head, silver mounted saddle and bridle, two ivory handled six shooters always worn in his belt holster, he rode in on a strawberry roan. "Do you ever shoot 'em off, Pete?" we wanted to know.

A high, waning falsetto represented a laugh, starting at the top with a gradual descent. "Ai-yee. I carry 'em for rattlesnakes and prairie dogs." His circus must have broken up at Faith, because I know his carousel lay abandoned there for years. He had a ranch somewhere on the Sulphur Creek, and in his good days, he would start from there for his Eastern tours.

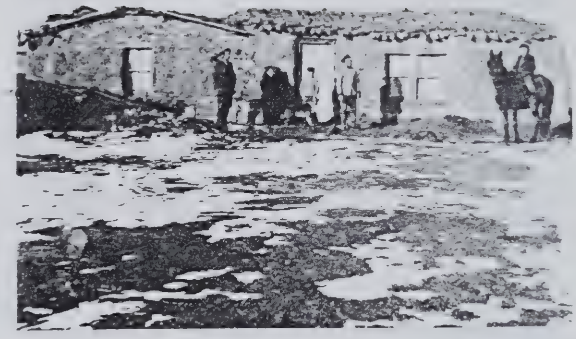
Our place became something like a "road house," a way station where many people came for overnight or for several days, except that our mother never charged anybody. One man who always did pay and insisted on doing so was the old peddler with team and wagon full of merchandise. He came once a year, and if I ever knew his name, I am not now aware of it.

We named all the hills and buttes around us: the Jernberg Butte, the Cottrel Butte, the Quinn Hill, named for people on whose land they were located. A prairie fire once swept down the Quinn Hill from the west and up to our very yard. There were also Fox Ridge and Fox Butte, visible in the blue distance fifteen miles away up the Big Draw valley.

Among all this activity my father brought "church" to the eastern half of Meade County. Hundreds of miles I rode with him by team and buggy to Sulphur Creek, Horse Butte, Red Owl, Tama, Opal, Marcus, Chalkbutte, White Owl, and a dozen other places. The last two or three years we had cars that were less dependable, a Reo, a Ford, and by that time I was driving for him. But the church gatherings occurred less often and grew smaller as people left the country. Some turned around and went back as soon as they arrived, but most tried to "make a go of it" as my father had done. However, they too left one by one, and the population melted away.

So it went. Jake Keffler lost a team of big Iowa draft horses at the bottom of a well he was digging on the Drew place a half mile north, the same place where one poor, lonely man later committed suicide. Only a fraction of the memories now come clear. Hauling freight from Sturgis or Newell over the gumbo in infrequent wet weather meant a complete stop until the mud dried up. Then the whole wagon became one solid mass. Usually water was scarce in Big Draw Creek and elsewhere, but Mr. Hagen, the Norwegian carpenter, could "witch" for it, so he was in demand as a preliminary to any well digging.

Finally the handwriting began to show on surfaces other than sod walls. My brother, Max, yearned for the life of a cowboy. He rode bucking horses, herded sheep, taught school for four months, but when he announced his intention to become a barber at New Stoneville, now located five miles east of the old store, my father shipped him away to high school. And with my mother insisting, he laid plans for the abandonment of JE Cross ranch. This was in 1919, and by that time he had lost heavily in a large herd of cattle for which he had gone into debt. These turned out to be of Southern origin, unused to prairie blizzards. With Max gone, I stayed away from high school that year to help him. The cattle would go crazy with the cold, attacking horse and rider before they went down. We hauled them in with stoneboats off the prairie by dozens and hauled them out the same way. In the barn we tried to pull them to their feet by means of rope windlasses, but to no avail. None of them ever survived. They died like flies, and by spring we had the biggest collection of carcasses and bones I shall ever expect to see again.



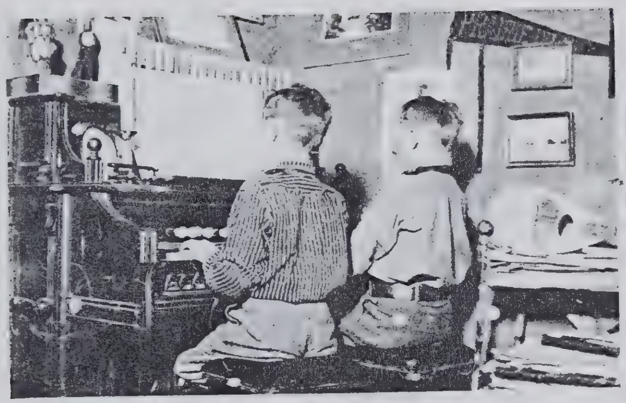
Warren Rose (teacher), Mrs. J. E. Evans, son Max with dog, J. E. Evans, and John Jr. and sod house.

The winters were completely ruthless. Blizzards swept across those prairies at from fifty to seventy-five miles an hour. We managed to be inside when there was one in progress. Once, however, I was lost on a cold night but wound up at Kerchenberger's five miles away at just about bedtime. I was still too young to know enough to "let the horse have his head." Searchers were out all night, but like the rising sun I turned up cheerful and beaming the next morning. The old sod house was a true shelter and we were always safe and warm there. We burned lignite from Johnnie Higgins's mine, and our cook stove and heater were all we needed. Sometimes our house was nearly buried. Then we would tunnel out through the snow from the front door.

Mrs. John E. Evans and daughter, Margaret

Thus it ended. By 1920 all traces of human occupation had vanished. Left alone, the old buildings were undecided. I know that the roofs caved in first, and someone took away the timbers my father had cut out and hauled from Sulphur Creek, including the big long roof beams. The stone barn went too, stone that we had all helped haul from the surrounding buttes. After that the sod walls dissolved into only the crazy, whirling dust devils that lowered everything flat to the prairie floor. Now there is nothing. Nostalgic longings have twice driven me to that spot since then. There is a slight depression where we had dug our underground cellar. I found one fragment of a dish once familiar on my mother's table. In June yellow cactus blooms in what was once a busy yard where riders came up to the very door. Atoms from those sod walls have now circled the earth many times since those days, and all has gone back to the original. Everywhere there is moving dust and wind. Only the hills remain sentinels and the brilliant night stars.

Max and John Evans



John and Max Evans--1912

Buster Jones, 3 years old, Nov. 25, 1909

Rev. J. E. Evans on the JE Ranch

D. C. Jones sod house, 1929

Meade County Ranch, 1916. LEFT TO RIGHT: Max Evans, Mrs. Evans, Rev. J. E. Evans, Margaret (Evans) Lindley, Robt. Kennelly (neighbor), Chas. I. Lindley, John Evans, Jr.

Mr. & Mrs. Walter Jones and Buster in 1914

James H. Cale

JAMES H. CALE
by Mrs. D. C. Jones

James Cale came from England in 1879. He was one of ten children. He lived in Deadwood for about 15 years before coming to Stoneville to homestead in the spring of 1908.

He told of having large crops on the newly broken sod. They fall plowed, then broadcast such things as onions, radishes, lettuce and carrots in January or February when they got a thaw and the snow went off. The vegetables produced an early crop, which helped when they had to depend on their crops for food.

He hired Harry Yeaman to build his sod house and barn. Carl Lee helped dig the cellar and well and then fenced eighty acres for Mr. Cale.

Mr. Cale had three sons; Jim, Charley, and Darrell. Since their mother passed away when they were very young, Darrell, youngest of the sons, was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Walter Jones. Mrs. Jones also cared for Jim while Mr. Cale was working. Charley went to school in Deadwood as there was no school close enough for him to attend. Charley visited the "ranch," as he called the homestead, only a few times during the summer.

In 1922 James Cale and his sons, Jim and Charley, left the homestead and moved to Florida when Miami was a swamp. James Cale was a plasterer by trade, and there was a lot of that type of work to be had in Florida. Charley opened a quarry in the Florida Keys. Charley has two sons in the Navy and two daughters.

Jim Cale was a lather by trade and he later moved to Washington D.C., where he was one of the workers in the White House when it was rebuilt inside. He was vice-president of the International Lather's Union when he passed away in 1957. Jim's daughter and her husband both teach in a Georgia college.

My husband, Darrell Cale (Buster) Jones, and I still live on the homestead. We have two sons; Bobby and Dale, and one daughter Ida Mae. Bobby works with his dad at home, Dale is living in Sturgis, and Ida Mae is going to college, with hopes of becoming a teacher someday.

GULLIK KVERNAN
by Dagny Vig

My father came to the United States from Norway in 1909 at the age of 29. He could not speak English when he arrived in Sturgis so someone directed him out to the Gullikson place north of Sturgis. Mr. Gullikson had come from Norway earlier and was acquainted with this part of the country. My father went out to the Stoneville area where he filed a claim about 5 1/2 miles southwest of the present site of Stoneville.

My father left his homestead in 1912 and went to Lead where he worked in a blacksmith shop for some time. He left there and made a trip to Norway in 1914. He returned to the United States in 1915 and went to Minneapolis and St. Paul, working there as a carpenter. While he was in Minneapolis he was married to Hanna Johanson, also from Norway. They lived there for some time where my sister, Mrs. Lloyd Wilcox, and I were born.

My father returned to his homestead in 1929. He built a house and my mother, sister and I came to Stoneville in the spring of 1930. My father lived on his homestead until his death in 1943. My mother moved to Sturgis shortly after where she still lives. My father's homestead is now a part of our ranch.

Jay Pickert

JAY PICKERT

by Bertha Young

Jay Pickert was among the first homesteaders. He was a leader and started many Sunday Schools. He was superintendent of the Stoneville Sunday School for years.

He took part in all school programs and home talent plays. One of the plays remembered by many is "Deacon Dubbs," in which Enoch Herrick played the leading part. Those who saw and heard him and Fred Young sing, "That Watermelon Smiling on the Vine," will surely remember it.

He started our first phone line and ordered the phones. The line was on a barbwire fence.

He had one of the first radios in the country and how proud he was of it! Of course earphones had to be used and therefore everyone had to take turns.

Jay also has pleasant memories of a team of horses he raised. They made seven miles an hour and were true pullers.

He was a bachelor for many years and lived in a dugout. You could walk right up on the roof. One day when he wasn't at home a lard bucket was put in the stovepipe and when Jay started his fire it nearly smoked him out. He had a bad time before he found out just what caused the stove to smoke.

Jay married Mary Jensen, and from here he moved to Oregon where he still resides.

HENRY AUGUST WILLIAM KNOELKE

by Myrtle Knoelke Welch

Henry August William Knoelke was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, October 23, 1886. He was confirmed in the Lutheran faith. He was apprenticed to learn the baker's trade when very young. After his apprenticeship he came to eastern South Dakota where he worked on his uncle's farm for a few years.

In 1911 he went out to western South Dakota where he filed on a homestead in Meade County. He lived on the claim and also worked for a rancher who had the largest cattle ranch in that area.

In 1917 a young lady, Miss Myrtle Campbell, came out to Meade County to teach in the local school. She boarded at the Timmon's ranch.

She met Henry there one day and not long afterward he asked her for a date to go to a dance. That was the beginning of a romance that lasted for twenty-nine years, or until his death in 1948.

In the spring of 1918 all available men of the proper age were drafted into the United States Army as World War I was in progress at that time. Henry made good use of his early training as a baker, as he was a cook in the service. However, he did not get to go overseas. He was on his way there on a boat bound out of New York City for France, when after one day at sea the ship's captain was ordered to return to port as peace was being declared. A short time afterward he was discharged from the Army.

On May 20, 1919 he was married to Myrtle Campbell at the home of the bride's parents in northeastern South Dakota.

Five children were born to them. On March 20, 1920 a little daughter, Ruth Ilene was born; November 10, 1921 a little boy, Neil Ormond arrived; April 5, 1923 another little boy, Roy Orlow; March 4, 1925, another boy, Warren Henry; and on November 28, 1927, Wayne Arnold appeared on the scene.

Of course there was plenty of work for everyone all of the time. When the children were of school age and older, Henry would get up at four o'clock every week day morning in winter and by seven be at work in the Yeaman coal mine.

To break the monotony, there were community picnics, dances, a Community Club; the members making up the program using local talent: music, playlets, solos, duets, quartets, etc. always with the cake, sandwiches and coffee donated by the members. One winter an Auction Bridge Club was formed in the neighborhood, the meetings were held in the homes of the members. The stakes to be made were points or scores for the evening. Competition was keen for high score and of course no one really wanted to place for low score. It was all in fun no matter who won or lost.

In 1927 Mrs. Millie Markham, a widow, and aunt of Myrtle Knoelke, came to teach the Lucerne school. She boarded in the Knoelke home. The three oldest Knoelke children went to school to her.

She met Henry's close friend and neighbor for many years, John McConachie. He was also a homesteader and raised sheep. John and Millie were married in the fall of 1928.

Baseball was a source of enjoyment for both young and old for years and no one missed a game if they could possibly get there on Sunday afternoons.

Christmas time was the high light of the year; the presents were mostly items of needed clothing, and the toys were usually homemade, but were as highly prized as any present of today could be. No one had much money in those days. Then there were the school programs, and Christmas evening at the Fred Young home. This was a routine that was not broken for years.

Then the dry years came, more and more drought, cattle had to be sold for low prices, not much more than the expense of shipping them out, horses were almost given away, no one had any money to buy anything. After a swarm of locusts finished stripping every blade of grass and every leaf from the trees, leaving even curtains hanging at the windows in shreds, the Knoelke family decided to move away from there. In August 1936, they headed for California to make a new start. All they had was a Chevrolet truck, loaded with what furniture they had, and four hundred dollars in money.

LOUIS CHANEY

In 1908 Louis Chaney decided to surprise his 90 year old mother in Waconda, South Dakota. However, after making the trip from Wisconsin, he found that she was visiting her daughter, Mrs. James Shaw, at White Owl, so he continued on there. Later that year he filed on a claim at Red Owl and put up a building, stayed with a daughter, Mrs. Shiffman, and his son, John. In the spring he met his wife and family in Sturgis with three wagons. Needless to say, there was hard going when crossing the gumbo. The children were Bert, Laura, Leo, Louis Jr., and Verona.

Hope lived eternal; through drouth, being hailed out, or other misfortunes, they never gave up, but would say "next year will be better."

There were a number of friends and relatives from Wisconsin, and much of the time their mail would be brought to Chaney's. They would pick it up, and read the daily paper "The Milwaukee Journal."

The aged Grandma passed on the second summer. There wasn't time to go to town for a casket so material, including silver handles, was obtained at Thurston's Red Owl Store. The loving hands of the Ladies' Aid and their husbands fashioned a respectable casket and she was buried at White Owl.

The Ladies' Aid was a family affair looked forward to eagerly every Thursday, and was held in the dance hall. Each family brought one dish of food, and it was placed together on a long table made of saw horses and planks.

In winter men would help cut ice and store it in a cave at Horlocker's ranch. Then when the hot winds blew, one could get a piece of ice to make ice cream. If you didn't have a freezer you used a gallon pail set in a large pail of salt and ice, and turned back and forth by hand.

At first the weekly dance orchestra consisted of an accomplished harpist and other musicians. Later the Gleason Orchestra furnished music, and Ray Gleason organized the Red Owl Band.

When the Red Owl ball team would play at home on Friday the school would be dismissed to attend the games.

The community church was held in the school house. It held box suppers, ice cream socials, and picnics on the creek; also entertaining programs.

One of the most exciting things the Chaney's encountered was a prairie fire which burned for miles, but left the buildings, hay and forty acres. The following week another smaller fire burned the forty acres. Another exciting event was the big roundup with miles of thundering cattle.

HARRY YEAMAN
And
SAMUEL KEISTER

by Rose Yeaman

Harry Yeaman and Samuel Keister were friends from early manhood. They lived and worked in the Black Hills until Mr. Yeaman homesteaded land, two miles north of the present Stoneville. In 1910 they both moved to the homestead.

Mr. Yeaman devoted his time to coal mining, which he sold to the public, until he retired.

Mr. Keister raised horses in the early years, and in later years, he dug wells for many ranchers. He made a well machine, and it still is used once in awhile.

Their sod house they homesteaded in was still on the place until a few years ago, when it started to tumble down.

Both men retired in the early thirties, and are now deceased.

After they left the place, a nephew of Mr. Yeaman's, also named Harry Yeaman, lived there with his family. They were his wife Rose, a daughter Darleen, and one son, Robert. They too mined coal and sold it, along with the ranching.

In the forties they left, and now reside in California.

Hiram Davis, Lucy, Ellen and Emma taken in 1909

HIRAM AND ELLEN DAVIS
by Alice Potter

Hiram Davis, known as Hi Davis, came from Grant County, Wisconsin, to Straubville, North Dakota, where he and his family lived. His wife died there, and he left his sons to run the place.

In 1908 he came to South Dakota, and filed on a homestead.

In 1909 he returned to South Dakota, bringing his new wife, Ellen, and two of his daughters, Lucy and Emma. They lived on Hi's homestead. Mr. Davis had beautiful horses, and he did a lot of freighting, with team and wagon. He was very proud of his horses.

Ellen Davis was a mid-wife, and was very much in demand around the country, delivering many of the babies.

They had a prairie fire that went from White Owl to the Moreau River, and Hi told of skinning cattle, using the wet hides to drag along the line of fire, by two men on horseback.

Lucy, Hi's daughter went to Spearfish to Black Hills Teachers College. She taught school in her home area for several years. One was school district, number 13, and the school board, was Mrs. J. A. Swenson, clerk, Mr. G. D. Mentzer, chairman, and the treasurer was Mr. R. F. Tift.

Her pupils were Silas Mentzer, Myra Mentzer, Wealtha Simons, Anna Jorgenson, Ruth Mentzer, Clara Simons, Alice Simons, Nels Jorgenson, and Lily Jorgenson.

Hi Davis lived with daughter Lucy, and husband the last few years of his life, dying at the age of eighty-eight years.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Stainbrook

ELMER STAINBROOK
by Alice Potter

Due to the fact both of my parents are dead, I will write from facts I have and memories of what they have told me.

My dad, Elmer Stainbrook, came to Meade County in March, 1910, and homesteaded on Spring Creek, northeast of Stoneville, six miles south of Sulphur Creek.

He first came to S. Dak. in a covered wagon as a very young child in 1878. This was with an oxen team. They settled on a river near Milltown, S. Dak. in a rock house built by his dad. As a young man he worked out--learning the blacksmith trade at Parkston, S. Dak. before coming west.

After settling on his homestead, he returned to Parkston to help his sisters move out to homesteads in the area. Alice took a claim near Chalkbutte, while Emma, Birdella and Nellie settled northeast of Stoneville.

When a beef was butchered, he covered the inside of the hide with salt, then folded it up until it was cured. Some smaller hides he nailed up on the back of the shop to dry. He sent some hides away to be tanned, and made into leather laces and harness leather. He had a small harness machine with which he mended harnesses on stormy days in the winter. He also wove 4, 8, and 12 strand quirts and buggy whips. He made coyote hide mittens which were very light and warm, with the fur on the outside.

Grouse were very plentiful, and it wasn't uncommon to see flocks of 25 to 40 in the fields and around the stacks in the winter.

One celebration we went to at Stoneville was when the old hotel was still there. They turned a greased pig loose, and the last I knew, it was down in the brakes southwest of there with a bunch still after it. Whoever caught it was allowed to keep it.

Christmas parties were made lively by Fred Young, as Santa, who was always able to seemingly just fly through a window when least expected. He was able to keep the crowd in a spirited mood by his sense of humor, and by delivering a kiss to the girls with their present, but he always kissed the teacher first.

Schoolhouses and homes didn't have automatic heat, and wood was very scarce. Coal was mined on school section 36. Also on the Orth place there was an outcropping where people dug coal. At Tama, where people had dug for coal, was a hillside with a row of holes. This was jokingly called the rabbit holes. My dad first mined on our place on an incline, then later put in a shaft 4 feet square, 46 feet deep and a 32 foot tipple. A side bin was built that would hold 23 tons of coal. This bin had a chute with a trap door for letting coal out over a screen into a wagon or truck. The Stainbrook mine was the first to put in scales for weighing coal.

A carpenter, William Zearley and his wife, Emma, who had lived at Lead, S. Dak. then homesteaded east of Stoneville, built these tipples for the mine. He and my dad drew up plans of how it was to be built, then he cut every piece to exact measurements before nailing any of the pieces together. It went together perfectly and withstood being moved five times. Over 25 years later a tornado twisted and ruined it. It then stood high on a hill over a 60 foot shaft.

The old barrel bucket that used to be horse drawn by a whim was replaced by an engine room. The whim team had halter ropes tied and circled around. They were so used to it that they would sometimes run around and around and stop with the bucket just an inch from being up high enough to hook it on a trolley hook that carried it over to the bin to be dumped. This was a very cold and frosty place to work. The temperature in the mine was around 56 degrees summer and winter, and the warm air coming up caused thick frost inside the tipple at times. Later Guy Overland, who took over the York mine, came up with an engine idea. A "goose neck" arrangement that sat up above for the purpose of a square 1/2 ton cage to automatically dump. At the bottom of the shaft, the bucket or cage sat in a pit. Leading off in two directions were drifts. These were tall enough for a man to stand up in. Off from the drifts were rooms. There were ribs left along the sides of the drift and pillars left in the rooms to hold the ceiling. The height of the rooms was a little over 4 feet. Below the coal was a black substance that would get red hot in a stove, but not burn. It would just lay there and this was called floor. Above was a 4 to 6 inch layer of log coal. This was shiny and laid like long logs flattened by great weight, they also removed large stumps of this. Occasionally the men came to what they called a "horse." This was a streak of iron, which they all hated because it had to be hand picked. At first all the coal was hand picked, but later dynamite was used and still later black powder. Above the log coal was a layer of black jack and above that sand. The coal had lots of ashes, and if the customers complained about the clinkers, my dad would say, "You had a lot of heat didn't you?" They had to admit it, because no clinkers--no heat.

An air shaft 6 inches to 2 feet in diameter was placed out away so there would be circulation of air. In summer the air would be worse, then the carbide lights would get real dim. Bad air can be raised in a cage or bucket--turned upside down and dumped out, strange as it may sound.

People hauled coal many miles with four horse teams etc. I can remember once when a storm came up. We had 28 teams at our place, and I can't remember how many men stayed all night. Seldom was our family alone for a meal.

So many people required much food. We butchered, canned "oodles" of vegetables and picked and canned wild fruit, etc. We made lots of jellies and jams. Then occasionally Dad would trade coal for something and sell it out. I can remember having a ton of flour upstairs once--and 5 gal. cans of honey, a truck load of bushels of apples in the cellar, etc. The pork was put into a sugar cure, then smoked. Many people had their own smokehouses.

Surrounding my dad's homestead were the Hoehn's, Jim Smith, Agender Stalburg, West Bros., Clarence Bruce and others. Many of these left in 1911 and 1912.

Jay Pickert had one of the first radios in the country and how proud he was of it! Of course, with earphones, and everyone took turns listening.

In about 1921 or 1922 my dad got a Luvern truck. He and Paul Tauren had the first Luvern trucks in Meade County.

Gumbo seemed to be a big problem. One time my mother walked from the barn to the house. Her overshoes picked up so much mud, she decided to weigh one, and it weighed 23 pounds. She seemed to make quilts by the dozens to have enough for all. Then she sewed clothing for our family and others.

My mother was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hi Davis, and taught school around this area before she married my father. After my father's death she sold out and moved to Sturgis for her remaining years. The land wasn't sold.

My brother, Wyvern, now lives in Calif., and I live with my family near Whitewood.

Mr. and Mrs. Columbus Stainbrook

MR. AND MRS. COLUMBUS STAINBROOK
by Hilda Wonn

My father, Columbus Stainbrook, came from Milltown to Meade County, in 1914, to take up a homestead. He did not stay too long at that time.

He married my mother, Emma Davis in 1917. They were married at Aberdeen, and lived in the eastern part of the state until 1923, then they moved back to Meade county. They had four children at that time.

They lived one mile east of Stoneville on Grandpa Davis's place. My brother, Kenneth and I were born there. When I was two and a half years old, my mother passed away in the summer of 1930.

Dad and we children continued to live at Stoneville with the help of my aunts, who had homesteaded near us, and we got along fairly well. We lived in the Stoneville area until we were grown children, and my two brothers went into the Armed Forces.

There were six of us, Clarence, Wayne, Thelma, Vivian, Kenneth, and I (Hilda). Wayne passed away November 1, 1962. The rest of us are all scattered now, living in different areas of the country.

My Dad lives with me, here in Sturgis now. He is the only one left of his generation, and is past 81 years old.

THE STAINBROOK SISTERS
Alice, Emma, Birdella, & Nellie
by Hilda Wonn

Elmer Stainbrook had filed on a claim north of Stoneville, South Dakota, then he went back to eastern South Dakota, to bring his sisters out to homestead. In 1911, they moved out to stay.

Alice homesteaded a couple of miles east of the present Stoneville, Birdella and Nellie had adjoining homesteads about five miles northeast of the present Stoneville, and lived together. The house was on Birdella's and the well on Nellie's homestead.

Alice spent some time with Elmer before his marriage. Before coming to Meade County, she had worked as a cook at a hotel in Wolsey, South Dakota, for 18 years, and at Evans Hotel at Hot Springs. She was also a dressmaker having a pattern draft machine.

Later Nellie married Bert Kolbu. After the marriage Alice moved, and lived with Birdella. She did the housework, and Birdella did the farming and caring for the cattle, getting wood and all the outside chores one finds around a homestead. She also built a barn, with much hard work, only to have it burn, when lightning struck it a few years later, along with her hay and a calf she rescued once, but it turned and ran back into the blazing barn.

Birdella remarked "that there weren't any fences when I came," and she helped build all of hers.

Nellie died leaving two small boys, Orville and John. Birdella and Alice kept the boys most of the time until Orville was school age. Then after that for a few years, they spent most of their summers with her. Alice later moved into a place close to Emma, and when Alice became ill, Birdella moved in with her to care for her until her death in 1949. In 1952 Birdella died and a few years later Emma too passed away.

Before closing this story, I would like to add a few things more, about the kindness of these Aunts.

When we lived on the Pickert place we had four and one half miles to walk to school. As I wrote in my mother and father's story, my mother died when we were small, and they helped us. And when we lived on this place Aunt Alice put up our school lunches. This is just one of the many, many things they did for us.

While they never married, they had ten nieces and nephews that loved to go to their homes. They always prepared good meals for us, and treated us like we were someone special.

These Aunts also read their Bibles, and gave us good advice, that really gave us help on the way to our adult lives, it wasn't always serious, we had good times, and laughs with Birdella's humor and ready wit, and we enjoyed Emma's poems.

These sisters were pioneers in the real sense of the word, as they endured many hardships, and did it alone.

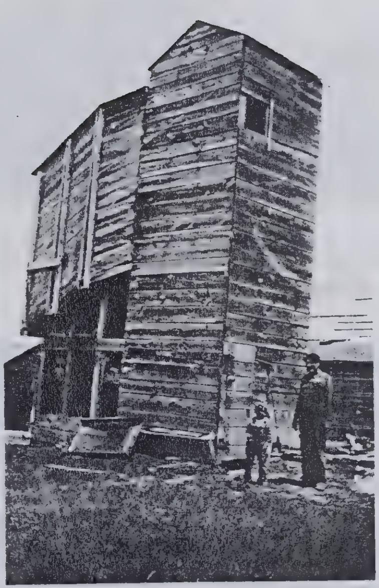
Alice Stainbrook

Nellie Stainbrook (Kolbu)

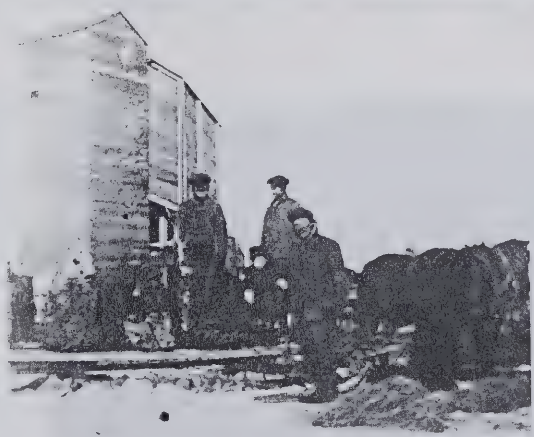
Birdella Stainbrook

BACHELOR'S LAMENT
by Elmer Stainbrook

Elmer Stainbrook is my name,
A bachelor I am; keeping old batch on an elegant plain.
You will find me out west on a Cherokee plain,
A starving to death on a government claim.
My house is built of natural soil; my walls are erected according to Hoyle;
The roof has no pitch, but level and plain,
And I always get wet when it happens to rain.
Hurrah for Meade County the land of the free,
The home of the grasshopper, bedbug and flea;
I'll tell of its prayer and sing of its fame.
While starving to death on a government claim.
My clothes are all ragged, my language is rough,
My bread is casehardened, solid and tough,
The dough is scattered all over the room,
And the floor gets scared at the sight of a broom.
The clothes are scattered all over the bed,
The grasshoppers are hopping about my head.
The rattlesnakes keeps me laughing two thirds of the time,
And the smart little flea with sharp tacks in his toes,
Says "why don't you catch me" all over my nose.
Then come to Meade County, there is a home for you all,
Where the wind never ceases, and the rain never falls:
Where the sun never sets, but sweetly remains
Till it burns up our crop on the government claim.
How happy I feel on my government claim.
I have nothing to lose and nothing to gain.
I have nothing to eat and nothing to wear,
So nothing for nothing is honest and fair.
It's here I am sitting, and here I will stay;
My money is all gone and I can't get away.
There is nothing that makes a man hard and profane
Like starving to death on a government claim.
Hurrah for Meade County, where blizzards arise,
Where the sun never sets and the flea never dies.
Come join in the chorus, and sing of its fame,
You poor hungry settlers who live on a claim.
Farewell to Meade County, farewell to the west,
I'll travel back East to the girl I love best.
I'll stop in Nebraska and get me a wife,
And live on cornbread for the rest of my life.



The Stainbrook coal mine tipple with Elmer and Wyvern Stainbrook



E. E. Stainbrook coal mine, Alfred Easom, Ole Kolbu, John Angus, and Dennis York

Loading coal at the Stainbrook coal mine, the scales at the left. Guy Overland's coal mine in the background.

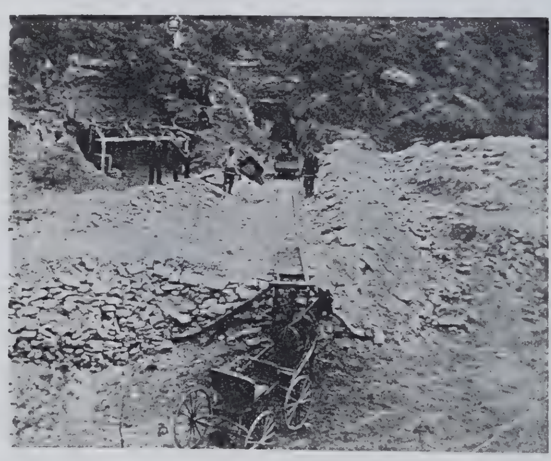
J - SCHUSTER 'S COAL MINE

A coal mine--Feb. 1913

Fred Young mining lignite coal in 1911 on school section 36-9-12.

A coal mine at Tama, S. Dak.

Loading Lignite at
rth's Coal Mine Stoneville S. Dak. No



Higgens coal mine in 1911

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STURGIS, SOUTH DAKOTA

John Alfred Johnson family in 1903

JOHN ALFRED JOHNSON

by Agnes Lee

John A. Johnson came to Meade County from Altamont, S. Dak., on the 29th day of Dec., in 1908 with his wife and 10 children. Coming by train to Wasta, S. Dak., we had a train-car load of furniture, food and livestock. At Wasta we got three wagons. One was a light spring wagon for the family. The second was for the furniture and food. The third wagon was for chickens, feed and odds and ends. Trailing the wagons were several head of cattle.

After two hard days of traveling, we came to White Owl and the Shaw place, where we lived for about 3 weeks, after which time, we went on to Stoneville, S. Dak., on the 22nd day of Dec., 1908.

Later he filed on a homestead south of Fairpoint, known as Sevareids at that time, and later was changed to Fairpoint.

After filing on the land, he built a sod house and barn, fenced the land, and dug a well. Corn and oats were his first crops. Hay was very plentiful, so there was little worry about feed for cattle. Potatoes were a must in the garden, besides the usual run of vegetables.

Four of the youngest children went to school. The school was a lumber homestead shack a mile away. The school was heated by an old coal and wood stove. The coal was brought from the Schuster mine, and the wood was gathered from the brakes near by. One helpful break was the mild winters.

Fred Michel was one of the first teachers, then came Mrs. Louise Humble, who taught for 5 or 6 years. Church was held in a small building in Stoneville, the minister, John Evans, homesteaded north of Stoneville.

For entertainment neighbors would get together to play cards or dance to the music furnished by any one that could play a musical instrument.

Whenever my father, had time he would do wood carving, making such things as toys, and knick-knack shelves. He also did some carpenter work, besides freight hauling to the Stoneville store. Besides her home duties, mother canned vegetables from the garden, picked wild fruit for jam and jelly, canned meat, and also made her own laundry soap. She did a lot of nursing when called upon and helped whenever in need.

In 1909, one daughter was married, and another in 1911, until most of the children were married.

In April of 1920, my mother went to the Deadwood hospital, and passed away in June of 1920. My father passed away later that year in Dec., after spending most of that time with a daughter, S. Brooks and family, who lived near Chalkbutte, S. Dak.

Carl Haddorff and family

Alfred Vammar 1909

The older Lee children-Esther, Bud, Myrtle and Hilda

Agnes Lee and the old milk cow.

CARL LEE
by Mrs. Carl Lee

I came from Glenham, South Dakota, on April 17th, 1908. A friend and neighbor, Alfred Vommer, and I each had a team and wagon with hay, a supply of food, clothing, bedding, tent, etc.

We crossed the Missouri at Mobridge on a ferry and traveled all day. We spent the first night at the home of a friend of Alfred's. There wasn't much of a road to travel on, now and then a trail. We were headed southwest.

On the fifth day we were a couple miles south of where Faith is now. We didn't think there was a soul or house in miles until we saw smoke coming from a hill where a man had built his home.

Knowing we were getting nearer our destination, we called on the gentleman to find out where we were or if he knew where Stoneville was. He sent us to White Owl. From there we followed the Red Owl Creek west until we got to our destination. I filed on my homestead the 3rd day of January, 1908. Alfred filed on the place just south of mine.

We wanted to build sod houses and barns on our places. First was a trip to Sturgis for lumber for roofs, floors, and windows, etc. The weather with its cold, rain and wind didn't help us at all. With no way to heat our tent, we were cold. We cooked our food on a small, gas stove.

The food we brought with us was gone and so was the food supply at the stores. The loaded freight wagons were stranded on the gumbo unable to move for mud. For two days we ate pancakes made from flour, baking powder, and water with no butter or syrup. We had coffee, a little lard, and no meat.

When we had our sod shacks built, we had to break 5 acres. I planted corn and had a good stand. Range cattle would come in and eat the corn.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Lee on their 50th wedding anniversary in 1959.

Every once in a while we would rope a cow and milk her. They were wild so we didn't get much milk but a lot of excitement.

I was married in 1909 to Agnes Johnson, who came with her parents from Altamont, South Dakota, in Dec., 1908. The year 1910 and on were dry years but we raised enough hay and feed for our stock. We also raised a garden and chickens. We were about to leave the homestead but it must have rained or something as we stayed on.

The children went to school near Stoneville and later attended high school at Stoneville. Some had to go to Sturgis or Newell to finish high school. The children went to work or got married soon after they graduated from high school. Three of our sons served in the Coast Guard in World War II.

We lived on the homestead 45 years and then came to Newell in 1954 where we built a new home. We celebrated our 50th wedding anniversary in 1959.

We had 9 children--4 boys and 5 girls. Esther passed away in 1924 at the age of 14 years. Walter lives in Colorado. Myrtle (Mrs. Monty McDermand) resides near Fairburn, South Dakota. Hilda (Mrs. Walter Gladden) is at Alleghany, Oregon. Robert and Alvin are in Laramie, Wyoming. Evelyn (Mrs. Edd Philipsen) and Norman now live in Sturgis. Amy passed away at birth in 1929.

We have 22 grandchildren and 18 great grandchildren.

Jones place taken in 1910.

EARL JONES

My father, Walter C. Jones was a civil engineer, who located in Pierre where he married Julian S. Lee. He made several trips to the Black Hills from 1880 on, leaving his wife at Pierre. In 1891 she went up the Missouri River on a steamboat, the Jim Layton, to Skinner's landing, near the present Mobridge, to her father's farm where I was born. She returned to Pierre, the same way later.

When I was about 5 years old we came to Deadwood by immigrant train from Fort Pierre. We came on a fast wagon train taking only 5 days. I can remember crossing the Cheyenne River, as it was high and water came up into the wagon.

We lived in Deadwood until going to our homestead at Stoneville in 1908.

I made my entry into central Meade County by riding a mowing machine all the way from Sturgis. We had a large load of lumber and supplies and at first tied the mower behind, and put on four horses to pull, but the two lead horses balked (they were our saddle horses) so they were hitched to the mower and I was elected to drive it. This was my first time to ever drive a horse.

It was very dry weather. We left Sturgis May 1, 1908. After crossing the Volunteer bridge, we never saw a house until we camped near the Diamond S Ranch on our second night out. We got to my father's homestead May 3rd and started to build our sod house. We were there only a few days, when it started to rain. Carl Lee, Alfred Volmer, and I had a tent we lived in, and it leaked with each rain. The bedsprings sagged so the fellow in the middle got soaked first.

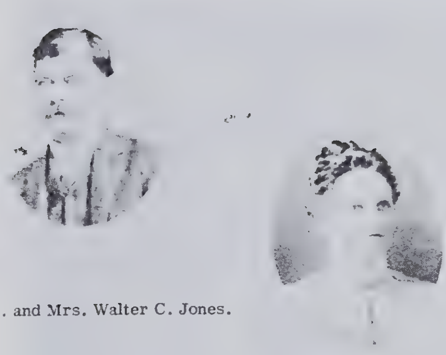
1911 was the year of no rain, so we organized a baseball team, U-R-O, which meant Upper Red Owl. Each post office did the same, and since there were no crops or hay to harvest, we played ball often. Teams were at Marcus, Red Owl, Chalkbutte, Fairpoint, Acme, Sulphur, Claythorne, Sod Town and others.

Many homesteaders left that year and I hauled several to the new town of Newell, where they shipped out.

My father died in 1913 and was the first person to be buried in the Red Owl Cemetery. In fact, he was surveying the cemetery, but he died before he had the work completed. He also surveyed the road that came out of Deadwood on Strawberry Hill. My mother died in 1920 at our home. The roads were so bad, we had to use a wagon to get the casket to the cemetery.

Mabel Shafer, Sophie Jones, Lucy Stainbrook, Agnes Lee, Mr. Thovsen, Carl Lee, Wes Shafer. The children are: Buster Jones, Esther Lee, Walter (Bud) Lee in arms.

Earl Jones's first car, 1914.



Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Jones.

WESLIE SHAFER

I came to Stoneville in September 1907. I came by train to Wasta, then took the stage to White Owl, and then walked the rest of the way. Mr. George Potter and Mr. Reid came out with me. Mr. Potter filed on a claim which the Bruch family own now. I was not old enough, at the time, to file on a claim so I went back home and told my grandmother, who raised me, about the land out here.

My grandmother, Sarah Shafer, and her widowed sister, Lillian Wray, came out and filed on claims just west of the Jones's homestead.

Lillian later married Charley Bellya, who was also a homesteader.

During the drought of 1911 my grandmother and Mrs. Bellya sold their claims to John Johnson. Mr. Bellya sold his land to Paul Orth. They left part of their furniture for me to use on my homestead.

My homestead was about three miles north of the Bellya's homestead. It was on Big Draw and was not as good land for farming as was the land farther south, as it was so hilly. The Stoneville Dam now encircles the hilltop where our buildings were built.

Harry Yeaman and Sam Keaster were close neighbors and frequent visitors.

I was married to Mabel Jones on July 4, 1913, at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Jones. Rev. Lindbloom performed the ceremony. After the wedding we went to Red Owl by buggy, where we enjoyed the celebration, which included a baseball game.

We lived on my homestead until about 1923, when we moved to Sturgis. We later moved to Hill City where we live now.

Three generations: Sophia Jones, Mabel Shafer, and baby Emma.

Mr. and Mrs. John Mikudik on their golden wedding anniversary.

MR. AND MRS. JOHN MIKUDIK

by Harold Mikudik and Ann Ingalls

Mother, Agnes Chaldk and Dad, John Mikudik, came from Czechoslovakia. They met in Chicago and were married, November, the 29th, 1906.

Mother was a dressmaker by trade in Czechoslovakia. To be a dressmaker in the old country you had to own a sewing machine. She sold it before coming to Chicago. Mother was a dressmaker in Chicago, and also worked in a tailor shop, Hart, Schaffner and Marx, before she was married. She bought a secondhand Singer sewing machine, while working in Chicago, before she was married. She brought it to the homestead with them. It is still in good working order today, though she uses a new one for doing her sewing now.

Dad played the violin and other instruments. He also worked in a lumber yard while in Chicago.

When an orchestra played at a place for dances, weddings, or to celebrate birthdays, the people who hired them set up the wine to drink. This was a custom of the country, and as a courtesy to your host everyone drank the wine.

George and Ann were born in Chicago. The folks saw an advertisement in the paper saying the government was giving away land in the Dakotas, or so it seemed to them. To own land was important to them, as in Czechoslovakia, the land was all taken up by the old families, or descendants of nobility. There was no land in Czechoslovakia for them, so since it was very dear to them, they decided to go west to the Dakotas to homestead on some of the government land.

They left Chicago with their two small children for the new land. They got to Faith in March of 1911. Mr. Ed Kuchera brought the folks to a homesteaders shack near Opal, where they stayed a short time. From there they came down to Roy Moroney's homestead shack east of the original Stoneville location, and just north of where they filed on their claim.

The folks, George and Ann lived in the Moroney claim shack until they got their sod shack built. Ed Kuchera helped plow the sod and build the sod house a half mile east of the Roy Moroney shack. They carried their furniture over to their own new home. Harold was born that fall.

Life was much different here in the Dakotas, than they were used to in Chicago, and the old country. They were good gardeners, and planted a garden as soon as they could to help supply their food, but 1911 was a very dry year. Potatoes and corn that were planted in the spring came up in the fall after it started to rain. It was necessary though to plow and plant at least five acres to prove up on a homestead, so the garden still served its purpose.

During the first years on the homestead Dad worked in the coal mines of Schuster, Higgins, Yeamans, Stainbrooks and Rube Taylor. He worked for different ranchers, one was John Timmons. He helped build the rock barn on the John Timmons place.

In 1915 the twins, William and Elsie, were born. I think the first twins in this area.

In 1926 they built the frame house, before that they had a small rock house on the place, which still stands there.

Dad added to his homestead as the years went by, until he had a fair sized ranch when he retired in 1950. They moved the frame house to Sturgis, where they now live.

In 1950, I, (Harold) bought Dad's homestead, plus several other homesteads, among them Shafers, Overlands, Nemics and Moroneys. I bought the Knoelke place where I live, and the McConachie places. Mrs. Lawrence Ingalls, (Ann) lives near Opal. William lives in Richmond, California, and Elsie, Mrs. Harold Boyer, lives near Lead. They run the Terry Peak Chair Lift.

George died when still a boy, and was buried in the Red Owl Cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. Wyatt Headding

THE HEADDINGS
by Edward Simons

My wife, Pearl, and Mrs. Headding, her mother, came overland by team from the eastern part of the state, from Mitchell and Wolsey, settling down on a quarter section each, some five miles from Old Stoneville, in the year of 1910. They struggled along in a part stone and sod house for several years until the drought struck the country in 1911. Mary Pearl and her mother, Cora, came to Lead seeking what work they could find. This was in the fall and in the spring they went back to the homestead. Here they were joined by Pearl's stepfather, Alfred Easom, from the eastern part of the state.

Climatic conditions such as the dry weather did not improve much, and they decided to leave until conditions became more favorable. They went to Nisland, S. Dak., settling on an irrigated place. In 1916 they came back to the homestead with accumulated machinery and some stock and began to till the soil and fence the homestead.

They were quite successful for a number of years until a second dry spell came upon the country. Feed was scarce and could not supply the needs of the stock. The government disposed of the younger animals.

All the while, I understand, Mother Headding kept writing to Washington suggesting that dams be built for storage of water (run off rain water), to water the stock in dry weather. I do believe she was the first one to interest the government in these dams that were later built.

I do not remember many of the old timers of that time but the Stainbrooks and the Youngs, and our great, typical, cowboy, Manuel Coy. He was a western Mexican, an elderly, kindhearted man, and the place he lived on was squeezed from the last free grazing lands of the "Cattle West" when the "Honyockers" crowded them out. He was a rather heavy set man and wore rings in his ears. He drove many "Get Along Little Dogies" from Texas to the plains of the western states.

These early settlers went through many hardships. They were carefree and a most happy people who could make the best of everything. For an example, one person in that part of the country tells me of having to walk all the way to Sturgis to buy food and packing home one sack of flour. Today the young folks have all the facilities of city life.

I loved the country out there and memories of the same remain with me today.

MR. AND MRS. L. L. BARTLETT
by Emily Bartlett Thompson
and Ruth Bartlett Jensen

Our folks were among the early homesteaders in the Stoneville area.

Dad worked for the Homestake mine until 1904.

In June 21, 1905 Mama and Dad were married. The next day they took a team of horses, a wagon with a few household goods, a cow tied to the endgate and left Deadwood to find a suitable place for their new home. They spent a little time at Fairpoint where they met Mr. Coy, and Mr. Zearly.

At last they came to a spring on a creek. Dad said it looked like a very good place to start a home. They lived in a tent until Dad got the sod house built. Mr. Zearly, Mr. Washburn, Mr. Coy, and Joe Apsher helped Dad build the sod house, with the back against a small knoll, it may still be there.

This is where Mama and Dad brought Charles after he was born. Charles and Dorothy Washburn Johnson were born the same day June 16, 1906 at the Washburn home also a sod house near the Carl Lee house.

Later on Mr. McCain a stone mason, who lived southwest of Stoneville, helped Dad build the stone house, Dad was a carpenter. It was built up the creek from the sod house.

Dad learned from Mr. McCain how to build stone houses, and helped build several of them, one being Mr. Louie Kirkeberg's.

Nettie was born May 18, 1908 while they were moving into the new stone house. Emily was born in Iowa, Sept. 4th, 1909. Ruth was born April 14, 1914, and Mack December 15, 1915. Clayton Long also made his home with them.

When the folks first came, Mama said the rattlesnakes were so thick, she was afraid to go anywhere.

The first neighbor Dad and Mama had was Manuel Coy. He was an old scout and Indian fighter. He had a lot of colorful stories to tell about the Indians. I, Emily can still remember many of the adventures he used to tell about.

The post office was at Stoneville, on the Rounds's place, seven miles from our place. The nearest neighbor was Mr. Zearly. Mr. Holmes lived six and one half miles east of us. Mr. and Mrs. Hi Davis lived about two miles east. Mrs. Davis was a nurse and acted as midwife, many times.

To the north of us were two honyockers, Mr. Blyle and another bachelor. They proved up on their land via the Homestead Act and moved away. About two years later they sold their land to Dad.

Dad passed away while we still lived on the place, in October 1932, when we had quite a storm, for so early. He loved the place and planted trees, and a very nice orchard, also he had roses and lilacs.

Mama passed away after the place was sold, and we had all moved away. She was at Edgemont at the time.

They are both buried at the Red Owl cemetery.

Hans Jerde and his homestead shack.

HANS JERDE

by Mrs. Ruth Jerde

My husband, Hans Jerde, came to the United States from Norway in 1903. He first stayed with his oldest brother in Dawson, Minn. He then went to another brother in Watertown, S. Dak. From there Hans went to Sturgis in February of 1908. He made several trips to the Stoneville area before he filed his claim. He filed on his claim in May, 1908. His homestead was located about 5 miles southwest of the present site of Stoneville.

Hans used to tell about the first trip he made to Sturgis to get material to build his house. It took a week to get to Sturgis and back, as it rained so hard the wagons couldn't cross the gumbo. Hans and the freighter camped at the Belle Fourche River about a week before they could go on home. His first house was a dugout with a sod front. Later he built a wooden shack.

Hans worked for Jack Everett at times when he lived on the homestead. Jack Everett was a lawyer and was gone much of the time so Hans did his chores. Hans also helped some of the homesteaders locate their claims.

The government required the homesteaders to live on their homesteads for five years or they could live there only 14 months if they would pay the government 50 cents an acre. Hans chose the latter due to the drought in 1911. When he left, he drove his team and wagon to Watertown where his brother lived. The water was so scarce as he drove across the state he had to haul barrels with him and buy water for his horses.

Hans then left Watertown and followed road construction and logging crews doing blacksmith work for them. He worked for a while in Canada and Minnesota, and then transferred to Rapid City to work for the Warren Lamb Lumber Co.

Hans and I, formerly Ruth Cearns of Fairburn, were married in 1920. Hans went to work for the Homestake in Nemo, S. Dak. in 1928. We lived in Nemo until in 1936 when we moved to Moskee, Wyo. where Hans worked for the Homestake there. In 1940 we moved to Spearfish where Hans continued to work for the Homestake until in 1951 when he retired. He passed away in July, 1963.

We have three sons: Warren, Newark, Calif., Rudy, who lives in Monte Vista, Calif., and David in Casper, Wyoming. I still live in Spearfish.

Ole Koppangen was another one of the early homesteaders. He and Hans came from the same place in Norway. He filed on his claim the same day Hans filed and came out to Stoneville with him. Ole's homestead joined Han's homestead on the west. Ole left his homestead when Hans left and later worked with the same logging crew in Canada. Ole never married and is now living in a nursing home in Conova, S. Dak.

John and Ona Timmons

MR. AND MRS. JOHN TIMMONS

by Mr. Fred Dillabaugh

John was born December 24, 1878, at Crook City, South Dakota, in the hotel run by his grandmother, Mrs. Nellie Tranmer, who later became Mrs. V. P. Shoun.

John's mother, Alice, was married to Joseph Flanner, a Deadwood lawyer. When John was a small boy his parents separated. Mr. Flanner to return to his native Cincinnati, where he was a prominent figure in the baseball world, and his mother to marry Joe Timmons. Although never legally adopted, John always used the name Timmons but lived with his grandmother, Mrs. Nellie Shoun.

John had two half-brothers, Joseph, usually called "Spike," who died of pneumonia at an early age, and Frank, who lived at Marcus and later moved to Rapid City where he died. A half-sister, Mrs. Clyde Stage, now lives at Red Owl.

In his youth John was stricken with a fever and the doctors gave no hope for his life. The infection settled in his foot, and while he was able to get around it never healed completely. He finally had the foot amputated and wore an artificial limb.

July 19, 1899, he married Ona Dennis who had come from Villisca, Iowa, in 1897 to teach school. She taught her first term at Elm Springs. Her second term was at Viewfield, where she met John.

They first lived on a place on Red Owl Creek, then John filed on a homestead near where Stoneville now is. This land joined the homestead owned by his grandmother. There he engaged in the stock business, raising both cattle and horses. At first there was open range, with the yearly round-ups, later as more people came, the place was gradually fenced.

John built up his place by building a better house, a well, a stone barn, and land purchased from homesteaders who just couldn't take it and moved on. Ona cooked, cleaned, sewed, raised chickens and turkeys, and sold eggs and cream.

Travelers, cowboys, cattle and horse buyers all made it a point to reach "Johnnie's" for a meal or to stay overnight, and all were made welcome.

On the place, east of the house, there was a long hill which was a testing ground for the first cars. Many a car was pulled over that hill when it failed to make it under its own power. John owned one of the first cars in the community and while it was speedier than the top buggy and good team he had been driving, it was certainly not as reliable.

Among amusements dancing surely must be included. Dances were given in homes, schoolhouses, and barn lofts. John and Ona gave dances in the stone barn and went to many others. These dances were quite often a two-day affair, since they went on one day, ate supper, danced all night, had breakfast, and returned home the following day.

They were charter members of the Modern Woodman and Royal Neighbor lodges which were organized with head-quarters at Red Owl. John was also a member of the Masonic Lodge of Faith.

In 1905 their daughter, Ruth, was born. She got most of her grade school education at home, taught by her mother, as school was rather faraway. She attended high school in Sturgis and two years at the University of South Dakota, where she obtained a teacher's certificate. She taught eighth and ninth grades at Stoneville in 1925 when Stoneville High School was started.

John Timmons - 1910

The rock barn on the John Timmons place.

Carl and Eula Bartlett at the homestead shack.

John continued his stock business until 1928. In the winter of 1927 he took a cold from which he couldn't seem to recover. He gradually became worse until Ruth took him to Sturgis to consult a doctor. He had pneumonia and, since this was before the time of "wonder-drugs," he died at the home of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Maggie Dennis, on April 14, 1928.

Ona leased the ranch to Fred Dillabaugh and went to town that fall to be with her daughter who had contracted to teach a school in the valley east of Sturgis.

In December Ruth and Fred were married and went to the ranch to live at the end of the school term.

Ona bought a home and took in some Ft. Meade nurses to board and room. In the following years she boarded school boys and girls and was very active in the Presbyterian Church. Her mother, Maggie Dennis, who had been living at the State Soldier's Home in Hot Springs, came to spend her last years with her. she cared for her mother until her death March 25, 1940.

After her mother's death she obtained a license and operated "Timmon's Home for the Aged" until a broken arm ended her career. Fred and Ruth went to live with and care for her in 1955. At this writing they still reside at 1312 Davenport Street in Sturgis.

Fred and Ruth have a son, Burt, who with his wife, Jean, and four children, Terry, Linda, Susan, and Freddie, live on a stock ranch southeast of Eagle Butte, South Dakota.

ONE OF THE LAST HOMESTEADERS

by Carl Bartlett

Carl and Eula Bartlett, were some of the last homesteaders in Meade County.

I came with my parents, Frank and Ora Bartlett, and my two brothers, Kenneth, and Wayne, from Nebraska in 1920. We lived on upper Red Owl Creek, until 1925, moving then to north of Fairpoint. I helped Manuel S. Coy trail cattle to the railroad. It took five days from Stoneville to Newell.

Eula Humble and I were married in 1929. We homesteaded in 1930. We built our sod house, twenty-four feet. Eula came with her parents, Robert and Louise Humble, in 1910 from Chicago, Illinois.

We were blessed with three children: Evelyn Alexander, of Newell, Ralph of Sturgis, and Erma Alderman of Shreveport, Louisiana, plus a total of six grandchildren.

I pitched baseball for Red Owl, Stoneville, Sulphur and Sturgis.

The dry thirties forced us, and many others, to move on to get employment.

How well we remember the bad prairie fire of February 22 'nd, 1922. It burned from two miles east of Fairpoint to within one mile of Chalkbutte, where it was finally brought under control at sundown when the wind had subsided.

Mother passed away in 1935. Father is still very active at 83. He now lives in Sturgis.

My wife, Eula, and I still operate our business that we purchased in 1937, at Sturgis.

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THE OSCAR LEE'S
by Irwin Lee

Oscar B. Lee was born in Iowa shortly after his parents arrived here from Norway. They moved from Iowa to South Dakota, homesteading near Mobridge, This is where Oscar grew up and met Florence Clements who was a school teacher in that area. She was born in Wisconsin.

They were married in 1904 and moved to North Dakota by covered wagon. They proved up on a homestead near Garrison in McLean County. Alma, Irwin, Lloyd, Florence and Orrin were born there.

In 1918, Oscar sold his place. He took his wife and children to Garrison by sleigh, putting them on the train there for Scarr, N. D., where Mrs. Lee's mother ran the store. They stayed there until spring, Oscar having gone on to South Dakota (Stoneville area) to find a place to locate.

His brother, Carl, and sister, Sophia (Mrs. Walt Jones), and nephew Earl Jones already had places in this area. Oscar farmed the Jones place the first year and then bought the Jim Nelson place.

One of the reasons they came to South Dakota was that all the fields of alfalfa looked pretty rich to them when compared to the wild hay land of North Dakota.

They lived on this place until 1949 or '50 when Oscar came in for lunch one day and told his wife he had sold the house to Walter Dennis. The house was subsequently moved off the property.

They then moved to a smaller house which Oscar bought in Sturgis, Mrs. Lee passed away about a year later, in March of 1951. Oscar died in July of 1963. Their second son, Lloyd, passed away quite suddenly of a kidney ailment in July of 1961. Lloyd was the only one of the children to stay in the Stoneville area to farm.

During the years they lived at Stoneville, Oscar served on the school board and township board, and was instrumental in getting a baseball team started. Oscar managed the ball teams for many years. He wanted something to keep the kids out of mischief.

It didn't do the job entirely, but baseball was alway the main activity for Sunday afternoons when there was a game on. They had play-offs in the fall, much the same as they do now all over the country to decide the champions. Stoneville played teams from as far away as Faith, Newell, Cooper, Eagle Butte, Sulpher, Viewfield and New Underwood.

The winning team members got a few dollars apiece, depending upon how much was left over from collections, after expenses of buying gloves and so forth. At each ball game, they passed the hat and everyone put in what they pleased.

There was no charge at the gate--in fact, there was no gate. All there was, was a big backstop set up in a field someplace, and sometimes the cows had to be chased off before the game could begin. Of course, there would always be heated arguments over one thing or another, and even the gals in the cheering section would exchange a few choice words. And the post-mortem after the game often lasted longer than the game itself.

Now, I'd like to jot down some of the incidents which stand out in my memory of childhood in the Stoneville area. . .I'm sure many of you will remember them too.

Most of the farmers went to Newell in the fall for their winter's supplies. One of these trips I'll never forget, although I wasn't along. Dad had bought several cases of Corn Flakes, a real treat for us kids, since most of the time all we had was oatmeal and other cooked cereals. But we were not to enjoy many meals of Corn Flakes this winter. On the way home, Dad tied the horses to the wagon overnight. The next morning he discovered the horses had torn open the cases and eaten most of the precious Corn Flakes.

Most of the folks were always ready and willing to help one another, but I recall one occasion when one of our neighbors should have asked for help but didn't. It was, as we called him, "ol ' man Coy." He had noticed how nice Dad's cornfield looked, with visible rows diagonally and crosswise as well as lenghthwise. . .so he decided to put his corn in like that. He drilled it in, going first one way and then the other, not realizing that Oscar's field was "checked in" instead of just drilled. I guess he really had a lot of corn in that field!

I can't remember the name of an interesting fellow who used to come to Stoneville to shop, but I know one thing about him for sure: He didn't have a watch. At least if he did, he must have wanted to be sure of the time, because he always carried an alarm clock around his neck.

Another interesting character vivid in my memory was a man everyone called "Old Rocky." He came through the country about once a year, selling woolen clothing, blankets, medicine and numerous other items. In fact, it seemed to me he had most everything. "Old Rocky" drove a wagon that resembled the medicine wagons or stage coaches you see on TV now, only a little more crude. He carried everything he needed, and slept in the wagon when necessary. No one knew where he came from or where he was going. Maybe he didn't either, because his wagon seemed to be his only home. When he stayed at a place overnight, he would always give the kids candy or gum. I have a particular appreciation of what "Old Rocky" went through, because I tried my hand at selling gallon cans of fruit from house to house after I graduated from high school.

There were some difficult times, too. Transportation was a far cry from that of today, and sometimes it was a tough chore just to live through a trip. One winter, Oscar, his brother Carl and Elmer Wall were taking some hogs to Newell for sale and ran into bad weather. It was a two day trip by horse and wagon so they had to camp out overnight about halfway to town. This particular night it got so cold they had to crawl right into the wagon with the pigs to keep warm. The return trip really got rough. . .Oscar had to force his younger brother to get out of the wagon and walk to keep from freezing. They walked and ran most of the way back that trip to keep from succumbing to the blizzard. I'll never forget the way Dad looked when he reached the house. We could hardly recognize him what with the frost on his eyebrows and icicles hanging from his face. He had trouble quite a long time after that with one eye that had frosted.

Times have changed now. Many of the farmers have moved away, and many have died. There are many who have stayed through good times and bad; these are the backbone of our country. . .and a good one it is.

ALMA (LEE)CONGER REMEMBERS

In May when school was out, our mother with her family of five, Alma, Irwin, Lloyd, Florence and baby Orrin came south to Bixby, S. Dak. where her sister Mrs. Elwood Mennis lived, We visited there for a week and then her sister Mrs. Albert Miles came and took us to visit with them at Imogene, S. Dak.

Our father met us there with a new Model T Ford touring car. He brought us back directly to Uncle Carl's. We stayed with them and our Aunt Sophia Jones, Dad's sister, for a few days. Dad had looked at the farm of Jim Nelson and liked it. He waited for Mother to arrive for the final decision. A bachelor's house of two small rooms was pretty small for a family of seven, so much had to be done, and furniture bought to start housekeeping again.

By this time the alfalfa was ready to be cut for hay. I had received some very early training working with my father, so I was promptly put to work driving the stacker team, or mowing hay with a team directly behind my dad. He never would let me rake hay. He considered it too dangerous, too easy to get hurt on. We hayed many acres that year. Not only working our land but also the Jones acres and some wild hay on rented ground. We had quite a crew, Earl Jones, Walter Johnson, Earl Washburn, Dad and myself.

My parents were very particular that we went to school and never for any reason were we allowed to stay home or miss school. We had a well worn path cornerwise across the north half of the 80 acre alfalfa to our school. My first teacher here (6th grade) was Miss Phillips. She sang well and liked the pupils to sing as a choir with Laura Harrington or myself to sing the solo parts.

My next teacher was Lula Ballard Ginter. Joe Price was the next teacher. That was during my 8th and 9th grade. Mr. Price was certified so he could teach the 9th and 10th grades and have credits recognized on entrance to a four year high school. He taught Ancient History, Commercial Arithmetic, Civics, English, and Art. Charles Bartlett, Wealtha Simons, I believe Buster Jones and myself also took at least part of it, if not all.

Earl, Walter, Jerry and Helen Kuchera came to our school, Charlie, Nettie and Emily Bartlett, Viola and Laura Harrington, Marcella Chaney, and Carl Bartlett.

On Sundays our schoolhouse was a church. Mr. Jay Pickett was our leader. He never failed us. We had ministers as often as possible, but Mr. Pickett would always carry on in their absence and was superintendent of our Sunday school, keeping it active and with supplies. Our parents attended with us, but even when they couldn't come, they saw to it that we were there. This was also our main social 'get together,', for a little friendly visit sometimes going to one another's homes for the rest of the day. At this Sunday school is where I met my husband, Kenneth Conger. He was visiting the Bartletts. We now live in San Diego, Calif. Irwin and Orrin live in Rapid City, S. Dak., Lloyd deceased, and Florence Pock lives in Deadwood, S. Dak.

Alma, Buster Jones, Irwin, Lloyd, Florence, Orrin, (peeking) in 1909.

Albert T. Thovsen in 1909.

ALBERT T. THOVSEN

by Albert T. Thovsen

Alfred Vammer, his brother Olaf and I, started out to Meade Co., the latter part of April in the year 1909. We took a ferry across the Missouri River. Alfred drove a team and wagon. Olaf and myself rode our saddle horses and it took us a week to cross the Indian reservation. We passed close to where the town of Faith now stands, which was born in 1910, also went by the old Brushie Post Office.

When we reached Stoneville, I stayed with Carl Lee, who had been there since 1908. Shortly after we arrived a big snowstorm came and we were really lucky as we slept under the wagon with tarps on each side. Whenever we got hungry we built a campfire to cook on.

I stayed for a short while just looking as most of the land had been homesteaded in that part of the country, and I had planned to go to Southeast Montana. During this period I discovered a piece of land that had been filed on by an old soldier and no one had seen him, so later I filed a contest on that land and he never appeared so later I filed on that piece of land.

I hired Carl Lee to build a sod house and a sod barn, and I also broke up a piece of land for a field. Along Upper Red Owl Creek there was lots of wild game so I lived off of the fat of the land. Part of this winter I worked for Nellie Shoun, an old ranch lady. I also worked for Mr. Orth, who ran a coal mine. About twenty men worked for him at this time.

I remember one time Carl Lee and I went up by Rock Creek to visit Manuel Coy, an old Mexican rancher. We took our guns along and shot grouse and cottontails by the wholesale. We used all our shells and when coming home saw rabbits by the hundreds, like bands of sheep.

The next summer I worked for Mr. Doud, a sheepman on Coyote Creek. I had a band of 1600 sheep and wagon southwest on the gumbo flats. One night a bad storm, with hail came up from the northwest at 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning. The sheep started to move from the bed grounds and started to drift. I walked back and forth in front of them and by morning had drifted 3 or 4 miles from the bed grounds. Mr. Doud came to see how I came through the storm. We counted the black ones, which were markers, and found all the blacks were there so therefore most of the band were there. The only time he came to see me was once a month when he brought me groceries.

I also worked for William Thein on the Belle Fourche River. Shortly after that he and I started a feed barn and hay market in Newell when it first started. Some days we sold as many as 500 bales to homesteaders to take out at $1.00 per bale and weighing about 100 pounds. We also had the contract to hay out the cattle trains. We shipped in a lot of hay and had haying crews making hay on the gumbo.

By that time the big boom was about over so we quit the business.

When I first stayed on the homestead, L. L. Bartlett would come down to see me to get me to help him, doing chores for him when he would go to the Hills on business. One time he had a three year old heifer which in time would make a good milk cow, he told me. When he went away he told me how to put the hobbles on, but the cow didn't like the looks of me. She kicked like a horse and I couldn't get near her so I had to figure out some patent to get her milked. I took a rope, made a small loop on one end, got up close in front of her, put the rope back of her front legs and fished the loop with a stiff wire. I slipped the other end of the rope in the loop, pushed the rope along her back until I got to the narrow part of her back with the wire. I turned the cow sideway, tightened the rope quickly and to my surprise she did not move at all. She behaved good while I milked her, of course it was a little extra chore for me.

Another time I helped him haul some hay to top out a stack. He had a stallion and another horse for a team. While I was pitching up to him, something scared the horses and they struck out. I got hold of the lines, sat down in the front with my feet against the front end of the rack and seesawed with the lines. They gave me a merry ride and I pushed out the front of the rack but I got them stopped. The old stallion had enough at last as he also had to pull the other horse along.

I had a bay saddle horse who could almost take a half rod to a step. Her legs were built like a greyhound. In warm weather she never bucked but when cold weather came she bucked every time I got on her. One time I opened 7 or 8 gates and she bucked every time, but the last one she threw me sky high. I fell in a snow drift and had a sore shoulder for sometime.

Also had another that took a lot of breaking but turned out to be one of the best saddle horses I ever had.

I lived only a short time on the homestead and am now living in Aberdeen, Robert and Paul Young now own my homestead land.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Zrout on his 81st birthday.

AGNES ZROUT MARKS

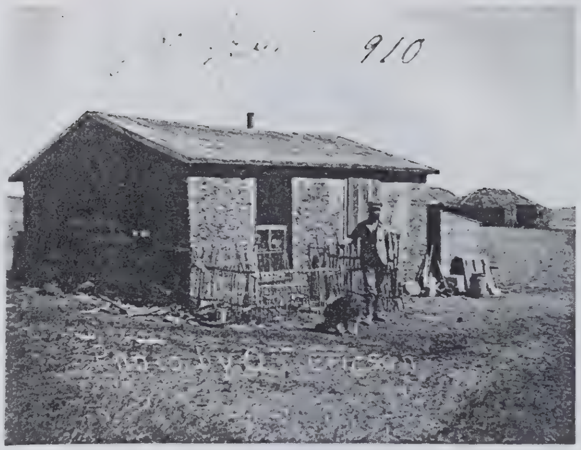
My parents name was Minarik, and I was born Oct. 2, 1876 in Jestrebice in Czechoslovakia. It was called Bohemia at that time. I was the youngest of 11 children, and was 13 years and 8 months old when we came to the United States, settling at Cicero, Illinois. I could speak no English, but found work right away in a tailor shop.

In 1915 I came to Meade County and took a homestead 3 miles west of the present location of Stoneville on Big Draw Creek where the creek begins. Spring water runs there all of the time. It was 120 acres as that was all that was available in that area. Later I bought another 160 acres adjoining the homestead.

On May 25, 1915 I married Frank Zrout who worked in the store at old Stoneville and had a shoe repair shop. We had become acquainted when we both lived in Cicero, Ill. He was also from Bohemia, where he had learned the shoemaker trade.

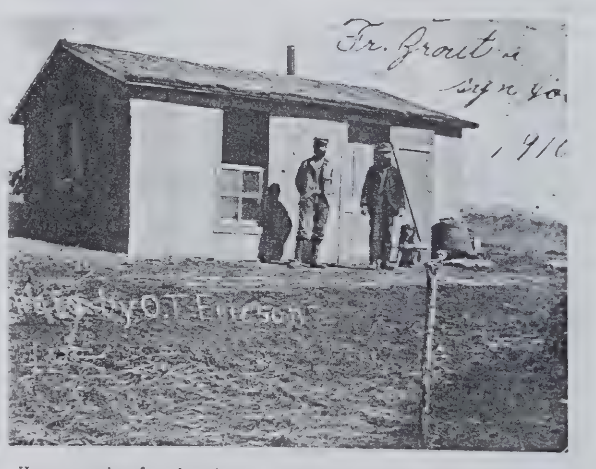
We had about 2 acres of garden each year and sold vegetables to people as far away as Sulphur. It grew well because it was planted on ground that was subirrigated.

We lived on the farm for 31 years, and after my husband died, I went back to Cicero, Ill. for a year, then returned and sold all the land and returned to Cicero where my relatives lived. I came back to S. Dak. in 1962 and married Gust Marks on Oct 20. We now live in Whitewood, S. Dak.



House and barn built of sod.

Frank Zrouts home and garden. He raised his own tobacco.



House made of sod and plastered with thin mud, 1910, not so bad looking for a sod shack.

Mrs. Ed Kuchera and Joe by the homestead shack.

ED KUCHERA FAMILY

By Luberta Jones

Ed Kuchera came to the Stoneville area by wagon in the fall of 1908 from Sturgis and filed on land between L. L. Bartletts and Walter Jones places. He set up his tent and moved supplies into it from the wagon as soon as he arrived, planning to get started building a claim shack as soon as possible. That night a bad snow storm started and he was thankful to have his tent with the supplies moved in because he spent the whole winter in this tent. Storm followed storm and there was no good weather for carpenter work until spring.

The next year he went to Omaha and brought his family out to the homestead. They told of having to ford flooded rivers because there were no bridges.

The Kucheras found that to own only a section of land was not enough to make a living and to build up the place without working off the farm. Mr. Kuchera was a carpenter by trade and found work helping build for others for many years. He helped build Timmons and Shouns large barns, as well as many smaller buildings throughout the country. Mrs. Kuchera helped others in sickness in the early days and cooked for neighboring bachelors.

During the drought of the 1930's, Mr. Kuchera moved to Minnesota and was later joined by his family.

Mr. and Mrs. Kuchera celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary in 1963. Their son, Jerry, is the only member of the family still living in South Dakota. He lives in Newell.

STONEVILLE--1908

by Earl Jones

George Rounds, John Timmons, and Granny Shoun were the first to settle at Stoneville. I think Timmons first settled in what proved to be the school section when surveyed, so he had to move to the rough land northwest of Stoneville. Rounds ran the store and post office at that time in the old stone building on Soda Creek.

Other old timers around this time were Charles and Clarence Horton, Oliver Jewett, Calvin Smith, Joe Shuster, Manuel Coy, L. L. Bartlett, Bert Reber, H. Nelson, H. Jerde, Mohr Bros., Guido Augistine, Yahrs, Dennis York and Ackersons.

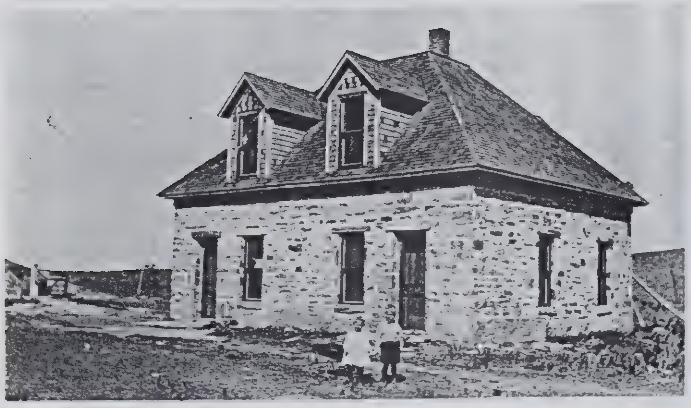
J. H. McKean settled on his homestead in 1907. He was a mason, and built the stone house on the Bartlett farm. He was later a traveling man for the U.S. Hide and Leather Co. They left in 1911 and located at Valentine, Nebr. They were both killed in an auto accident.

Linstrom brothers homesteaded north of Stoneville. Their claim shack and barn was all one building. There was a pole between their living quarters, and where they kept their cow, so it was only to step over to get fresh milk.

The Mohr brothers had their claims on Sulphur, Henry, William and Fred. Fred was drowned trying to ford Sulphur Creek on a horse in 1908. Henry passed away in 1949. William was living at Chamberlin, S. Dak.

The original Stoneville Store

The original Stoneville Store built by George T. Rounds as it looks today. His grandson, Philip Rounds has the place now and has just recently removed the roof.



Charles and Nettie Bartlett in front of the stone house.

The Bartlett house as it looks today.

MR. AND MRS. L. L. BARTLETT

By Clayton Long

Bartletts homesteaded in 1905, near Stoneville.

They took up ranching and farming, made a host of friends, and were active in civic affairs.

Lo served on the school board for many years and was one of the directors for the Red Owl State Bank.

After living in the sod homestead shack, they built the stone house, still standing today. Mr. McCain, a stone mason, M. W. Long and Lo were carpenters and they all worked on the stone house in 1908-09. They hauled lumber from Sturgis by team and wagons. The stone came from the place.

When we moved to the homestead the country was just settling up and there weren't many neighbors.

The first incident I can remember was a Fourth of July picnic in 1910 down on the school section 36.

A bachelor that homesteaded just north of our place was there. He had left a diamond ring in his shack and was nervous about having left it there. A storm was coming up, so we headed for home. We got there just as the storm hit and he rushed into his shack. While he was inside the wind picked the shack up, carried it about three hundred feet, and set it down. He was bruised and cut some but otherwise unhurt.

About the same time we discovered coal on this same school section. All the folks around there mined their own coal from this mine. That is where we got our coal for several years.

Manuel Coy was our friend and neighbor. He owned a large cattle ranch about six miles north of our place. Mr. Coy was one of the more prosperous ranchers at that time.

We had an awful storm in 1908, a lot of snow, and it turned into a bad blizzard.

Our means of transportation was a team and buggy or horseback. We got our mail once every two weeks at Stoneville, at that time seven miles away.

After Lo's death we continued to live on the place, until the thirties, when the place was rented to Harts for one year, then the Cecil Cammack family came, and they bought the place.

CAMMACKS

By Ella Cammack

We moved to the Bartlett place from near Opal, in February, 1941, at the end of the depression and drouth during the thirties.

There were six of us: Cecil, myself, and our three children, Floyd, Bob, and Carol, and my mother, Mrs. Lola Holt, affectionately known as "Gam" to most of the community.

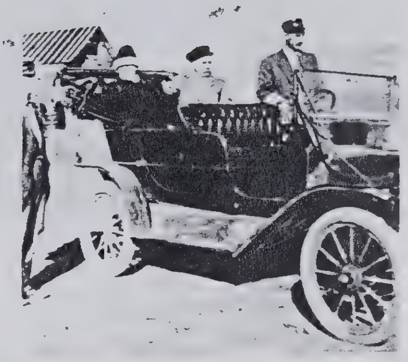
We loved the orchard that Mr. Bartlett had started and worked so hard to keep alive. The apple trees produced many bushels of apples through the years. There are still a few of the old trees alive, besides the new ones we planted through the years.

Floyd married Donna Lee, and they live near us with their family.

Carol, our daughter, now Mrs. Henry Bruch, lives in the valley near Sturgis, with her family.

Cecil, Floyd, and Bob are operating the place, we ranch mostly, keeping Hereford cattle.

Agnes Karrels (Bruch) homestead shack near Volunteer, S. Dak. 1908.



Henry S. Bruch 1909 Model T. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Karrels, Mr. Anton Bruch.

OUR START IN THE OLD WEST
By Leona Bruch

Eighteen hundred and seventy-six -- the start of the gold rush! The Karrels brothers, Matt and Theodore, like others, came from Port Washington, Wisconsin for adventure and homestead claims. Arriving in Pierre by train, they traveled on to Deadwood, South Dakota by bull train. To their surprise they found that they were too young (16 and 17 years) to homestead, so they found work digging ditches, etc. in Deadwood for $3.00 per day, which was a very good wage but lots of hard work. They returned to Port Washington a few years later and brought Henry Karrels, another brother, with them. Now they were old enough to homestead. Bear Butte Valley caught their eye. There they filed their claims and soon decided to start a cheese factory. They needed milk cows so once more they went back east -- this time to New Ulm, Minnesota. They pooled their funds and bought twenty milk cows, trailed them on foot from New Ulm to Bear Butte Valley. They ferried them across the Missouri River, the only ride they had. Many Indians were seen along the way but none bothered them. The cheese factory was very successful. They sold the cheese wholesale to W. E. Adams (founder of Adams Museum) in Deadwood. It took a day to go from their ranch to Deadwood by ox team and a day to come home. Soon they sold beef and hogs to the Kellar Butcher Shop in Deadwood.

Matt and Theodore Karrels married sisters who worked for Mrs. Franklin at the Franklin Hotel. About 1886 Henry Karrels went back to Port Washington, Wisconsin and married Margaret Sampont. They returned to Bear Butte where Mr. Karrels had built a nine-room claim shack. Margaret was so homesick. She said she could have washed dishes in all the tears she shed. But she stuck it out. Her homesickness disappeared with the arrival of her children (all ten of them): Agnes - Mrs. Henry Bruch, Sr.,; Edward - deceased; Clara - Mrs. Frank Poss; Tillie - Mrs. Maurice Johnson; Louise; Emil - deceased; Clem; Victor; Henry, Jr.,; Margaret - Mrs. Edgar Pierce.

The family endured many hardships. Sometimes all they had to sustain them during the severe winters were meals consisting of snowbirds. On occasion, fresh manure poultices were used on open wounds as a mild antiseptic - the forerunner of merthiolate.

The children were educated in Sturgis, South Dakota, most of them at St. Martins Academy. After graduating from St. Martin's, Agnes and Clara returned to the Bear Butte Valley Karrels' ranch where they helped cook for as many as seventeen hired men at a time. It took lots and lots of pancakes to feed these fellows at breakfast and lots and lots of stamina, getting up mighty early at 4:00 every morning. These gals could ride a horse as well as any hired man Mr. Karrels had. On becoming twenty-one years old, they decided they would like to take up a homestead. By this time the land was almost taken up as far as the Belle Fourche River. However, near Volunteer, they found an opening on the east bank of the river and staked their claim. Before they had proved up on the claim, another sister, Tillie, joined them. Today Clara Poss's son, Ed, is ranching on his mom's original homestead.

The year 1906, found another family - the Anton Bruchs - moving to Sturgis from Oakdale, Nebraska. They bought a ranch near Alkali. When the spring rains came, the mud was too sticky for Mr. Bruch. He came to town one day and sold the ranch. Then he and his son Henry went into the land and loan business. Hard times soon showed their sting. Acres were turned back to the loan company for lack of payments.

Mr. Anton Bruch got the wanderlust again - this time for homesteading in Lusk, Wyoming. The family moved on except Henry Bruch who, in 1910, married Agnes Karrels and settled in Sturgis. Mr. Bruch bought one of the first Model-T Fords that came to Meade County and he used this for many trips throughout the county. No roads or road maps were available - just wagon trails and many friendly homesteaders who shared a meal with him. During the hard times of the early 1920's, Mr. Bruch acquired the land near Stoneville, South Dakota which his sons are ranching and farming today.

JAKE KEFFELER

by Earl Jones

Jake and his wife homesteaded north of Stoneville in about 1910. Later he had three sisters come out and spend 14 months on claims. They had come from Dyersville, Iowa.

Jake bought one of the first threshing machines in the territory. It was run by a stationary gas one-cylinder engine. Both the machine and engine were pulled from one job to another by horses. After about three years of this Jake went to North Dakota and bought a big I.H.C. Mogule engine. It had one cylinder and weighed nearly five tons. We used it for several years. It was used to move buildings.

Jake and his wife never had any children, so in the 20's, they got a boy from Father Flanigan's Home. Jake met the boy in Sturgis and proceeded to outfit him. Everytime they bought something Jake would write a check. Finally they were finished and Jake asked the boy, Matt, if he would like anything else. His answer was, "I would sure like one of those books," meaning the check book. Later they got another boy, Arthur, from the same home.

Jake was very good with animals and each spring went out and dehorned cattle etc., all around central Meade County.

Mrs. Keffeler died about 1940. Jake then sold out and spent his time with relatives until his death at the home of his sister in Kansas. He never got excited if things went wrong, he would just shrug his shoulders and say, "funny ain't it?"

RALPH LINDAMOOD

In the winter of 1908, I stopped to visit some cousins in Iowa, and one of them had taken a claim in S. Dak. This was Hiram and Nettie Kellogg, and they didn't have a house on their claim yet. Their claim was a few miles south of Stoneville, and it was Hiram who talked me into coming to S. Dak.

I got to Sturgis the evening of March 5, 1908 and went to the hotel. After supper I got acquainted with a man by the name of Orth, I think it was Henry Orth, that had a claim out by Stoneville, and he talked me into going along, as I would likely find work out there, and that I could stay at the hotel until I did. It snowed a little that night but we left Sturgis about six in the morning, the coach driver and 3 passengers. The farther north we got the deeper the snow, so we found it necessary to camp out for the night. We got to Stoneville the next morning about eight o'clock. Mr. Rounds, the postmaster, sent me to the leading hotel, I think Hortons. I registered in and had breakfast. Then I went back to the post office and a man came in for the mail by the name of Art Dillabaugh that lived on M. J. Smiley's sheep ranch. I asked him for a job and he came back to the post office after me the next morning. I started to work for M. J. Smiley, under Ben Fleming as the boss on March 8, 1908 and stayed until about the first of September.

In the meantime, my mother had written that Nettie and Hiram had built a house on their place down by Chalkbutte. So I went down to the hotel at Stoneville and stayed all night and next morning I went on down to the Kelloggs. When I got there, Nettie's mother and sister were there living in a tent by the house. This was Aunt Manda and Lenora, so nothing would do but I had to stay awhile. Nettie had a small son, I think his name was Johnny.

The next day or so, Lenora wanted to ride my horse. He was young and full of pep, and I don't know which one was scared the most, but she stayed with him and rode him several times after that.

In the meantime, I would go back and forth to Stoneville, and got acquainted with Matt Washburn, who was in the process finishing his house and building a barn. He wanted me to help him, so I stayed with him most of that fall and winter. He picked out a homestead at the northwest corner of the school section, which I think the Jones's now own. He also got me a job with Nellie Shoun where I stayed as long as I stayed in S. Dak.

In 1910, Mrs. Shoun got me a stock pass on a train load of cattle and I came home for 30 days and again in 1911 she got me another pass and I came home and stayed. I have been back there three times since.

Old Stoneville -- 1907

Home guards drill at Stoneville

Stoneville -- 1920

Manuel S. Coy

Stoneville community hall - 1925

William Zearly, Sr.

Art Dillabaugh

DILLABAUGHS--ART AND SADIE

By Mrs. Fred Dillabaugh

Art was born in Corning, Iowa, Aug. 22, 1868. At the age of 9 he left home and made his own way thereafter.

He worked at many things but preferred those jobs which had to do with livestock. He worked for the then famous 101 outfit in Wyoming. In fact, while with the 101, he was a member of the posse that burned out and hanged the last of the Jackson Hole outlaws. Although the 101 had headquarters in Wyoming, they sent many cattle to Nebraska to feed them. On one trip there he met Sadie Cooper. They were soon married.

They lived in Nebraska at Hyannis until their first child, Fred was a small boy, then they came to S. Dak. Clarence was born in 1904 and Doris in 1907.

Art and Sadie lived in Whitewood, Belle Fourche, and other places including Sulphur Creek in Meade County.

At one time Art drove the stage from Vale to Stoneville, and later from Vale to Bixby.

After they were separated, Sadie married Bill Demerly and the two boys were put in the Catholic school at Sturgis. Clarence died there of pneumonia in 1910, age 6. Fred then went to his step-father's home.

During this time and later Art continued to work with stock both for himself and others. He finally became first herder and then camp-tender at the Barthold sheep ranch south of Faith and Dupree. At this time he was joined by his son, Fred, who at the age of 15 had left the Demerly place to be on his own. They both worked for Barthold for several years. At one time Fred went to the Wyoming oil fields but returned after about a year. He also worked in the Homestake for a year but always returned to the stock business.

When ill health forced Art to retire he lived first in Newell and finally at Sturgis. He died there in 1951 at the age of 83.

Doris died in Sturgis in 1929 - age 22.

Sadie and Demerly had one son Billy. After they separated Billy lived with his mother. They lived in Belle Fourche, then Stoneville, and when Stoneville moved to its present location, Sadie had her house moved also. After several years at Stoneville Sadie moved to Sturgis.

She was killed in a car wreck on Highway 34 (then 24) on Oct. 17, 1937.

Billy later married Shirley Fitzgerald of Enning. They have two daughters, Connie in high school and Sandra who recently married Tom Weyer, and lives in Sturgis. Billy is manager of the Sturgis Livestock Sales Co.

Sadie had come to Rapid City from Howard in Miner Co., in 1889 at the age of 7, with a wagon train.

One incident she always remembered was that her only pair of shoes became wet and were put into an oven to dry. They were forgotten and burned up, so Sadie finished the trip with no shoes.

Sadie Dillabaugh

Oh, the joys of motoring in the early 1900's!

ART L. SMILEY

I came to Belle Fourche the fall of 1904 when I was 15 years old. I came to Sulphur the first time that winter, later went back to Belle Fourche to school. I helped tend camp for the Belle Fourche outfit north of town. I helped trail sheep one way or the other between the Short Pine Hills near Macy and Sulphur most of the time during vacations.

M. J. Smiley was always buying and selling sheep, so I was kept busy receiving or delivering sheep somewhere. I helped deliver one band at Jordan, Montana, and another at the place where Kennebec, S. Dak., is now. They were all trailed overland, so I became quite well acquainted over a lot of the country. Most of the time the herder, wagon and dog went with the sheep, so I had to come home alone horseback.

I became foreman at the Sulphur ranch in 1908 at 19 years of age, but M. J. had top men for herders. Jack Pringle had been with him since 1892, Mexican Joe for about as long, and Frank Stewart, an old top-hand and wagon boss for the V.V.V. Cattle Co., for many years.

I leased sheep in 1910 and filed on land in Sec. 25-10-12 on Rock Creek and took over the ranches on Sulphur, which included a section at the mouth of Big Draw in the spring of 1911. There were so many settlers and a shortage of water that I located for the summer at Isabel, but came back every winter to Rock Creek. Manuel Coy and Tom Welch were near neighbors. We leased some water, they used all the range in the summer and I used it in the winter which worked nicely for all of us. Coy and Welch were both real old timers.

I was married to Hilda Satter of Brainard, Minn. in 1915. She took to ranch life like a native. After there was a good cook at the place, we had many batching neighbors for meals. I never saw her afraid but once. This time I rode in at noon, and she came running to the barn, and said there was an Indian in the house with long braided hair asking for me. After she had given me a full description, I told her he was no Indian, but a full blooded Norwegian--Pete Culbertson. They became good friends. Pete helped wash dishes, peel potatoes etc. many times after that. He was quite at home there while he traded in horses around the country.

My wife drove a team of Shetland ponies on a little buggie to Stoneville, which was then located at the corner near the Orth ranch. She often hauled groceries and the mail for Coys and Welches.

Coy was a real rugged old cowboy, a Spaniard or Castilian, although they called him a Mexican. He had blue eyes, but when he was angry they seemed to get lighter. He would do anything for a friend, or do most anything to anyone he didn't like.

Tom Welch seemed to thrive on hardships of that time that would have killed most of us. He came to my place in the winter for chicken feed --walked about 2 miles. He always wore a big black hat and no gloves, with his coat and shirt open. I never heard him complain of the cold but once when we had a blizzard. I had taken a bunch of lambs and bedded that night at Tom's place. The next morning he got up, and with only his underclothes and black hat on, he walked about 200 yards to feed the chickens. When he got back his big toes were standing straight up. All he said was, "It sure is nippy this morning." He was perhaps the best educated man in the neighborhood. He had many of the early Roman and Greek books of history and writings, which he enjoyed reading. His health failed and his sister took him to Denver where he lived for a short time.

Several of the men who worked for me for 2 years or more were Walter Hicks, Columbus Joseph Overland, Dewey "Freeman" Overland, Art Dillabaugh, Jim Lawless, and Jack Pringle.

I sold the ranch to Walter Hicks and Rip Vansickle in the fall of 1919. Everett Munroe owns the home place on Rock Creek. I don't know who owns the other land. Mrs. Smiley passed away in 1926. We had three boys; Robert, who was raised by Mr. and Mrs. Harry White, who still lives on the White ranch, John lives in Portsmouth, Va., and Richard with whom I live near Hinckley, Minn.

$5.50 6-GAL.
Genuine STAR Barrel Churns
—Barrel is made of varnished selected white oak, mounted on sturdy frame.
—Churning is done by revolving entire churn.

BACK ROW: Mr. and Mrs. Charley Horton. MIDDLE ROW: Mr. August Culbertson, Mary Sevareid, Mrs. Culbertson, Mrs. Lute Horton, Ed Shrull. The children, Jess and Roy Horton.

WILLIAM AND BELLE COOPER

Mrs. F. Cooper

Belle Erpenbach and Emma Puetz, two young ladies from Ethan, S. Dak. came to Meade County in 1907 with a group of land seekers from that vicinity. Their trip was quite thrilling to them, riding over the prairies, staying at the roadhouses and with homesteaders while the land agents showed them the available sites.

They filed on land about seven miles northwest of Red Owl. Their sod houses were built in the joining corners of their land so they were only a few feet apart. While their houses were being built, they stayed at the Horlocker ranch. Before long, however, Emma's boy friend came out to see how they were situated and decided it wasn't a place for young ladies to live alone, so Emma became Mrs. Martin. This left Belle on her own, more or less. She was a capable person but afraid of storms, rattlesnakes and range cattle, which were quite numerous at that time. During a storm--night or day, she went to the Martins.

A few months later, William Cooper, Belle's boy friend came out with the same idea that Martin had had and he and Belle were married in February, 1909. The men filed on land, available not far from the girls' land as soon as possible and built more substantial buildings of sod. Will became an expert at building with sod, so he put up a number of buildings for other homesteaders, one of them being Harry Duffy.

Belle's father, Fred Erpenbach, her brother, Henry, a Philip Young, Ben Wiese and Carl Martz came out shortly afterwards and homesteaded in that same neighborhood, but they left as soon as final proof had been made.

William and Belle remained in Meade County until 1914. They were neighbors of Jay Pickert, Harry Duffy, William Michaels and a man by the name of Coy. They kept their land until the late 40's and 50's when they sold one quarter to Henry Hinrichs and one to Frank Gale.

The years spent in Meade County were always referred to as the happiest years of their lives. They had two daughters, Elizabeth and Magdalene. Magdalene was born in Meade County with Mrs. Ella Thurston acting as doctor and nurse.

Belle passed away in Potter County in June, 1963, and Bill is living with his daughter, Magdalene, (Mrs. Roy Breene) near Lebanon, S. Dak.

Walter Weaver

Stoneville Store

GENERAL MERCHANDISE STANDARD GAS SOKOTA SEED CORN

OLIVER, INEZ, LYNN, LONNY AND JANETTE CLARIN

BEST WISHES TO CENTRAL MEADE COUNTY

Lee's Appliance & Refrigeration Service

LEE'S
APPLIANCE AND REFRIGERA
SERVICE

"WE'LL FIX IT BETTER THAN YOUR HUSBAND--AND FASTER."

PHONE 343-0522

203 OSHKOSH STREET

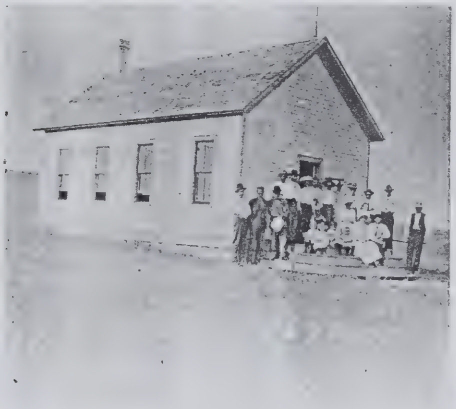
RAPID CITY, SOUTH DAKOTA

School year - 1915, Mrs. O. K. Anderson, teacher.

Stoneville School in 1932-33

School in 1915

Stoneville kids



Church at Stoneville with Mr. Lindbloom, Carl Lee, Jay Pickert, Rev. Lindbloom, Floyd Grinnell, Walter Young, Carrie Young, Margaret Orth, Emma Stainbrook, Birdella Stainbrook, Lucy Davis, John Johnson, Henry Orth, Jr., Henry Orth, Sr. On step: Fred Young, Bertha Orth, Pat Orth, W. Young children, Rose Orth and Emma Davis.

Sunday School attendance in the early days.

Birdella and Emma Stainbrook at Stoneville.

Lowell Henke opening roads after the blizzard in January 1949.

Ladies' Aid at Headdings

Lowell Henke at Stoneville after the blizzard of '49.

Breaking a trail after a blizzard.

After the 1949 blizzard.

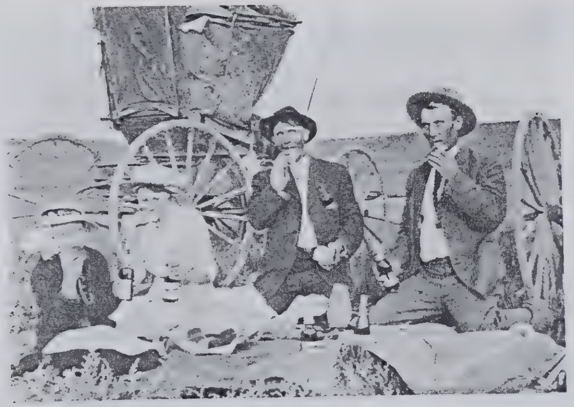
Working on P.W.A. dam at Stoneville in 1934.

FIRST ROW: Jake Wahl, unknown, Paul Orth, Henry Mohr, unknown. SECOND ROW: unknown, H. Knoelke, unknown, John Timmons, Bill Mohr. THIRD ROW: Eb Shoun, unknown.

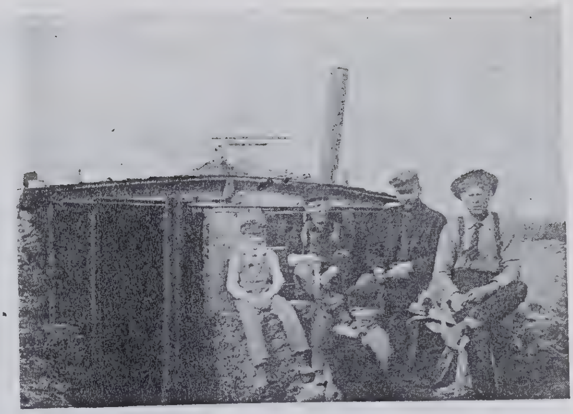
Albert Thovsen - 1909

Matt Washburn family

Logston homestead



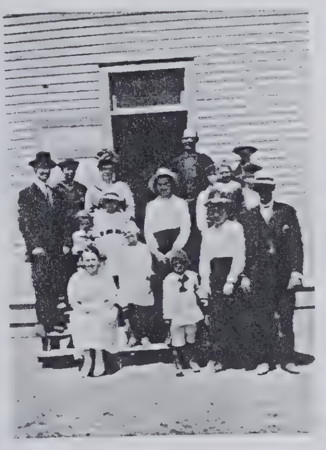
July 4th on the way to Newell Ruth Timmons, Bertha Young, Fred Young and John Timmons.



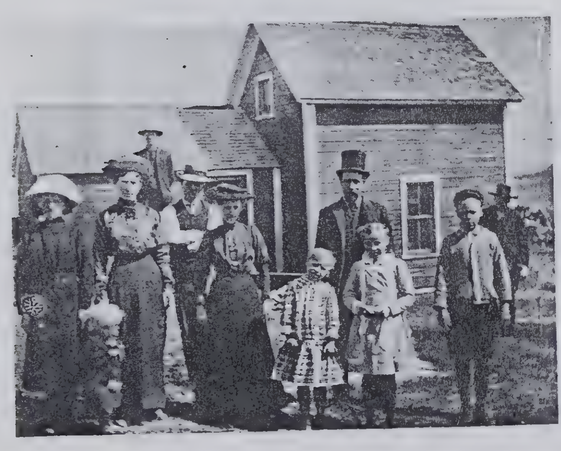
Homestead of Onnon Mellon near old Stoneville; BACK ROW: Left to Right, Roy Horton, Cevert Mellon, Charley Horton, Onnon Mellon, in front Jess Horton.

Merle Van Sickle and Helen Weaver.

Margaret Evans' claim northwest of Stoneville.



A Sunday School held at the Stoneville Schoolhouse in 1921, with Jay Pickert as superintendent.



LEFT TO RIGHT: Mrs. Tom Fitzgerald, daughter Blanche, Mrs. Chance Fitzgerald, and husband, Tom Fitzgerald, and the Mentzer family in the George Mentzer home.

Mike Haeffner homestead.

Fairpoint

After O. T. Sevareid had been at Stoneville for awhile he decided to move about three miles west and start another store. The Stoneville Star was printed there, and later its name was changed to the "Fairpoint News" when the post office was established in 1909, and the store was also named Fairpoint.

Fairpoint was quite a booming little burg in the early days. There was the Sevareid Store and the post office operated by O. T. Sevareid and his assistant, Art Smith. Whitman carried the mail from Sturgis with his stage line. This usually took one day coming and one day going back. The stage consisted of a high spring wagon with three seats.

Tommy Shaw operated the livery barn. He generally kept two or three hired men. Oliver Jewett, Pat Patterson, and Ed Jerguson were employed there for some time. He also operated a stage line between Fairpoint and Sturgis. Tommy Shaw's opinion was greatly respected in Fairpoint.

Clarence Bailey operated the restaurant; Pat Dowdal, the blacksmith shop, and Curly Boyer, the barber shop. There was a butcher shop which was operated for a short time by Emery Smith.

Guy Willis was the editor of the "Fairpoint News." His brother, Harry, came out later and filed on the land where the Patterson home is now and helped out with the paper.

J. Bobier operated a hardware store and had the International Harvester Company Agency. Bill Bailey bought a new ten-foot Deering hay rake from him delivered at Fairpoint for $32 and a new corn binder for $125. John Dean paid $33 for a McCormick rake.

There were three land offices--a U.S. land office with George Clark as commissioner; one operated by the Weiss Brothers, John and Charles; and one operated by Roy Weber's dad.

In north Fairpoint, Manville operated a general store. There was a lumber yard north of it. Across the road to the east, was a hardware store operated by Morris Williamson. Later on, Williamson's brother was U. S. Representative from this district. B. Schickling had a blacksmith shop.

In the Fairpoint News printed on March 4, 1910 were some of the following ads:

SHAW'S LIVERY
Feed and Sale Stable

Good rigs and careful drivers. Reasonable prices, your business solicited and I will try and give you satisfaction.

Tom Shaw, Proprietor.

Deeded Farms

If you want to sell your farm, list it with us. We are conducting an extensive advertising campaign in the large eastern daily papers and are receiving inquiries daily for good improved and unimproved farms. Also we are affiliated with some of the liveliest real estate firms in the east who refer their clients to us.

Relinquishments

Right now we have customers for several good relinquishments. Advise us what you have and we will tell you if we can sell it.

Money to Loan

If you wish more with which to prove up or desire to borrow money on deeded land, we can supply it at a satisfactory rate. Write us anyway. If you wish to sell your farm or relinquishment or want to borrow money, we will tell you what we can do. Write us at once.

West Dakota Land Company
S. S. Webber, Mgr. Fairpoint, S. Dak.

J. W. Bobier
Hardware, Wagons
Farm Implements
Pumps and Piping
Well Machines
Seed Grain and Feed
Fairpoint, S. Dak.

George W. Clark
Attorney at Law
Practice in all courts
Special attention to Land Office Practice
Fairpoint, S. Dak.

Dentistry

Dr. C. R. Easton will be in Fairpoint Feb. 23rd and as long thereafter as there is work for him. Anyone desiring dental work please call and see him. Good work is assured and prices reasonable.

O. T. Sevareid
Dealer in General Merchandise
A full line of groceries, dry goods,
shoes and hardware.
Fairpoint, S. Dak.

Ole Fortney
Well Driller
Have a 3 inch auger and will guarantee
water. Write for terms.
Fairpoint, S. Dak.

This paper was owned by George W. Clarke. The paper also contained notices of claims where the homesteaders were proving up. These ads for the homesteaders were one of the reasons why there were many little newspapers through the early days.

There was a hall built at Fairpoint, too. At one time there was a Catholic Church, and later a Presbyterian Church.

Fairpoint, S. Dak. in the early days.

Sale day at Fairpoint in 1910.

Old Fairpoint

Fairpoint -- 1963

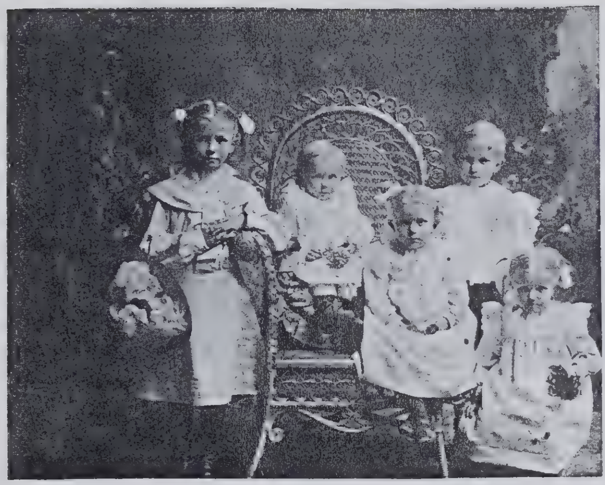
O. T. Sevareid

Mrs. O. T. Sevareid

THIS IS HOW IT ALL HAPPENED
by Martha Munroe

At an early age, O. T. Sevareid left his home in Kenyon, Minn. and headed for the Black Hills. He operated a store at Viewfield, S. Dak. in the year 1890. Two years later he sold out to Ollie Oliver. Then he took to ranching on the Belle Fourche River, just above the Pratt Bridge.

On May 7th, 1894, in Rapid City, S. Dak. he was married to Anna C. Culbertson, sister of Andy, Pete, Fred, Sarah Hughes, Billy, Nels and Louisa Horton. This couple lived here for several years. While here five children were born. Mary (Mullenix), Nels, Josephine (McDonald), Lily, and Henry. Like all places there were problems. Water and school. So the next move was to Sturgis, S. Dak. O. T. got the urge to go to Missouri, but didn't like it there, returned to S. Dak. and then moved to Stoneville, S. Dak., operating a store for Geo. T. Rounds for a while. While at Stoneville William was born. Two and a half years later, O. T. had a store and rooming house built three miles



Mary (Mullenix), Nels, Josephine (McDonald), Lily and Henry Sevareid.

west of Stoneville. Sam Funk of Enning freighted the lumber out from Piedmont, S. Dak. with a six horse team. Lumber cost 28 dollars a 1000.

In January of 1907, Edward was born. At this time there were lots of people coming to file on land. Mrs. O. T. had around 25 to 30 steady boarders. Many mornings she would cook a pail full of eggs. The pail was a wooden 30# pail that bulk candy came in. You never see them anymore. She made her own bread 3 times a week.

Since there were so many people in the country, O. T. put in an application for a post office. On Feb. 9th, 1909 he got the office which he named Fairpoint. Many people came out and filed on claims and then went back to the city.

Nels, Bill, Ed and Mart still ranch and operate the store at Fairpoint. Nels is the postmaster.

Freight teams and wagons of O. T. Sevareid, the driver is Slim Carven.

GAR SPENCER

I was born in Hampton, Nebr. and came to S. Dak. with my parents, where they ranched near Hot Springs. I rode horseback from my folks place to Meade County in 1901. I spent my first night there at the place called 'Coyote Holes.' No one was home at that time when I stopped in May. There was a store and very few supplies, but no other furniture.

I worked for the L7 ranch as a cowboy, mostly on the roundup. Manuel Coy, who was a well thought of Mexican, was foreman of the cattle roundup for several years. This ranch was not far from Stoneville. I also worked for the Flying V awhile.

When George Rounds built the Stoneville Store, my brother, Tom and I helped him. I helped haul the lumber for the roof from Sturgis. It was freighted on the running gears of a heavy lumber wagon.

At that time, Charley Horton built a stone house near the store, and when the honyockers came, they ran a roadhouse. Charley Horton's brother built a rock house about a mile north of Stoneville.

My homestead was 160 acres one mile south of Fairpoint, where Spencer Grove is. This was near the Fairpoint dam on Plum Creek. There were a few small choke cherries there, but someone had cut the larger ones for fence posts before. I filed on the homestead in 1904, as near as I can remember, and sold it in 1913.

I did come back to Meade County later to visit my sister Maggie Case and her husband Bill, who were also homesteaders. She took orders and made hats and ladies' undergarments.

Fairpoint was quite a town when I left. There was a restaurant, grocery store, post office, newspaper, lumber yard, barber shop, Gout land office, Weiss land office, livery barn, blacksmith shop, hardware, drug store and creamery. The homes of these people were along the creek north of the store, if I remember correctly. We all bought shares so that the Fairpoint hall could be built. Fairpoint also had a doctor, dentist, lawyer and a preacher, I'm not sure of the names of each one of these after all these years.

One of the things I enjoyed a lot was to have Nels Sevareid come down and shoot swallows. There were so many of them and they were bedbug carriers, so we had to get rid of them.

Presbyterian Church
Fairpoint, 1963

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF FAIRPOINT

Church was first held in the schoolhouse or the Fairpoint Hall.

At the spring meeting of the Presbytery in April 15, 1928, a petition asking to be organized into a church bearing the names of 20 signers was presented to the Presbytery and acted upon favorably.

The whole community helped by donating time and money to build the church. Mrs. Louise Humble was especially active and was always doing something to raise money.

Ministers who preached in the schoolhouse or community hall prior to the dedication of the present church building on April 27, 1930 were: Mr. Law who also had a homestead a short distance northwest of the store. Mr. Johnson also preached about once a month.

Arie Dykstra was preaching at the proposal, building, and dedication of the church and continued to do so for some time after.

B. R. Cushing from Marcus besides preaching, conducted vacation Bible school once or twice.

Morris Eliason, Joseph Trovato, William Knickle and Mr. Hadley each were ministers at sometime in the 30's, 40's and up to about 1955. These men were all sent to this community by the Presbyterian home mission.

In the late summer of 1957, Richard Scott who was the minister from the Church of Christ in Sturgis, came out each week and preached for the congregation followed by Orin Hardenbrook in October of 1962 and is still here. The church is at present non-denominational.

There has been a continuous Ladies' Aid since before the church started. They have served luncheons or dinners at general elections, bazaars and other elections to help raise money.

Louise Humble and Homestead Shack.

HOMESTEAD DAYS OF THE HUMBLES

by Ada Humble Nelson

My father, Robert Foster Humble (Bob), came to South Dakota from Chicago in April, 1910. He built a two-room shack and dug a spring and bought a cow before bringing his wife, Louise G. Humble and children, Ada, Larkin, and Eula. We came to Sturgis in August on the train. Papa had hired Tommy Shaw to take us to Fairpoint or on to his sister's place, Mrs. Al Kennelley, a mile west of Old Stoneville. About all I remember about that day is that a horse got scared of the car we were in and ran into a fence. When we arrived at Fairpoint, Mrs. Sevareid and the kids came out to see us and we have been friends ever since. I have known friendly people but none any friendlier. I couldn't count all the kind acts they have done for us.

Our homestead joined Al Kennelley's on the south and his north line ran along the road between Fairpoint and Stoneville. There was a shack on almost every 110 acres then. We children really enjoyed the prairies after living in a second story flat in Chicago. It was wonderful to be able to run and play and pick whatever we wanted to do.

That fall we started to school at the Old Stoneville School. It was a new school. There were about twenty pupils ranging in ages from six years to way up in their teens. We sat three pupils on a bench with a back on it. A few of the pupils were the Clarence Horton children; Charles, Jess, Roy, Mable and Ethel, Pat Horn's children; Edith, Bess, Tom, and Alice, Mrs. Crosses' children (who later became Mrs. Schuster), Helen, Rose, Berneice and James, and our cousins Bob and Sylvia Kennelley. Some of us didn't have report cards so the teacher had to use her own judgment as to where to place us. Bud and I started in the same grade although I was a year and a half older.

The first winter the snow drifted through the cracks in our shack. Dad built a sod barn, chicken house, and coal house. At first our table was a big packing box. My dad used to haul freight from Sturgis to Fairpoint. I remember Mother making pies out of dried apples, raisins, and prunes. When the dry years were over we always raised a big garden. One year we raised so many potatoes, we stored them in Joe Schuster's coal mine. Papa was working there then. He and Joe and whoever else was working there would usually have baked potatoes for lunch. Mother would fix pickles by the keg and barrel full and sell them during the winter.

We didn't have a horse. Our cow's first calf was a steer. So we trained him to be an ox. Papa made a sled and we would use him to bring our groceries from the store. He used him to pull wire. He had bought the fence from a neighbor who moved away after he had proved up on his land.

My mother taught school. Her first school was south of our place. It was the Atall School. So we bought a horse and buggy.

Our father had rheumatism. So Bud and I had to help more and more with the work on the place. One winter he spent in Illinois doctoring. Francis Rounds took him to Sturgis.

That winter the neighbors helped build a lean-to onto our barn. They also helped us butcher our hogs. As Bud and I weren't big enough to handle them, although we did butcher a smaller one with our mother's help.

That spring Papa came home on crutches. As the farm grew, so did our house. We built a lean-to on the house for the first grain we raised.

In February, 1918, our youngest brother was born.

Our father had been a foreman in a machine shop when he was in Illinois. Mother went back to teaching west of Fairpoint. It makes me happy now when someone tells me how much they thought of her. School teachers were janitors and everything else in those days. We used to have debates in the early days over at the Fairpoint hall. And of course there were dances too. We had church and Sunday School at the Fairpoint School, before the Catholic Church or Protestant Church was built.

We planted trees around our house when we first moved there. We watered them with our wash water and had the dog trained to keep the stock away from them. Even now I live where there are so many trees. I don't like to see them destroyed.

Morell homestead shack--Mildred, Milton, Nels and Manny.

THE NELS MORELLS

By Mildred Morell Anderson

My father Nels Morell, came to Meade County in 1908, and filed on a homestead. The next year we all came to Sturgis. He transported stock, and machinery in what, at that time was called an immigrant car on the railroad. My first recollections are spending the night at the Sevareid House.

Dad had built a sod house for us to move into. When he went out he discovered the roof had blown off and was on the hill south of Jake Halverson's house. He came back to Fairpoint a bit discouraged. Where would his family (there were three of us then) live? Art Smith was clerking in the Sevareid Store, and Dad told Art his troubles. Art offered his claim shack as a refuge for us, explaining that he was staying at Fairpoint. This one room was our home until the roof was back on the soddie. This proved too small for our family, so Dad set the tent on one end. With some building paper attached it was very comfortable.

As anyone can remember 1910 and 1911 were very dry. I remember picking up the potatoes in the fall that had been planted in the spring, not a sprout on them. People moved out of the country in droves. We had a wonderful well. Everytime a covered wagon or prairie schooner would come by they would stop and water at the well. I was always on hand to play with the children who drove the cows behind the wagons. I thought it very exciting, and wondered why my mother cried when they went on down the road. One day I screwed up my courage, and asked. I can still hear her saying, "Because I wish I was going with them."

The reason for our coming was Dad's health. He had contracted TB in Nebraska. The doctor advised a higher, drier climate. He recovered completely. Due to this fact I think he always loved the place. We lived mostly on the money received from butter made by my mother.

I'm not sure of the year, but shortly Dad was able to float a loan with which he purchased stock and machinery from Bur Bostwick. He lived on Sulphur Creek. Dad would buy what they called relinquishments from discouraged homesteaders. These were the first additions to the original one hundred and sixty acres.

Dr. Barthell was a doctor I remember coming once when Dad was sick. Otherwise Bobier was the adviser on our ailments. He set Milton's collarbone.

Baby Howard died the first summer we were there. Martha and Cecil were born in the sod house. June and Morris were born in the Newell Hospital. Milton and I started to school in 1913. Mrs. George Kemmish was the teacher for the first two or three years.

Frank Doud and Buster 1909.

COYOTE HOLES RANCH
by Frances (Doud) Haedt

My father, Frank A. Doud, was born Feb. 28, 1878 in Cheyenne, Wyoming. In 1880 he came with his family to Rapid Valley where his father homesteaded. They traveled in an open lumber wagon drawn by a horse and a milk cow. He lived there and in Rapid City until his mid-teens. At that time he drove a herd of horses from Rapid City to Wyo. and worked there until he had accumulated a band of sheep. In 1898 he trailed his sheep to Rapid Valley where he wintered them and the next spring he trailed them to the Fairpoint country where he had decided to locate. He homesteaded some two miles north of Fairpoint. I believe it is now the Weiss ranch.

On Oct. 3, 1904, in Rapid City he was married to my mother, Myrtle Napier of that city. He went by horse and buggy to Sturgis. Then by train to Rapid City. After the wedding they returned to Sturgis on the train and for their honeymoon, drove to the ranch. In the summer of 1906 they bought the ranch on Coyote Creek five miles south of Fairpoint, from Leo Keffler. The ranch was known as the "Coyote Holes" ranch, but earlier had been the Holcomb (HO) calf ranch.

They moved into the two room rock house which was built against the hillside with a cellar running back into the hill. It was built by George Rounds and his son, Francis. The house still stands and has housed several families over the years. There was also a barn and chicken house built in the hillsides adjacent to the creek, which with its rough terrain and abundance of trees and brush and grass afforded wonderful shelter and forage for livestock.

I was about nine months old when my parents moved to the Coyote Holes, I was born in 1905, my brother Almond, better known as Buster, was born in 1906 and our sister Olive in 1908. She is now Mrs. E. E. Aisenbrey of San Diego, Calif. Buster lives at Vale.

In the earlier years when there were fewer settlers and neighbors were not very near each other, there was much open range and some ranchers had large herds of livestock. At one time my father ran about 10,000 head of sheep. But as the homesteaders or 'honyockers' moved in about 1907, '08 and '09 on practically every quarter of land around him, he was forced to cut down his operations as did many other stock men.

Later, after the severe drought of 1910 and 1911, many of the homesteaders gave up the struggle and left, and some had completed the terms of residence and the required amount of work and improvement for acquiring title to their land, but returned to their former homes where living was easier. As the years went by Dad bought a number of these pieces of land adjoining his ranch.

In 1915 Dad bought a home in Sturgis where we lived for a time. In 1917 he bought an irrigated farm near Vale, and operated that for a good many years. Early in the 1930's he served a term as sheriff of Butte County and lived in Belle Fourche for two years. But in spite of his other interests, the sheep and the ranch at Fairpoint were always first and foremost in his thoughts. That was where he wanted to be most of all. In 1937 he and my mother moved back to the "Coyote Holes." There Dad stayed for most of the next 20 years, engaged in the sheep business, but in the latter year, due to advancing age, and with the memories of the blizzards of '49 still fresh in his mind, he sold his own sheep and started taking in summer herds from other people. He would stay at the ranch and look after those sheep in the summer, then spend the winters in Calif. He continued this until 1957 when my brother bought the ranch. Not until then, in spite of his years, was he willing to relinquish all rights and active interests in the place. He with my stepmother spent two and a half years in Calif. then when his health failed they returned to S. Dak. and he spent nearly three years at the Dorsett Home in Spearfish, where he passed away in March 1963.

Because of ill health, my mother spent a few of her last years in Calif. where she died in 1951. Dad later married Mrs. Mamie Dow of Fairpoint.

One of my earliest memories was that of going to the top of a hill early one morning by horse and buggy, to see an Indian camp which was set up near Coyote Creek on the Robert Sparks place, which joined our ranch. I remember seeing the tepees set in a circle. It was a band of Indians that had run away from the reservation, and the government had sent soldiers out to take them back, and that was when they stopped there. They were going across country and had lost their bearings, so my father gave them some assistance in finding their way for some miles, and in appreciation, the soldiers gave him some oats, of which they carried an abundant supply for their horses.

My parents had relatives living in Rapid City and Rapid Valley. We would make a trip down there about once each summer to visit them. Our buggy had just one seat, and I remember my brother and I usually had to sit in the bottom between the dash and our parents' feet. I don't think we minded, as it was so exciting to go someplace, though it was a long monotonous trip. One thing which amused us for miles along the way, was the barking and caperings of the prairie dogs as we drove through huge prairie dog towns. Sometimes we would drive to Sturgis then ride on the passenger train from there to Rapid City. After Newell was built and the railroad extended to it, we took the train from there once. My father was the first man to ship livestock out of Newell, when he shipped several carloads of sheep from there.

When the weather was cold we used a foot warmer in the buggy to keep our feet warm. It was an oven-like contraption with a drawer inside which held burning charcoal and was covered with a carpeting material. We also used some kind of a fur buggy robe or lap robe.

Each year before winter set in, Dad would go to town with a wagon to bring out a supply of groceries, coal and other necessary items, enough to last all winter, also Christmas presents. In the spring before lambing and shearing time he would do it again. Some clothing and supplies they ordered from Sears Roebuck or Montgomery Ward catalogs.

I remember he would always bring several 25 lb. wooden lugs of dried fruit, peaches, prunes, apricots, raisins and dried apples. They were considered staples and were economical buys. Now they are almost luxuries. When I see fancy little packages of dried fruit in the stores, worth almost their weight in gold, I am amazed when I think of those huge crates Dad used to bring home! In the fall he would always bring a big box of fresh apples and a crate of oranges, which were a special treat. Some of those things we couldn't get the year around as we do now, because of the lack of refrigeration and slow transportation.

Flour and sugar in 50 and 100 pound sacks, dried beans and canned vegetables and several slabs of bacon and a few smoked hams, and cereals to cook. There weren't many of the ready-to-eat cereals then, but I do remember Kellogg's corn flakes. They came in a pretty blue box, which fascinated me because at night in the yellow light from the kerosene lamp it always looked green.

For several years Tommy Shaw drove a stage and carried mail between Fairpoint and Sturgis. It was a surrey (two seated buggy) with a top. About 1912 he bought one of the first automobiles in that part of the country which he started using on his route. Having no further need for the surrey my father bought it from him. And such pride! My folks were amused because I was so proud of that buggy. No one was ever more proud of a new Cadillac. I guess it was mostly because of the back seat in it. Then two years later Dad bought a car. It was a Maxwell, about the same vintage as the one which Jack Benny of radio and TV has sported on his program. But it was a good car, (after Dad learned through some dire experiences how to drive it. One of the commonest was stripped gears, until he discovered he must push in the clutch before shifting gears!)

My brother and I started to school in 1913. Mr. I. M. Boyer with his family lived about a mile from us, where Jensens lived later. Between our two families there were four of us more than ready for school. Leslie Boyer and I were eight years old and Ethel Boyer and Buster were seven, and no school! So Dad and Mr. Boyer got together and went through the necessary procedures to establish a school. My father furnished the site and they obtained an unused homestead shack and moved it there, about a mile from both of our houses, and to the east. They built it up with sod on the outside to make it warmer. They had organized a school board and hired a man teacher. He was Fred Michael from the Marcus, Red Owl area. He was a big man 6'6" tall but equally gentle. He stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Scarlett who lived up the creek where Fritz Jensen now lives. Our mothers had taught Leslie and me to read a little and we knew a few of our "numbers" so Mr. Michael started us in the second grade and the other two in the first grade. They were other children in the school who had gone elsewhere to school. They were Hans, Thora, Ruth and Clarence Johnson, Einar and Andrew Jensen and Johnny Marvin.

The next year Mrs. Humble was our teacher and our sister Olive started to school that year. After that we attended grade schools at Vale and in Sturgis, and high school at Sturgis, and Olive went to high school in Newell. I recall the last day of school that first year. We had a school picnic and a program at our place. Of course it rained, so we had everything in our house. I remember I stood on a box and held a flag and recited a poem about the flag, and my brother and I sang "School Days" as a duet.

I was eight years old when I saw my first Christmas tree. Dad went to Sturgis for the winter's supplies about the first of December. He bought a new axe and as he came out of town on the way home, he cut a pine tree and threw it into the wagon. We didn't see it until Christmas day. Scarletts had invited us to their house for dinner that day, so Dad took the tree up there. They had set the tree up and had it decorated, and they and our folks had put presents there, also Albert Heiser, who was about 15 years old and who was herding sheep for my father. We had to wait until evening after Albert had put the sheep in for the night. He brought them in earlier than usual. But what excitement, and what a magnificent tree!!!!! I've never seen another since that seemed as beautiful. My sister and I still have dolls as souvenirs of that momentous occasion.

Prairie fires were one of the nemeses of the homesteaders and stockmen. When one occurred, everyone who was able, went and did what he could to quell it. I remember once about 1912, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Bell had come to our place. The men went a few miles away to look after sheep, and my mother and Mrs. Bell were preparing vegetables to can. Suddenly Mom saw a big black cloud of smoke billowing up above the hills to the northeast. It was a prairie fire! So they hitched a team of horses to a wagon and placed in it a wooden barrel and cream cans and a wash boiler, and filled them with water which they pumped from the well with the help of us youngsters and the two Bell children, Ralph and Bertha. The two women picked up some gunny sacks and went to the fire. The men had seen the smoke and gone, as did all of the neighbors. After a few hours they whipped it out with wet sacks. Some pasture and a few hay stacks were burned. One day in 1910, from the top of a hill and after a dry lightning storm, my father counted 11 prairie fires burning off in the distance. That was one of the dry years.

Drought and blizzards and long cold winters and a few floods often added to the hardships of the pioneers. The blizzard in 1949 was an outstanding example. Dad was alone at the ranch, my mother having gone to Calif. because of her health. The main force of the storm struck in the night and when morning came, the house which is built against the sheltered side of the hill, was completely buried under several feet of drifted snow. For four days and nights not one ray of light entered the house, and Dad could not open the one and only door that led to the outside, because of packed snow. The batteries in his radio went dead, he had never put in electricity, and forgot to wind his watch. During that period he lost track of time. Finally the snow began to settle and by inching his way along he was able to get out. By traveling with jeep, the high spots had blown clear of snow, and shoveling in other places, he reached the sheep which had been drifted over in a grove of trees along the creek. There was some loss, but they came out surprisingly well and had survived by eating the bark off of the trees.

Another notable storm was the disastrous May blizzard of 1905, when much livestock perished over a large area. My husband, Julius Haedt, and I lived at the ranch four years during the early part of our marriage, from 1928 until 1932. Just before we moved away, we experienced one of those hard winters. My husband rigged a wagon box with sled runners and with a team of horses, hauled feed for the sheep, and for more than two months made trips to Fairpoint for groceries and mail with it. On Feb. 12, he and Einar Jensen made a trip to Clough, ten miles away, by horseback. When they left home in the morning the snow was belly deep on the horses. Before they got home a chinook wind came up and settled the snow considerably, and water was beginning to run. For a few days we had a respite from the snow and bitter cold, only for the weather to hit us with another vicious onslaught that lasted well into March. But those winters always made us appreciate spring more.

Sheep shearing used to be different than now. They had big crews which used hand shears. They brought roll up beds and stayed for days or weeks if necessary. And there were the wranglers and a wool tramper and a herder or two. My mother

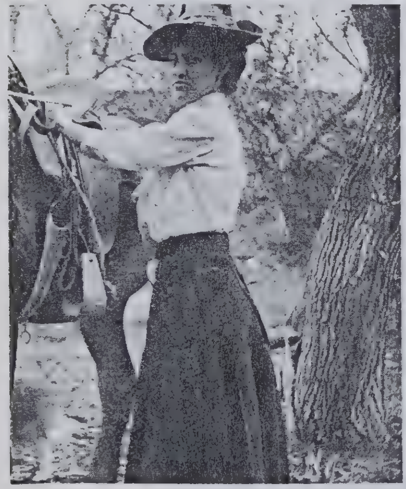
Mrs. Doud and Olive - 1911

Francis and Buster Doud - 1909

cooked the meals for them.

In 1911 and 1912 there were high hopes and much enthusiasm felt for the future of this area, with the prospects of having one or two railroads through it. The Chicago and Northwestern bought a right-of-way from the Newell area, across our ranch and on to the White Owl and Marcus area. I believe it was supposed to extend to Philip. They had even purchased property for a townsite near the junction of Red Owl and White Owl Creeks, and the Milwaukee R.R. was looking for ways to extend their line from Faith on west, and also south to Stoneville and on to Rapid City. But those hopes never materialized.

Though my father had a brief education, he read a great deal and kept well informed of world happenings. He always subscribed to several newspapers and magazines and "Current Events" a small paper of concentrated news of national and world events and politics.



Mrs. Frank Doud - 1909

The Doud's Buick -- 1919

A string of rattlesnakes.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Wilcox

LYMAN AND ELLEN WILCOX

by Dewey Wilcox

Lyman Wilcox was born in New York state. Ellen Grover was born in Missouri and moved to Esterville, Iowa. She later married Lyman Wilcox. They moved to and took squatter's rights in the area 16 miles north of what is now Rapid City. They were headed for Vancouver, Washington but did not get that far. The land they settled on is presently owned by Ray Kettleson. This move was made in the fore part of the '80's.

One son born to this couple was later killed in a hunting accident and buried on their land.

Before coming to this territory the mother of Mrs. Wilcox was a witness and one of the few survivors of the Spirit Lake massacre in Missouri in the early 1900's.

The couple moved from their rights north of Rapid City to the area near Deer's Ears. They took squatter's rights on this land which is now owned by Bertha Armour. The couple lived on this land several years.

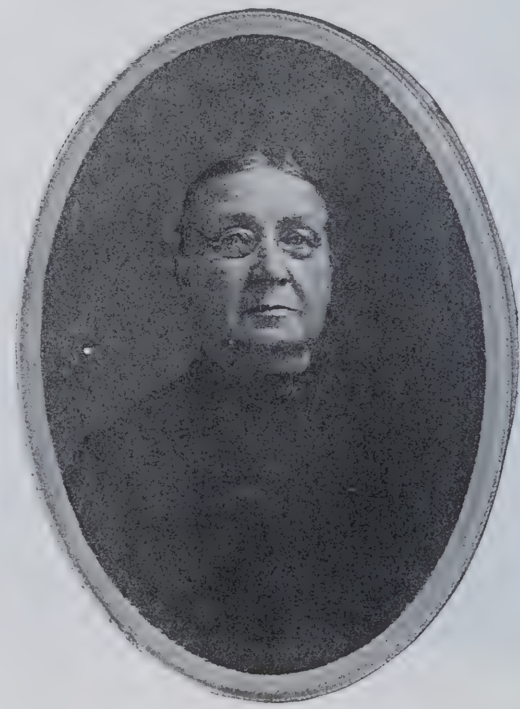
Later the couple moved from Deer's Ears to Coyote Creek six miles south of Fairpoint where Mrs. Wilcox took up desert rights in her name.

About this time the Yute Indians had been rounded up and taken to Fort Meade by the cavalry and later turned loose. The Yutes got a hold of some whiskey and were celebrating while on the move east towards the reservation. They came on the Wilcox land from the west. The family at first thought the Indians were on the warpath. Four of the children, Esther, Dewey, Ralph, and Carrie took off on horseback and spent some time on upper Coyote Creek and part of the Diamond "S" ranch now owned by Wahls. Several days later the four children with nothing to eat and in fear of the Indians came upon the Swagger sheep camp, now part of the Felton ranch. They turned their horses loose and came the rest of the way to the sheep camp on foot. The Indians tied up their horses, knowing the children were afraid of them. One brother, Toot, had left for Fort Meade to get the cavalry in fear that the children had been taken by the Indians. He was stopped in the valley and told of the children's safety at the sheep camp.

In 1914 they bought one of the first cars to be used in this part of the country. It was a one cylinder "Brush," mostly made of wood.

Lyman and Ellen Wilcox had nine children; Et, Oscar, Toot, Mary, Wynn, Dewey, Esther, Edith, and Carrie (Funell).

Lyman Wilcox passed away in 1916. Mrs. Wilcox moved to Rapid City in 1919 where she passed away in 1944.



Mrs. Cordelia Smith

Alfred Smith, oldest son of Cordelia Smith.

Clarence Smith, Austin Smith, Edna Smith (Lawell) and Nora Smith (Sharp).

CORDELIA SMITH

by Edna Lawell

Mrs. Cordelia M. Smith, a Civil War widow moved out to Fairpoint, S. Dak. with her son, Austin Smith, and his family, in 1909. She kept house and cared for his family after his wife died in 1902. They came from Albert City, Iowa. Two other sons came out in 1907 and 1908, and all three sons took claims near Fairpoint and moved out in the spring of 1909.

In the spring of 1910, Delbert's daughter, Myrtle and I, and Austin's youngest girl, Edna, went to a private school in the claim shack of Jessie Galligan. She also taught her brothers and sisters, and Justin McCarthy. It was 2 miles for me and 3 miles for Myrtle to school, and we had to go through and past the Galligan cattle. We were very much afraid of their bull, and would walk much farther to go around them. If we had on anything red, we would hide it.

In the fall of 1910, Myrtle and I started to school in Fairpoint for a couple months, until our own school was finished. Miss Nellie Dorsey taught our school the first year. The next year we again started at Fairpoint, with Mrs. Jacoby teaching, until they could get a teacher for our school. Miss Madge McCarthy then taught our school which was close to Pete Bauer's claim.

There were some dry years, during which time the men went to N. Dak. to work in the harvest fields. One summer, just before they left, my father broke his leg and couldn't go with the rest. A couple weeks later my sister, Nora went with him and drove the team. Then she visited in N. Dak. for the summer. I was left at Pete Bauers.

One year a group of young people put on a play in the Fairpoint hall, and had a dance and basket social. This was in Dec., and in Jan. 1915, we put the play on in Red Owl and gave a dance there. It was a cold blizzardy night and before morning the frost gathered on the building and stuck on every nail. In those days they danced until daylight. Mr. Bobier and John McDonald took us over in their automobiles. As we came home the next morning the radiators froze up. We stayed at Dr. Longspaw's for dinner, while they got the cars thawed out and we got home that evening. The money from the plays and dances was used to buy new desks for our school.

My sister, Nora was married in the spring of 1916 to Arthur Sharp.

In March of 1917, my father Austin Smith, my brother Clarence and I moved to a dairy farm northwest of Newell.

My grandmother's sister, Mrs. Mary Young also came out, and she had a claim close to Pete Bauer's. She was Mrs. Bauer's mother, and lived with them most of the time.

ARTHUR SMITH

My brother, Lawrence, and I arrived at Fairpoint on October 20, 1908. Lawrence proved upon his claim and then returned back east where he passed away Aug. 7, 1950.

My claim was northwest of Fairpoint. On August 16, 1911 I was married to Lula Miller at Sturgis. Lula had come from Lyons, Nebraska and filed on a claim on Big Draw just below the old Smiley ranch. She worked for Mrs. Sevareid for sometime where I met her.

We lived on my homestead until Sept. 1922. When I came to Fairpoint it was not a post office. I walked to Old Stoneville several times after my mail. I was present when a group met and picked the name for the post office.

We have four children; Earl, Randall, Marian, and Coila. Randall and Marian were born at home at Fairpoint. Earl was born in Sturgis and Coila was born in Newell after we moved there. Earl is married and lives at Delta, Colo. Randall is at Hebron, Nebraska - never married. He teaches Spanish, Math, and coached football and track. Marian lives at Hot Springs. Coila, Mrs. Robinson, lives in Rapid City.

When we moved to Newell I leased my place to Elmer Adams of Sulphur. Later I leased it to Willard Warren and then to Fred Dillabaugh, and last to my brother, George, who lived there until his death.

My brother, Earnest, proved up on a claim that joined mine. He worked for a short time for Mr. Sevareid and later at the Stoneville Store for Mr. Bratton of Newell who owned the store. He was married to Bertha Bobier. He passed away April 20, 1920 and is buried in the Red Owl cemetery. George, another brother, did not homestead. He rented a place west of Fairpoint, known as the Sharpe place. He passed away in Rapid City on August 31, 1942.

After moving to Newell in 1922 I bought cream and poultry and ran a co-op store for sometime and also worked for the school district for 27 years. I am now retired and am trying to live on Social Security.

LULA MAE (MILLER) SMITH

In 1908 or 1909, my friends and neighbors near Lyons, Nebraska, the Tighes (mother, daughter, and son) took a claim in Meade County, South Dakota. They wanted me to file on 160 acres adjoining the one my good friend, and old schoolmate, Maggie Tighe, had filed on. After talking it over with my father and mother I decided I would try to earn 160 acres for myself.

I left my home near Lyons, Neb., on March 15, 1909. I rode the hack from Sturgis to Fairpoint, where the Tighes met me. Near the mouth of Big Draw Creek I filed on a claim. There were already many on claims. Quincey Tighe persuaded some of his friends to help lay up sod for my shanty.

Lula May Smith and her homestead shack.

I lived there 14 months as required by law. Also had to have 5 acres broken and raise a crop. My crop was potatoes and corn.

In 1910 I made an application for the deed and waited 3 months to hear from Washington. Most applicants heard from their in from 3 to 6 weeks.

The people in South Dakota were very good to all the homesteaders. I shall never forget the many kindnesses shown me by Sevareids, Hortons, Rounds, and many others.

I was fortunate to get water from Big Draw Creek very near my shack. After the water got low, I dug a hole in the creek bed which always seemed to be full. It was a spring I presume. Was glad I didn't have to do as some did, carry water in a covered pail on horseback.

The mode of travel for most homesteaders was a saddle horse. My father sent me a small regulation saddle. I had only ridden a side-saddle before I came. I acquired a very small half-broken Indian pony (owned by a boy) as my companion. "Skip" and I had many adventures, some pleasant and some not so pleasant.

We had to go to old Stoneville, ten miles away, for mail and supplies. Took a sack, put mail and groceries in it, and tied it behind the saddle. Skip objected to tin cans, but learned to live with it.

I heard so many stories of people getting lost and it's easy to do as the hills looked so much alike just at dusk. We were often meeting up with coyotes or having adventures with rattlesnakes, so Skip and I decided we must get home before dark to see that he was securely staked in a green spot.

In spite of all the little annoyances, I had a wonderful time on the claim.

It was something like going to college, I think. I met someone from almost every state in the Union. Although I had no books, I received a very practical education.

We had some wonderful times. Nearly every post office boasted a dance hall. We'd saddle our ponies, tie on our "war sack" (clothes to dance in), and get there before dark. We'd dance until daylight and ride home again.

I met so many nice people, among them Art Smith, my husband of 52 years. I made so many dear friends and had so many experiences that I shall never forget any of it.

In August, 1910, I left for my home at Lyons, Nebraska, and arrived there in time to accept and teach a school near Rosalie for a nine month term.

In August, 1911, I again came to Meade County. I married Art Smith in Sturgis on August 16th at the Manse of the Presbyterian Church by Rev. Carrol D. Erskine. We came back to Fairpoint to spend 11 years on Arthur's claim. In 1917 we sold my homestead to Dillard Bros. A few weeks ago, Max Hohenberger told us that my homestead was now in his spread.

Taken on the claim in 1914.

THEKLA MUTCHLER

I came into Meade County with my uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. James Brown in 1910. I was in the second grade when I entered the Fairpoint School. Mary Coburn, from Sioux City, Iowa was my first teacher. Mrs. Coburn homesteaded near Fairpoint and rode horseback to school every day.

We were very surprised that first morning of our journey into Meade County. We saw two big gray wolves in the vicinity of Volunteer. Mr. Patterson, Sr., our hack driver said that gray wolves were getting scarce in the country. I never did see any more after that.

Shortly after Clyle Brown came to Meade County, he fell off the bed and nearly cut his tongue off. He was only three years old at the time. The folks took him to see Dr. Manville. Dr. Manville was the eldest son of the Manvilles who owned the dry goods store in north Fairpoint. Manvilles lived in about the same site that Mr. and Mrs. Jess Rogers are now living.

Another incident I recall very often is one that happened on a very cold October morning. I had just gotten out of bed and was reaching for my shoes and hose when I spied a big coiled rattlesnake lying near me. Needless to say--that winter marked the end of our sod room, for the following year the folks built a home from wood.

In the summer of 1913, my Uncle Jim decided we should go on a vacation. So that August morning we left home in a covered wagon with plenty of food and water and a tent along. Lillian Bobier, now Mrs. Theron Goss, and her sister Edna, now Mrs. Ed Goss, went with us. We visited the Experiment Farm in Newell, the Orman Dam, and went up Spearfish Canyon, then to Sand Creek. At Sand Creek, my Aunt Dora canned over a hundred quarts of wild fruit. From there we went through Ice Box Canyon to Lead and Deadwood. In Lead my uncle took us up to see the gold mine. We went home by way of Boulder Canyon, which had only a cow trail for a road. Then we went out past Volunteer and Goldfield, and finally got home after twelve wonderful days of traveling.

I often think of the wonderful visits my Uncle Jim and Nels Morrell used to have. Nels Morrell had filed on land a mile north of us. Neither my uncle or Nels knew they were old acquaintances when they filed, until they met by accident one day. They had both attended college together at Omaha.

As time went on we often had another periodic visitor by the name of "Rocky." I do not know his first name, but he was a Syrian peddler who could neither read nor write. Everyone liked Rocky very much. He always stayed overnight with us, and after supper would display his line of goods. He always had dress materials, sewing necessities, jewelry, shoes and some factory made clothes, besides many other small items. Very few people had cars during the time of Rocky's visits, so he sold a lot of merchandise throughout the country.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Devers were our close neighbors. Mr. Devers was a lawyer, and had to be gone much of the time. In his absences when I was in grade school, I used to do the chores. I always looked forward to my visits with Mrs. Devers.

For entertainment in early honyocker days, besides the Church and Sunday school work the people had other get togethers.

We had a Literary Club in Fairpoint, also a Book Club which I think is still carried on. Occasionally we would have a home talent play. Most everyone took part in them at sometime or another. Bertha Bobier (Mrs. Ernest Smith), Mrs. Clark Jones, and her daughter, Ivy Soles would direct the plays.

In the earlier days, Mr. Sevareid built a hall at Fairpoint. He gave a dance once a month in the hall. There would be such a crowd that dancing was almost impossible.

I went to high school in Newell and in the fall of 1917, I taught my first term of school in the South Sulphur School.

In later years my family and I moved to Sturgis. We are living in the rock house that L. K. Wilson built in about 1895. We bought the house in 1946.

Nels Sevareid and Clyle Brown - 1922.

Dora Brown - 1918

Gertrude Jones

GERTRUDE DODSON JONES
BY Myrtle Dodson Gerber

In 1905 we came to La Moure, N. Dak. from Cherry County, Neb. My father drove a covered wagon drawn by four horses. My mother drove a light three-seated buggy. I was the only one of the six children with the folks at that time who was able to handle a herd of 160 head of horses, many of which were wild and had not had a rope on since they were branded. Most of them were five or six years old.

We started from Cherry County, Neb. on May 8, 1905 and reached La Moure, N. Dak. June 18, 1905, my 14th birthday. You might know what a hectic time I had driving this herd of horses past corn and small grain fields, which were tempting to the horses that had been pushed hard all day or until we could find space enough between the farms where they could graze, otherwise we would have to night herd them. I had to change saddle horses three times a day.

After we got to N. Dak., my father matched these horses in two or four horse teams to sell. Oftentimes my brother's home looked like a public sales ring.

Soon after this I left N. Dak. and went to Minn. to go back to school.

My sister, Iva Dodson homesteaded in about 1910 on Big Draw where it runs into Sulphur Creek. She also taught school near her claim. Then she married George Soules and he filed on a claim in a canyon eight miles east of Stoneville, not too far from the Art Smiley ranch. They had two children, Charles and Frances.

My oldest brother, Phinny had a sawmill in Hill City where he was killed in an accident in the mill.

Another brother, Edmund Dodson lives in Milwaukee. He used to ride bucking horses all over the country, including Belle Fourche Round-up, and the local rodeos at Stoneville and Red Owl.

Clark and Gertrude Jones homesteaded on Big Draw in 1909, about 9 miles north and east of Fairpoint, S. Dak. Their homesteads were about two miles apart.

My mother had many hobbies and talents. She made many quilts and rugs. She also baked for the bachelors around the area. She nursed the sick and brought many babies into the world.

Her place was almost like a halfway house at times. From twenty to twenty-five people would come on Sundays, and many were there weekdays too. She cooked wonderful meals of fried chicken, pies, cakes and all the fixings. She made many dresses and suits for people around there. She raised large flocks of turkeys, chickens and ducks. She sold very few of these as she supplied many others with fresh poultry.

My mother now lives at the Hillcrest Manor near Deadwood. She will be 96 on Jan. 10, 1964. She was a direct descendant of Captain Miles Standish. Her father's parents were from England and Scotland. Her grandmother's name was Lady Clarisa Shirley. I live in Deadwood.

Myrtle Dodson with Frances and Charlie Soules.

THE THERON HANKINS FAMILY

by Theron & Ada Hankins

My husband, Theron Hankins, homesteaded four miles north of Fairpoint in 1915. His brother, Roll, took land adjoining ours.

The twins, Keith and Kenneth, were born September 10, 1920, in Rapid City. We brought them out home to Fairpoint in December. It was a real nice winter, as I remember I was able to dry the baby clothes outside all winter. There was no snow and a bad fire got started in February and burned for miles. It burned a lot of haystacks before the men got it out.

While we were on the homestead, Thea was working for one of the neighbors and would bring the cows home as he came home at night. His horse fell with him one night and he hit his shoulder and broke his collarbone. We tied his arm down to his side, so the bone couldn't move until it healed. I had to milk all the cows.

We had a coal mine on our place and I remember one winter we had to ration the coal so everyone could have some. The snow was deep and wind blew all the time and kept the roads blocked.

When Keith and Kenneth were old enough to go to school, we moved to Fairpoint. The schoolhouse was on the place we bought, but it was moved across the road to the south.

We bought cream at Fairpoint for the Fairmont Company of Rapid City until the years got so dry that the people had to sell their cows.

Keith and Kenneth Hankins.

Gust Ekdohl's homestead shack as it looks today.

Fisher Gas Company

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Magenheimers home about 1920.

THE MAGENHEIMERS
by John Magenheimer

George Magenheimer was born in Worms, Germany in 1883. He had one brother and one sister. When he was seven years old his father died. A few years later his mother remarried. He never got along very well with his stepfather, so when he finished the eighth grade he left home. He worked as a brick layer and most any other job he could find, until he was about 22 years old, when he took a job on a freight steamer, shoveling coal for the steam engine. After working at this for about 3 years and crossing the ocean several times, he got tired of it and left the ship in New York, and decided to try his luck in America.

This was around 1908 and with no relative or friends in this country, and not being able to speak or write the American language, things were pretty rough. Money was scarce and jobs were hard to find. He roamed around the country and worked at whatever he could find, from bricklaying to gold mining at Lead, S. Dak., and farming and harvest hand in N. Dak. and Minn. Travel wasn't easy those days either if you were short of money. He could tell some 'hair-raising' stories about riding the rods under a freight train.

In 1912, while working in the gold mine in Lead, S. Dak. he got acquainted with Berta Mader who had just shortly before come from Darmstadt, Germany to stay with a cousin in Deadwood. As she had still not learned to speak English it was easy for them to get acquainted. In April of 1913 they were married and shortly after that, they took up a homestead about 7 miles northwest of Fairpoint. They lived in a little shack dug into a side hill until early winter when they moved back to Lead, to again work in the Homestake Mine. In Feb. 1914 a baby girl was born, now Mrs. Robert Getty of Newell.

In the spring of 1914 they again moved back out to the homestead. The next several years George worked in the Higgins and Joe Schuster coal mines east of Fairpoint, coming home only on week ends, carrying the groceries either on his back or hauling them in a wheel barrow.

The summers were spent working at the homestead building, and fencing. In 1916 they started doing a little farming and bought some cattle and a few pigs and chickens. Mrs. Magenheimer stayed at home in the winter and tended the stock while George worked in the coal mines. In 1917 a son, John was born.

In the next 11 years things began to prosper a little and they were able to increase their land and livestock and do more farming. In 1927 the south Sulphur school district built a new schoolhouse just a mile from the place.

In 1928 due to poor water conditions and rather poor farm ground, they sold their homestead and bought their present land 4 miles northwest of Fairpoint. Elsie was also born this year, she is now Mrs. Jess Tarrant of White Owl.

George continued his farming and ranching there until his death after a lingering illness in 1938. Mrs. Magenheimer continued to operate the farm with John and Elsie until her death in 1947. Mr. and Mrs. John Magenheimer still live on the place.

Mr. and Mrs. George Magenheimer, John and Ella about 1920, 1919 Overland car.

Justman homestead--1910
Mrs. Justman and daughter, Luella. Luella is now Mrs. Justin McCarthy.

C. J. JUSTMAN
Luella McCarthy

The C. J. Justman family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Justman and daughter, Luella came from LeMars, Iowa in the spring of 1910. They settled on a homestead west of Fairpoint near the county line and lived there until 1938, when they left the ranch and moved to Newell.

In 1912, when times were so hard, Mr. Justman took his team and wagon and went to the harvest fields in N. Dak. while the family stayed home and cared for the home place and the livestock.

The family had no means of travel until Mr. Justman bought a single buggy from a neighbor. While he was gone, his wife milked two or three cows, skimmed the milk by hand and churned butter. The butter was sold to neighbors, who had no cows.

For cooking they had an old oil stove, and for warmth they burned cow or buffalo chips. When winter came they hauled lignite coal from a mine near Stoneville.

In the early years Mr. Justman made a trip with horses to Newell in the fall and brought a winter's supply of flour, coffee, dried or canned goods and some coal.

They only had a one room house, but many men who were freighting stopped there overnight. There was always room made for the travelers who stopped, even if they slept on the floor. They always managed, and no one had to stay out in the cold on a winter's night.

Their water supply was a creek hole and a well while it lasted. Many came and got water by the barrel, until the well would run dry.

THE DENNIS McCARTHY FAMILY
by Justin McCarthy

We left Adrian, Minn. Nov. 8th, 1909. It was a very early winter that year. We left there on the train at midnight. We got as far as Chamberlin, S. Dak., and due to an unusual fall, the river was full of floating ice. The railroad bridge was gone, so we had to stay at Chamberlin that night, and we ferried the river the following morning. We stayed at the Mossman Hotel, which is still there. We arrived in Sturgis the night of Nov. 11th, and left the next day for the homestead, 4 miles west of Fairpoint. The first day was very nice weather.

We stayed at the river the first night. It was called the Messmore roadhouse at the time. Where the old Bismark trail crosses Highway 79 north of Sturgis can still be seen. There is a monument there now.

The second day we were in a very severe storm, with snow and a blizzard all day. The only sign of life were the coyotes and wolves. We finally arrived at a homestead home about 5 miles southwest of Fairpoint. It was the Delbert Smith home, where we had supper. It was a very enjoyable meal, with hot coffee and all that went with it. After supper a relative of these people, Emery Smith took us to our homestead shack, which was 12 x 18. It had tar paper on the outside, but it was also air-conditioned. The next morning we had another blizzard, and it was a case of blizzards and snow all that winter.

Finally spring came. There was not a fence or a furrow, but we all got to work and started to fence and plow land to raise crops. Well, 1910 came very dry--no crops. Then came 1911--one of the driest years in history. The settlers left every day. They packed what they had in a wagon and shut the door of the shack, and said good-bye to South Dakota.

Then in 1912, things got a little better. We raised some corn and garden, and feed for the cattle. This was the year we had our first school at Softwater school district. The school was taught by Mrs. George Kemmish. This is where my wife and I first went to school. We used to walk or ride horseback--any way to get there.

Fuel was a very major problem in this part of the country at that time, as there was no timber. About all there was to burn and heat with was this lignite coal and what was commonly known as buffalo chips. The latter was a much better fuel.

Usually a good garden was raised, and in the fall, the neighbor ladies and children would go berry picking in the canyon near-by. In that way, they got a lot of their fruit and jelly.

The neighbors would gather at one place or another for meals, and if someone had a fiddle or accordion, they would move out as much furniture as possible, and then dance--usually all night.

And so, things have gone from those good old days to the nuclear age, and the great days of air travel. It is all hard to believe that it could all happen in one lifetime.

McCarthy's - 1909

Ed Goss, Mrs. Goss, Theron Goss, Andrew Vig, Cecil and Marie Vig - 1911.

An early day tractor.

THE ANDREW VIG FAMILY

By Cecil Vig

My parents, my sister, Marie, and I came to Fairpoint from Park Rapids, Minnesota in 1909. Dad had traded his homestead in Minn. to Mr. Smith for a quarter of land which Mr. Smith had homesteaded 1 mile south and 1 mile east of Fairpoint. My folks had shipped their three horses, a cow, and other equipment to Hettinger, N.Dak. and from there drove the horses, pulling a wagon full of other equipment needed. When we arrived in Fairpoint our three horses were sick but soon recovered.

Before long Dad got another horse and, besides breaking his own land and putting in crops of his own, he hired out to do breaking for the neighbors and also put up hay for them. Besides doing work for the neighbors Dad freighted from Newell and Sturgis for neighbors who did not have horses. The trip to Newell and back was usually made in 2 or 3 days but when it was muddy the freighters had to help one another across the gumbo by hitching several teams together.

While living on the homestead Dad accumulated about 50 head of cattle and it was my job to herd them whenever I wasn't in school.

The school which Marie and I attended was on the north side of the road east of where Jess Rogers now lives. Mrs. Kemish was our teacher.

Dad owned a small coal mine, which was located just across the draw from the Schuster mine. My dad mined coal only for our own use, using a pick and shovel and a wheelbarrow. Cow chips were also used for fuel much of the time.

My brother, Arthur, and sister, Cleone, were born while we lived at Fairpoint.

In the spring of 1916 we moved to Opal. We moved several wagonloads of equipment along with our horses and our cattle. We moved into an old bachelor shack down the creek from where I now live with my family. Just after we moved there was a terrible blizzard. We had very little hay for the livestock but were able to get by. Soon after this we moved to the location where the buildings are now. Our shack was moved and then more rooms were added to make the house we live in now.

The folks bought their first car, a second-hand Overland, in 1918 and their first tractor was bought in 1926.

Two more brothers, Kenneth and Wayne, were born after we moved to Opal.

My father and mother moved to Sturgis in 1933 where my mother still lives. My dad passed away in 1943. Marie (Ingalls) passed away in 1938. Art lives near Mud Butte, Cleone lives in Denver, Colo., Kenneth lives near Stoneville, and Wayne lives east of Opal.

THE KOST FAMILY
by Albert W. Kost

In 1909 my father, David Kost, filed on a desert claim on Soft Water Creek and on a homestead adjoining the desert claim, about five miles west of Fairpoint. Our family arrived from Butte, Nebraska, in March of 1910, when I was seven years old. At that time the family consisted of my mother, Louisa, the three youngest sisters--Lydia, Clara, and Beatha, and my older brother, John, and myself (the youngest of the family).

I have many memories of our Meade County days. One incident, especially, always brings a chuckle whenever I happen to tell about it.

Dad had sent me to the creek about a quarter of a mile from the house after wash water. I was driving a green colt with an old gentle mare, Molly, that had only one eye. The wooden water barrels were on a stone boat, but there were no tubs or lids on the barrels. After I filled the barrels, I started the team up the steep hill from the creek. The colt gave a jerk, and of course, the water splashed out. That really set things in motion. Old Molly tried to make the colt behave by biting him. More motion! As I was not on the stone boat, I finally had to let go of the lines. The runaway team headed right for our old milk cow that was picketed between the creek and the house. They must have straddled her. The heavy picket pin split the stone boat in two. The cow must have gotten knocked out by the double trees. Dad, who was milking another cow nearby, thought for sure that she was dead, but she wasn't. As the runaway team came down through the cornfield, Dad caught them by standing on the blind side of old Molly. As she came by, he caught hold of the bridle and hames and swung onto her back.

We lived on this homestead until 1918. After Beatha got married (Mrs. Frank Spring of Hermosa, South Dakota) my folks also moved to the southern hills. My mother passed away in 1919. Dad lived until 1934. He was 82 years old.

THE McDONOUGH STORY
by Mary Ellen Shafer

Joseph, James, John, Kathryn, and Anna McDonough of Beemer, Nebraska homesteaded southwest of Fairpoint around 1910.

John was later married to Margaret Condon. They had 5 children. After a few years John and family, Kathryn, Anna, and James returned to Nebraska to make their home.

Joe was married to Thresa Jungwirth also of Fairpoint in November, 1913. Born to them were 3 children. They lived in this territory for many years.

Sunday entertainment.

MR. AND MRS. DEL SMITH
by Ethel Mutchler

Del Smith of Chicago, Illinois accompanied Pete Bauer to Dakota in 1907. He settled in Sturgis and lived there for about two years.

In May of 1908, he was joined by his wife and three daughters, Edna, Cora and Myrtle. Mrs. Smith's mother, Mrs. Young, and her sister Laura Young accompanied them to Sturgis.

The Smith family moved to a homestead a mile east of Pete Bauer's claim, southwest of Fairpoint in 1909. After building his claim shack and getting his family settled, Del worked with a threshing crew in N. Dak. for several years during the harvest season.

When Pete acquired his threshing machine in 1913, Del went to work for him. One cold fall day in 1914 as they were threshing at Pete's place, Del was oiling the boxing on the main shaft that ran from the horsepower to the machine, which was running at the time. He had on a heavy coat and his sleeve caught on a bolt that stuck out from the tumbling rod, under the feed table. He was unable to free himself and before the machine could be stopped his right arm was practically torn off and his left arm was injured. The nearest doctor was Dr. Longspaw, at Red Owl about twenty miles away. The only way to get help was on horseback and it was a long time before the doctor could get there, and then he had to take Del to his office at Red Owl to operate. J. W. Bober, the Fairpoint blacksmith, who often helped out in times of accident or sickness, assisted in the operation.

When Del was able to return home the other settlers gave a party for the Smiths, each bringing whatever he could spare from his own winter supplies, a bag of potatoes, flour, a few cans of vegetables, or meat to help them through the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Del Smith

Mrs. Del Smith

The following fall, Bill Bailey took Del's place on the threshing crew and Del was right there to show him how to feed the machine.

Not long after this Mr. and Mrs. Smith and Myrtle decided to return to Chicago. When they left the neighbors gave another party for them. This time it was a pound party. Each lady was weighed and her escort had to give as much money as she weighed and the proceeds were given to the Smiths as a going away present.

Edna had married Adam Bauer, and Cora, after helping her folks get settled in Chicago, returned and married John Dean. They lived in Dakota for several years and then they, too, went back to Ill.

Del obtained work in Chicago as a watchman on a boat on Lake Michigan and worked there until he retired. Mrs. Smith passed away in 1933, and Del in 1952 or 1953. He was a brother of Austin Smith of Newell.

Mrs. Pete Bauer, Ethel, Mrs. Adam Bauer, Edna Smith, Mrs. Del Smith, Myrtle Smith. FRONT: Mrs. Young and Adam Bauer and Norman at Pete Bauer's home -- about 1915.

MR. AND MRS. PETER J. BAUER

by Ethel Mutchler

Peter J. Bauer was born at Harmon, Ill. in 1880. He lived in Illinois until 1907 when he came to Dakota. He obtained work in Sturgis and made his home there. On June 17, 1908, he married Laura Young, who had come to Dakota that spring with her mother, her sister and family from Chicago, Ill. where she had been raised.

They resided in Sturgis for about a year. In the spring of 1909 they filed on a homestead about five miles southwest of Fairpoint and moved there by team and wagon. Pete's sister, Lizzie (Mrs. Walter Dennis) and Eva (Mrs. Grant Bowyer) and his brother Adam settled nearby, as did Mrs. Bauer's sister and family, the Del Smiths.

The homesteaders built tar paper shacks banked with sod to live in and had to make long trips to Sturgis or Newell for supplies and building materials with a team and wagon. They had to haul water long distances for household use and even for stock as in that particular area good wells were scarce.

The year of 1911 was extremely dry and gardens planted in May didn't even come up until August, when there was a little rain.

In those early days there was a settler on nearly every quarter of land so they had a lot of good times too, visiting, playing cards and going to dances. Many times they went for miles to a dance often on horseback, sometimes with a horse and buggy. There were very few fences or roads to follow in those days so they just had to go across the prairie and people often got lost especially in storms.

The old Sturgis trail ran right by the Bauer homestead and many people who were hauling

Mr. and Mrs. Peter J. Bauer

freight or moving into the country stopped there for the night. Many times the house was full with people sleeping on the floor or wherever they could.

During the first years on the homestead Pete worked as a carpenter to supplement his income. He helped to build many of the homes in the Fairpoint vicinity and he did the main carpenter work on the Fairpoint Hall. He worked in Newell for about six months building the old lumberyard there. While he was away his wife and her mother stayed on the claim alone.

In those early years and even as late as the early 1930's, Pete was often called upon to act as an undertaker. He made many coffins and rough boxes for neighbors when deaths occurred in their families. His wife and family helped to cover and line the coffins.

In 1913 Pete bought a threshing machine from Walter and Edwin Dennis. The machine was the first one in the country and it was run by horsepower. He operated this for several years. In 1916 he purchased a Titan tractor from the International Co. in Rapid City to power his machine. He used a hand feed on the thresher until 1943 when he installed a self feeder.

For many years this threshing rig was the only one in the country. Every summer for two weeks or so before the threshing run started the whole outfit received a general overhauling so it would be in 'tiptop' shape to go. Some of the men who helped run the machine at different times were Del Smith, Bill Bailey, Bill Brown, Jack Ballmes and Minard Dillard and whoever was going to accompany the machine that fall helped to get ready.

Laura Bauer and George - 1944

Pete threshed grain and alfalfa seed far and wide all over Meade Co. every fall and on into the winter as long as the weather permitted. In those days most grain was stacked and if the threshing run was cut short by an early winter the rest of the threshing was finished in the spring.

Many of the other homesteaders nearby proved up on their land and then for one reason or another left the country. Pete acquired the use of much of the land surrounding his place and engaged in farming and ranching, raising cattle and sheep.

Both Pete and Mrs. Bauer served as school board members in their district and he served for years as township treasurer. During the 1920's he was a Meade Co. Commissioner for several terms.

The Bauers had two children, Ethel (Mrs. Bill Mutchler) who lives eight miles south of Fairpoint and George (Oley) who ranches south of Fairpoint.

Mr. Bauer passed away in Jan. of 1945 and Mrs. Bauer in Aug. of 1948.

Pete Bauer's threshing crew.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Warren

Willard with Long Tom and the Ford Roadster-1920.

MILLIE'S MEMORIES
by Millie Warren

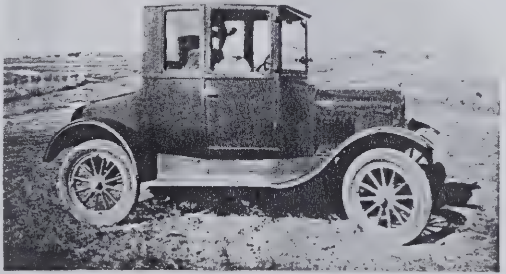
The Willard Warren family moved to the Fairpoint country from Newell in March, 1928. We brought with us the bare necessities for home furnishings, a team and rack, a saddlehorse, and cow, and horse machinery. We bought an I.H.C. tractor and plow that spring and put in a big crop. We planted big gardens, raised chickens, milked cows, and gathered wild fruit to help out.

We started buying up the private and county lands until we acquired a block of 2,120 acres belonging to old settlers before and around 1910. Gust Ekdohl, Enoch Carlson, Henry Morgan, Mary Mannix, two Morgan brothers, etc. There is nothing left of some of these homesteads, but some rock foundations, some tangled barbed wire, a barrel hoop, here and there the rusted remains of an old cook stove, a caved in cave, a dump, a lonely spittoon, and some still standing houses in various uses. A strip of old plowing or a wagon trail will show up, either sodded over now or gullied. Buffalo horns or skulls are occasionally found, as are Indian arrows, beads and chipped pieces of pottery.

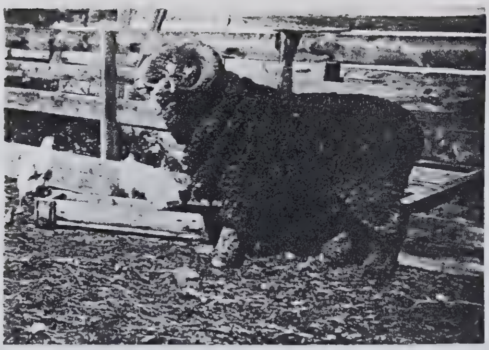
We experienced the winter of 1949 without storm doors or windows. We had plenty of food, but fuel oil for heating and cooking was getting dangerously low. Our sturdy little radio kept us in contact with the outside. I wore wraps and overshoes in the daytime to save fuel. The army caterpillar came in on Feb. 16 and opened our roads, followed by an oil truck and mail. The road was used but once, it started thawing the next day, then we had mud. We didn't lose any livestock.

The children's school teachers were: Mesdames Mildred Anderson, Luella McCarthy, Ruth

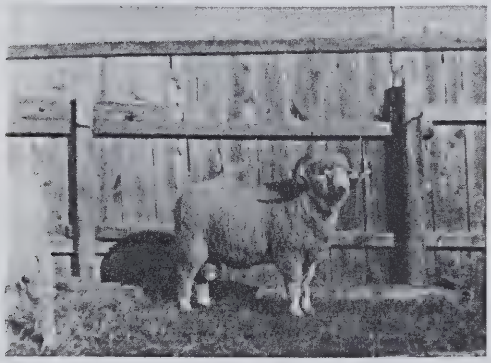
Willard--washing and reading



1924 Ford



Type of Rambouilet in 1919.



Present type Rambouilet.

Dillabaugh, and Miss Viola Kellogg.

The Grand Electric, R.E.A. came in '52; Golden West Telephone in '62. Thank God for both. Some roads have been improved, but many of us travel several miles by trails to get to them. Mail is picked up at the post office and store at Fairpoint.

Seismograph crews have crisscrossed our places. Minuteman Missile sites and oil prospecting have entered the picture in recent years. There is a stock water dam on nearly every quarter of land. Most homes are modernized. The lack of a good water supply or cash has prevented others.

CHARLES WELCH

by Pearl Kenyon

In the spring of 1911, my father, Charley Welch, of Parkston, S. Dak., loaded an immigrant car consisting of household goods, 3 horses, 2 cows and some chickens and headed for Meade County, where he had filed on a claim the fall before. Mother and we children stayed behind and visited with relatives until he could get a house built. He sent for us in June and Mother (Annie) and we four children, Pearl, Gladys, Guy, and Harlan took the train for Sturgis, S. Dak., and Dad met us there with a team and wagon. We then had around 60 miles to go to reach our new home about 3 miles northeast of Fairpoint.

I think we were all rather unhappy to find only a dugout sod shanty, the one end being dug into a side hill, and the other three sides built up with slabs of soil, much like they now lay bricks. The room was of wide boards covered with tar paper. It had just one large room, with 2 small windows, one door and only 'Mother earth' for a floor, which soon became packed and about as hard as cement. We could sweep the same as any floor. My mother made partitions of flowered material to shut our two bedrooms off. Our only means of heating was a little old cook stove with a hearth and also oven doors on both sides, but as near as I can remember, we kept real warm and cozy. She also had made many braided rugs and scattered over our sod floor.

My father also had made a sod barn and a small chicken house much the same as the house, except the roofs were made of poles and hay.

One of the first things they did was to plant a garden and potatoes, but it was such a hot, dry season that the seeds didn't sprout and come up until late in the fall when we had rain, but it was too late to get any vegetables.

Dad took a team and wagon during the late summer and started for N. Dak. to get work in the harvest fields to make enough money to get us through the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Easom at the claim shack in 1913.

Mr. and Mrs. Easom at Big Draw.

We two girls had to go to Fairpoint to attend school, and we didn't seem to mind the long walk each morning and night.

I do remember of one bad snow storm we had. It wasn't snowing when we left for school, but it must have started soon afterward. By noon it was snowing and blowing so hard, we could only see a few feet. Most of the parents came after their children, but my father was still in N. Dak. so Mr. Sevareid came to the schoolhouse and insisted Gladys and I come to their place until the blizzard was over. I think it was the following day in the afternoon before it cleared off and the wind died down. I started for home as I knew my mother would be very worried, not knowing if we had stayed in Fairpoint or under a snow drift somewhere. I met her and the dog coming to meet us about a mile from home. She had left the two little boys at home, and you can imagine her relief to find me safe, and Gladys with friends at Fairpoint.

I know my folks suffered many hardships, but we also had good times and everyone very friendly, as they would come for many miles to attend a dance or picnic which was held in the Jewett grove of trees on the 4th of July.

In Feb. of 1912 my grandmother passed away and they wrote for the folks to come back to move on grandfather's place and help care for him. So after a little over two years, Dad leased his land and moved back to eastern S. Dak., and I think we were happy to do so.

Andrew Jensen in 1914.

LES BOYER

In 1912 I rode an old pinto pony 4 miles to Fairpoint to school, which was 4 miles north and west of the homestead. Mrs. Frank Jacoby was my first teacher. The next year Alfred Johnson, Frank Doud and Mr. Boyer went together and got the school board to establish a school on Coyote Creek. Walter, Thora, Hans and Ruth Johnson, Francis, Almond and Olive Dowd, Les and Ethel Boyer, John Marvin and Einar and Andrew Jensen were the pupils. The schoolhouse was someone's old homestead shack about 10 by 14. The teacher was Fred Michels, who was in his 20's, 6 feet 8 inches tall and weighing 260. Needless to say, no one bullied the teacher. He was well liked by everyone.

The next year Mrs. R. F. Humble taught the school; she taught there one or two years. Then as the Dowds were in another district they got their school there and the school board bought a building that had been a land office at Fairpoint. They moved it about a mile north of the old school site. Here Ada and Larkin Humble joined as pupils, as did Gladys Boyer and Clarence Johnson. After about two years the school was moved another mile north to accommodate the Horns: Edith, Bessie, Tom and Alice, also Eula Humble was one of the pupils.

Mrs. L. E. Kirkeberg and daughter, Marjorie.

Picnic at Jewett's grove, now owned by Don Jacoby.

Lars Kirkeberg and daughter.

THE BOYER HISTORY
by Les Boyer

In the summer of 1909, I. M. Boyer who resided at Burke, S. Dak. together with Bert, Sam and Frank Mac Donald and their father, a Mr. Stewart and a Mr. Quinn took the train to Newell, S. Dak. There they hired a hack to go out to look for homesteads. They stayed overnight near Sulphur where all but Mr. Boyer took homesteads. Mr. Boyer proceeded on to Fairpoint where he bought a relinquishment. He then went back to Burke for his family and possessions. This consisted of 4 horses, six heifers, and a bull, a walking plow, disk, harrow, wagon, hand corn planter and some household goods.

His brother, Clint of Wallcott, N. Dak. helped on this trip, and stayed to help get settled. At that time there were three children in the Boyer family, Les, Ethel and Florence. Florence passed away the next year.

The house as near as I can remember was on the place when we got there. It was a frame structure of two rooms. It was covered on the outside with tar paper and lined with red building paper. It was heated by a wood and coal cookstove, in which cow chips were burned. These were gathered by the whole family. Mr. Boyer built a barn of lumber walls and barbed wire and hay roof. Also a sod barn for the cattle. He broke up about half of his 160 acres, where he raised corn, oats and wheat.

In 1911 a drouth hit the country and he was forced to sell all but two of his cows for lack of feed. He kept the horses so he could go on farming. He had a man come to drill a well for him. This man looked the place over and decided he had found the right place to drill for water--this was a quarter of a mile from the house and 110 feet deep. This meant he had to hitch a team to a stoneboat with two barrels on it to haul water every day, as he kept a few hogs and some chickens.

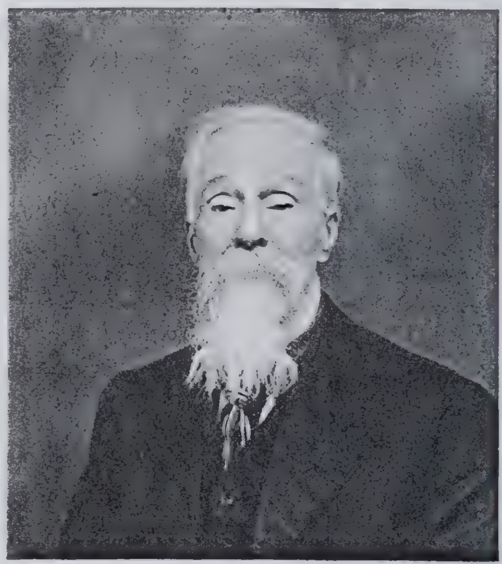
Fairpoint was 35 miles from Newell, where the nearest railroad was. All farm produce had to be freighted by team and wagon. The early settlers would get together and make the trip with several wagons. It would usually take one day to get to Newell. Then the next day the men would unload and buy their winter's supplies, such as flour, sugar and whatever they didn't raise to eat.

The Boyers sold the homestead during the first World War and bought another place near Fairpoint where they raised cattle and hogs, and farmed about 600 acres. During the depression and drouth of the 30's, Mr. Boyer was forced to give up his farming and cattle raising. He leased some sheep, thereby getting a start in the sheep business. Later he bought a ranch near Clough where he raised sheep for several years. His son, Bob still leases the ranch and runs a summer herd of sheep.

The last four years of Mr. Boyer's life was spent at the Dorsett Home in Spearfish, S. Dak. He passed away March 5, 1963. The children are Robert and O. Howard of Sturgis, S. Dak. and Lester of Scotia, Calif.; six daughters -- Ethel Kazebeer of Ridgefield, Wash., Gladys Nelson of Phoenix, Ariz., Fern Stoddard, Sturgis, S. Dak., Hazel Shea, Seattle, Wash., Blanche Kellogg, Riverton, Wyo., and Dorothy Powlowski, Vale, S. Dak. Mrs. Boyer is making her home with Dorothy. There are also 29 grandchildren, and numerous great grandchildren.

KIZZIE McDANIELS REBER

When I was just a little girl my father, Dan McDaniels moved his family from Vancouver, Washington to S. Dak.



Dan McDaniels, one of the first mail carriers into Stoneville.

First we lived at Viewfield but in about 1900 we moved a few miles north of where Fairpoint now stands. My father, my brother George and little Dan and I lived with my older sister and husband, Andy Culbertson.

After Fairpoint was built up, school was held up over the store building. When the weather got cold, the school was moved into one of the bedrooms upstairs in Sevareids house where there was a stovepipe heater that was supposed to furnish enough heat. Some of the pupils were Mary, Nels, Hank and Josie Sevareid, Dewey Wilcox, my brother Dan and myself. There were others too that I can't recall. Anna Sparks was one teacher that taught there, also Nellie Powell.

After I graduated from the eighth grade I was asked to take a teacher examination so I could teach. It was hard to get teachers to come so far out in the country.

Pa and the boys needed me to keep house and look after them, so I decided not to take the exams.

At that time we were living with my brother, George who had filed on a claim northeast of Fairpoint. After George married I stayed with them for a time, then went up on Sulphur Creek and stayed with Mamie Boe and her husband George.

One night I went to a dance at the John Timmons place and there I met a young cowboy. His name was Bert Reber. He had worked for the Flying V, the Pothook, the Sword and Dagger, and many other big ranches around the country. Just one year after I met him, we were married at Sturgis, S. Dak.

The remainder of that winter we worked on the Ralph Sanders place. Mrs. Sanders wasn't well and I helped in the house, while Bert worked for Ralph.

In the spring we filed on our own claim which joined my brother, George's homestead.

One year Bert worked for Mr. Sevareid plowing about sixty-five acres. He used a plow called a "deep tiller" which was a rather new invention at that time. It would plow up to twenty-two inches deep on the level. Six head of horses were used, hitched three abreast to pull it. It took a good horseman to handle an outfit like that, but Bert was always good with horses, whatever he was doing with them.

Some of the time while we were on the claim, Pa, George, and Bert hauled freight for the Fairpoint Store and for George Rounds at Stoneville.

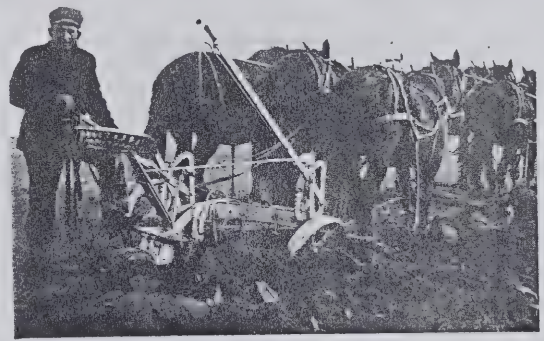
For a while we worked up on Sulphur Creek for Fred Mohr. He was building a large stone house. Bert and several other men around the country helped with the building and I cooked for them. Before the house was finished Fred Mohr was drowned in Sulphur Creek. He was on his way home from town and the creek was up after a rain. Bert swam his horse over to the side of the creek where Fred was and let him have it to ride because he thought it was a better swimmer. When he got part way across he pulled on the reins and the horse went over backward, throwing Fred into the water. The house was never finished and we went back to our homestead.

During the years we lived on the claim we had two daughters.

In 1912 we sold our place to John Higgins. We then went up on Pine Creek on the Walter Hicks place.

After a short time Bert and my brother, George decided to move to North Dakota. We took our families and all our belongings in covered wagons. We stayed there until 1922, when we came back to Rapid City and the country around there.

In 1930 we moved back to Fairpoint on Gertie Joneses place which was just north of our old homestead. We lived around Fairpoint and Stoneville until Bert's death in 1944, when I moved back to Rapid City where most of my children are living.



Bert Reber working at Sevareids with a deep tiller.

Gertie Jones, Kizzie Reber, and son, John.

ROGERS McGRAW

By Mrs. Jess Rogers

I came to this country from Wagner, S. Dak. in 1915. My father, mother, one sister and three brothers. My youngest sister Mildred was born five months after we came here. There were no doctors, and Mrs. Johnson was midwife and delivered the baby.

We shipped our stock and furniture to Faith, then drove our cattle to our new home, the Scarlet place. Here I met Jess Rogers, and a year later we were married. We lived with his father, James Rogers until summer, then he went to live with another son, Charley, at Ethan, South Dakota.

We have six children, our first girl was born in a sod house, the Rogers' homestead on the 19 of October, 1919.

My brother Lesla had appendicitis, so Jess and Iner Jenson took him and my mother to Newell with a team and sled. The snow was real deep. They went from there to Deadwood on the train, where he passed away the ninth of November, which happened to be my youngest brother's birthday.

After that my folks moved to Sturgis, and we moved on my dad's place.

One time when Jess had to take a load of wheat to Sturgis, sixty miles away, with a team and wagon, so I decided to take the baby and go with him, and visit my folks. On the way back we camped on the river, and when we ran out of water, we opened some coconuts, we had bought, and drank the milk. I thought that we never would get home. I never went freighting again.

We moved next to a place by Eleanor, which was the post office. About then my folks rented the Henry Gover place, north of Fairpoint, where my next daughter was born in 1921, in a rock house.

Then we moved to the Pat Horn place. Jess dug coal, and sold it. In the summer we went east.

My folks sold their place to Dr. Tedrow, and the Rogers' place was sold to Henry Remington.

A year later we came back and rented the Peterson place northwest of Fairpoint. Jess worked for Morells.

Rose and Roy Liston lived on the Brown place one-half mile south of us. I remember one time when an aunt and uncle of mine went with us to a dance at Ed Listons. There were eight of us, and we went in a sled. We danced until morning and started home. A warm wind was blowing, and we had to walk most of the way home, about fifteen miles, as our snow disappeared.

Two years later we moved on the place where we live now. When Ballmas moved to Sturgis, we bought their place.

All six of our children went to Fairpoint School. At one time there were as many as twenty children in school, now there are two.

My mother is still alive, she is 85, and is in a home in Rapid City. My children are all married now.

Fritz and Lila Jensen have the old home place.

We have lived on this place for 38 years. We have seen lots of changes, some good and some bad.

EDWIN ROBINSON

by Myrtle McDaniels

Edwin Robinson came from La Vale, Wisconsin. He homesteaded at Fairpoint, S. Dak. in 1907. His place joined the Sevareid place on the south. He built a frame house to live in.

He rode on the roundups in the fall, whenever they gathered their cattle up for the winter and to sell. He raised corn and fed a number of hogs, besides raising cattle. He loved dogs and usually kept a pair of hounds to hunt coyotes.

He lived on his homestead until 1932 when poor health made him return to Wisconsin, to the home of his brother and family where he passed away in 1933.

The Ole Bauers now live on his homestead.

GUST MARKS

I was born in Posen, Germany and came to this country in 1906 to Cleveland, Ohio. I was 18 years old at the time.

In 1909 I filed on a homestead 10 miles west of Fairpoint. There were five of us that made the trip out from Underwood to file on land. There was a claim office at Fairpoint at that time. I had to return to Wagner, S. Dak. and returned in 1910 to build a claim shack.

After proving up on the homestead, I worked for the Experiment Farm at Newell for three years as an irrigator. Then at a feed barn in Newell for three years.

While still living in Newell, I married Ruth Loghtry from Sulphur in 1921. We later moved to a ranch 25 miles east of Newell for three years.

In 1925 we moved to a ranch 10 miles west of Fairpoint and raised sheep. We had a dam built by Tony Ballmess using three fresnoes and a breaking plow. It was the largest dam in the area at that time. The dam is still used and holds a lot of water. The surrounding area is sheep range.

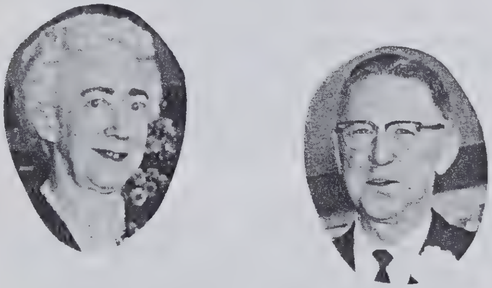
In 1928 we moved 2 1/2 miles east of Fairpoint. This was the Joe Schuster place and I still own it. We started an orchard in 1928 which is still producing apples. It was also a good gardening location.

We had four children; Edna, (Mrs. Jess Beckman) of Denver, Edith (Mrs. Richard Morgan) of Kalispell, Montana, Agnes (Mrs. Douglas Bostrum) and Arthur of Vancouver, Wash. We moved to Whitewood in 1960 and Ruth was killed in an automobile accident the next year.

On Oct. 20, 1962 I married Agnes Zrout from Illinois, and am presently employed as custodian of the Whitewood School.

SINCE 1877

South Dakota was not yet a state when Chase's Store was founded and the population of the area was less than 5,000. At Scooptown, Isaac W. Chase built the store and for over eighty-seven years the location has been the same. Freeman C. Steele went to work in the store in 1929 and became a partner with his mother, Elizabeth Chase Steele until her death. The present store building was rebuilt in 1962. The staff includes Vernon W. Officer, Mrs. Ruby Harrison, Mrs. Kathleen Morrell, Mrs. William Burgess, Robert Kinney and Mrs. Doris Forbes.



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Jim Brown, Clyle Brown, Dora Brown, Edna (Smith) Lawell, Ellen (Brown) Woodle, Lillian Goss, Nora Sharp, Thekla (Brown) Mutchler, Beatha (Kost) Spring, and Bill Brown on the claim in 1914.

JAMES A. BROWN

by Dora Brown

My husband, James A. Brown filed on a claim one mile west of Fairpoint in 1909. The family did not come out until in February 1910.

The outstanding features of our entrance into Meade County is vividly recalled. The weather was bitter cold and we traveled by hack from Sturgis to Fairpoint. William Patterson, Sr. was our hack driver. Maggie Tye, Mrs. Ed. (Tex) Pressler and Eddie her son, were among the passengers. I had a big box of bedding with us, and since it was so cold we opened the box of bedding and used the quilts and blankets to keep us from freezing.

The first night of the trip we stayed at the Brewer Road House which was near the old Volunteer store and post office. The next night we stayed at the Sevareid Hotel. It took us two days to reach Fairpoint. The following day we went to our new home, which was a small tar papered shack. How we endured that first winter I will never forget. My husband had left Lars Hansen to care for the place while he was gone. Lars Hanson was a friend of my sister's family. He came to the United States from Oslo, Norway with them. Lars filed on a claim northwest of Fairpoint. He stayed with us for the remainder of the winter. Food was very scarce for us, so Lars kept us supplied with rabbit meat. When it was so bitter cold he sat up nights and kept the fire burning. We melted snow for our drinking water that first winter.

When spring came and the snow disappeared, we had to dig a well. I had Lars pick the spot where we would dig it. He said he would witch for the well. I laughed at him and told him he would never find water that way. He got a small forked willow stick and witched for the well. Then he wanted to show me how it was done. That stick literally jumped in my hand when we came to the spot he had picked.

The well was only 16 feet deep when first dug. In 1911 it was so dry we had to water all our stock from it. We would pump the well dry and within a half hour it would be filled with water again. This well is still supplying all the water needed on the place today.

In the early spring of 1910, I built our first barn which was 16 x 16 feet. I couldn't put the roof on the barn by myself so John Peterson, who was homesteading a claim adjoining ours on the north, came to help me.

Later that spring my husband and Bill, his brother, came from Highmore, S. Dak. with four immigrant cars of stock, machinery and furniture.

After Jim and Bill came, we decided to enlarge our house. That same summer we built a big sod room onto the one room we had. We lived in this house for about two years. Then we bought the Fairpoint restaurant building and remodeled it. We now had four rooms.

The year 1911 was so dry we could not make a living on the place. We sold all of our cows, but one, then Jim got a job in the Lead gold mine and I ran a restaurant in Lead until the spring of 1912. We came back to the claim at that time.

In 1912 we raised a wonderful garden and I canned a lot of wild fruit, so we stayed on the claim. From then on we had prosperous times. I always canned around 500 quarts of fruit and vegetables every year. We had our own meat, butter, eggs and milk to use, too.

In May 1912, I broke my ankle. There was no doctor in Fairpoint at that time, and we had no way of getting to town to see a doctor. Jim was still working in the mine at Lead. We were alone at the place as Bill had gone to Sturgis to haul a load of freight for Mr. Bobier, who owned a hardware store in Fairpoint. We had no way of getting in touch with Bill, so we got Mr. Bobier to come to our place to set my ankle. Mr. Bobier had set a few broken bones so we had confidence in him. Mr. Bobier got Ernest Smith to help him and together they did a very good job.

A year later Mr. Bobier set my daughter, Ellen's arm. This too was well done.

In 1922 I went to Sturgis to send Clyle, my son to high school. We decided to make Sturgis our home so we sold our homestead to Andrew Anderson.

Joe Schuester, Jim and Bill Brown. July - 1920

STANDING: Art Dillabaugh, unknown, Curly Boyer, Pete Jebens, John Sullivan, Bill Bailey, Adam Bauer, Chapman on shoulders, Ole Funell, Ed Riser.

THE BAILEYS

by Bill Bailey

The Baileys, Clarence and Bill, came from Oakdale, Nebraska, in May, 1909, to start homestead life on claims six miles southwest of Fairpoint. Later their father, William, their younger brother, Louis, and their sister, Stella, joined them.

The snow came early the winter of 1909 and 1910 and stayed on late in the spring. It seemed like a long cold winter in the tar papered homestead shacks. However, it was good sleighing most of the winter from the homestead to the Belle Fourche River.

Clarence Bailey was given permission from O. T. Sevareid to build and start a lunch counter in Fairpoint in 1909. That summer a dance hall was built by selling stock for that purpose. Bailey was asked to serve supper for the big Christmas Eve dance, so he added a dining room onto the lunch counter building. Some weekends, Bill would tend the restaurant so Clarence could stay on his claim to keep residence established.

The following are some of Clarence's early day restaurant experiences:

"I had a few acres of oats on my claim in 1910. They were nice and green just before they started to head out. The men, who located homesteaders, would take a load of their prospects past that field of oats to show them what a wonderful future this country had. They usually came into the restaurant to eat, and the locater would tell them I was the guy who had those oats. Of course, they would ask me about things in general. Well, in the end, those never even headed out--they all dried up for lack of rain."

"After lunch I would go outside and leave the restaurant open. If some of the men got hungry, they would just help themselves and either leave the money on the counter or pay me when they saw me. Even in those days, there were some guys that were not what they should have been. I noticed that some pie kept disappearing and no one said a thing about it or left any money for it. However, I had noticed that whoever it was used a knife to eat it with, so I just kept watch to see who used a knife to eat his pie. When he finally showed up, ate, and paid his bill, I just added the price of the pie on his dinner bill. He paid it and never said a word."

"I remember when I used to lay in bed, and after the fire went out at night I could hear the canned goods on the shelf go clink as they froze. Then in the morning after I started the fire in the big heater, they would go clink again as they thawed out. Sometimes I used to wake up at night and hear the wheels of a freight wagon in the snow. You could hear them a long way off on a clear night. I knew I would have to get up and get the freighter something to eat."

We still live 2 miles south of Fairpoint on the place that Francis Bell once owned. I married Florence Pugh of Oakdale, Neb. in 1920 and we have three daughters, Mildred in Calif. and Florence and Lucille still in the area.

JAMES TUCKER

By Justin McCarthy

James Tucker was born at Albany, New York. He left there at the age of 21 years. He bought a ticket to Deadwood, S. Dak. Mr. Tucker left his home and came by boat on the Erie Canal as far as it went, then he came by train as far as Pierre, S. Dak., then by ox team on to Deadwood, as there was no train to Deadwood at that time.

He filed on a mining claim in Deadwood Gulch, and mined there for about nine years. He arrived in Deadwood on the 14th day of May, 1876, about six weeks before the Custer Massacre. James Tucker was in Deadwood on the Sunday morning when Preacher Smith was killed north of the city, as he was riding on horseback to Crook City to have church service. When the word came to town that day, of what happened and that Preacher Smith was killed from ambush by an Indian, James Tucker and a party went out to the scene. He was among the first there.

He quit the mining claim about 1885, and filed on a homestead on the Belle Fourche River, about 45 miles east of Sturgis. He got a few cattle to start a herd. And for grocery money, he used to haul a load of hay to Deadwood, as hay was bringing a good price there at that time. It was a long haul but it was some cash while he was getting a herd of cattle. He lived on the Belle Fourche River for a number of years, then he moved on Sulphur Creek, north of Fairpoint. James Tucker then went into partnership with another man in the ranching business, by the name of Jess Thuesen. They moved just north of Fairpoint on what became the Govier place now in the Jacoby ranch. They ranched together for a few years and then divided partnership.

From there James Tucker moved on to a school section which is now in the Morrel ranch. The place where he built a stone house and dug a cave out of a bank, are still visible. And as a rule at roundup time, Mr. Tucker did most of the cooking, and the boys looked after his cattle for him. He was a very good cook. On the roundup he did a lot of cooking in what they used to call a Dutch oven.

He used to run as many as 450 head of cattle. Mr. Tucker ran cattle until 1909. Then the homesteaders came, and he sold his herd. The first time I met Mr. Tucker, was in the spring of 1910. He went back to New York that year to visit his folks, after 34 years being away from there. He then returned to S. Dak. and made his home here. His folks wanted him to come back to New York and live there, but he did not like the east, after being out west so long.

James Tucker had a desert claim west of Fairpoint, so he built a dam and did some irrigating on it. In February of 1925, he got sick, he was living alone at the time. My father, Dennis McCarthy took care of him for about a week. Then Mr. Tucker had to go to town where he could be near a doctor. He passed away about the first of March, in 1925. His relatives had him taken back to New York where he was buried. I could write more about James Tucker, as I knew him very well, and was his neighbor for many years, and he told me a great deal about his life. He was a member of the Catholic Church at Fairpoint, and was a very fine man, and was highly respected by all who knew him. He remained single all his life.

E. R. GALLIGAN

by Jessie Seefeldt

My father, E. R. Galligan, was born at Dorchester, Iowa on February 10, 1863 and married in Council Bluffs, Iowa. I was born April 22, 1887 in Council Bluffs, Iowa. We came to Naples, S. Dak. in November of 1887 to my grandfather's, E. M. Galligan, homestead near Naples that my grandfather had gotten from the U. S. Government for services as a sailor in the Civil War.

My father shipped from Willow Lake, S. Dak. in October, 1909 with his family, Jennie, Eddie, George, Wm., Melvin, Effie, and Beatrice, and myself three miles west of Fairpoint by way of Sturgis. My father and I filed claims in June, 1909. My mother and Eddie filed later all in a group.

I filed on Section 11, Township 9, Range 10 in June of 1909 and came out in October of 1909. I

Jessie Galligan and August Seefeldt wedding, June - 1910

Beatrice and George Galligan

lived in a 12 x 16 house where I taught school the winters of 1909-1910 and 1910-1911. We used books the families had brought with them. There were Roberts, Galligans, Bennetts, Smith, and Justin McCarthy. I also taught Sunday School at the Fairpoint schoolhouse.

In March, 1910 a meeting was held in the south schoolhouse. My father had the privilege to help organize and name the township in which we lived. It was named Soft Water Township after the Creek that flowed through it.

I was married in my father's home on June 22, 1910 to August C. Seefeldt of Clark, S. Dak. Reverend Law, a Baptist minister, performed the ceremony. Mrs. Gertrude Jones baked and served my wedding cake. There were 54 neighboring homesteaders at my wedding. I understand Mrs. Jones is still living in a rest home in Spearfish. She will be 97 years old.

August worked in the Higgins lignite coal mine the winter of 1910-1911. We moved back to Clark in May, 1911 after I proved up my land in Fairpoint under Commissioner Budweizer.

OLAF FUNELL
by Oscar Funell

Olaf Funell was born in Jamtland, Sweden on October 18, 1889. His family, except for his father, the elder Olaf Funell, came to this continent and settled at Wagner, S. Dak. in October of 1890. One year later the elder Olaf Funell came over from Sweden and joined his family. He passed away at Wagner, S. Dak. in 1907. Olaf Funell, Jr. grew to manhood and farmed the home place three years at Wagner.

In 1909 Olaf Funell and a friend (Adolph Lindon) came to western S. Dak. in a covered wagon and took up a homestead south of Fairpoint. He married Carrie Wilcox in 1910 and in 1912 their oldest son, Oscar, was born. Later Carrie took a homestead in her name where their youngest son, Robert, now lives. One other son, Archie, lives at White Owl.

Shortly after moving here Olaf Funell took his family and moved to North Dakota in the fall of 1913 for a short time. He worked out doing threshing and freighting from Tama to Sturgis for a living. They later moved back to Fairpoint.

Mrs. Funell passed away in 1934. Olaf passed away in 1957.

Mr. and Mrs. Olaf Funell

HENRY REMINGTONS
by Aileen Remington

Henry Remington was one of the homesteaders in the Fairpoint community. In 1909 Mr. and Mrs. Remington and children came to Meade County from Yankton, S. Dak. looking for land to file on. Laura's brother, Roy Liston, her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Liston, Henry's brother, Earl, and their mother were already living on homesteads.

They took a claim six miles south of Fairpoint on Coyote Creek, and for a time lived in a sod house on a place close to his brother, Earl.

In a few months they went back to Yankton where they had a sale and made plans to move to their new homestead. The family came to Sturgis by train, bringing twelve registered Durham cows, three horses, furniture, etc. by immigrant car. They traveled from Sturgis to the homestead by team and wagon hauling their possessions and driving the cows. They built a house on their claim, where they made their home for about forty years.

Mr. and Mrs. William Liston's Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary.

Their four children attended the Atall School. It was moved several times, and as they walked to school, a new path was made each time the school was moved.

I have sat and listened to their interesting stories of drought, hoppers, blizzards and sickness, and then of the good years and the happy times they had. Their home seemed to be one the relatives and friends liked to gather at on Sundays, and many of the old neighbors will remember the Saturday night dances in the living room that lasted until daylight.

Henry's wife, Laura passed away in Rapid City February 14, 1950. He sold the homestead to his son Donald and moved to Sturgis, later living at the Dorsett home in Spearfish. He passed away there on Oct. 25, 1963 at the age of eighty-two. Henry and Laura are laid to rest in the Fairpoint Cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. Liston and Mr. and Mrs. Emory Smith and son.

MY EXPERIENCES WHILE HOMESTEADING

by Mary E. Bauer

My sister Cora Smith married John Dean. I gave a wedding dinner for a large number of her friends. After the dinner they started for a dance but never got there as a sudden blizzard came up and they came back. We couldn't even get out to the outdoor cellar to get food but we had a hog we had just butchered hanging in the lean-to of our shack. We ate pork and biscuits every meal. Part of the people would sleep on the floor. Then they would get up and give the others a chance to sleep. That's the way we sat out the blizzard for two days. We had a shovel inside the door to shovel out when the blizzard was spent.

One time Eva and Elizabeth Bauer and I decided we wanted to go to Sturgis, which was 60 miles away, with Adam Bauer when he went for feed for the stock and other supplies. The going was all right (the prairie dogs barked at us from the top of their mounds) but the coming back was terrible. It rained and the farther we went the more the gumbo rolled up on the wheels of the wagon until the horses couldn't pull the load. Adam had to unload part of his cargo along the road and leave it there (no one ever stole anything like that). We girls had to walk dragging our big gumbo feet along until we arrived at a half-way house. The lady at this shack had us girls take off our wet dirty clothes, put us to bed, dried our clothes, and kept us until the storm was over.

My step-father, Delbert Smith and Pete Bauer had the only threshing machine. One time Delbert Smith saw something going through the machine while threshing and foolishly reached into the machine to grab whatever it was. He got his arm cut off a little below the shoulder.

He (Delbert Smith) used to do freighting for other people, to make a living, and that sure was a dog's life in a blizzard; he would have to walk and lead the horses, and sometimes leave part of the load along side the road. When we knew he was traveling after dark we would put a lantern in the window to help guide him home.

We young folks had nothing much to do homesteading, but to try to have a good time. About four boys and four girls chumed together. We went horseback many times to dances in our riding outfits with our dance dresses strapped on the back of the saddle. We often went 20 miles to a sheep ranch where the owner had a large room with no partitions. We would dance all night and ride back the next day. One time someone got my flour sack with my riding outfit by mistake, in it and I had to ride home in my dance dress in the bitter cold. Forty below zero was not unusual those days. One time the snow was deep and we decided we should go to a dance, so we went in the bob sled. On the way to the sheep ranch we picked up a man that played an accordion and took him along for music. The next morning on the way home the boys stopped at a shack where a couple of young men lived and went in. The men were cooking beef in a kettle. They told them the girls were all hungry, the boys hungry also, so the young men said, "Take the kettle of beef boys." They took it out and threw it on the snow to cool and handed us girls chunks of beef, was it ever good. Those days if you were on the road and got hungry, and came to a shack (doors were never locked) and no one home you went in and fixed yourself something to eat, washed the dishes and went on your way.

Mrs. Adam Bauer near her claim shack.

Mr. and Mrs. Pete Bauer, Mrs. and Mrs. Adam Bauer, Mr. and Mrs. Grant Bowyer, Mr. and Mrs. Art Smith, Miss Dillahay, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dennis near Adam Bauer's claim shack.

When I first rode horseback on the homestead, when I heard a coyote howl I would whip up the saddle horse and down the road we would tear.

The young folks gave a play and charged admission. Those I can remember that took part in the play were Eva Bauer as Topsy, with her face all blackened, Elizabeth Bauer, Adam Bauer, myself (Mary Edna Fleisner), Grant Bowyer. The money we earned was used to build the first building built at Fairpoint other than Mr. Sevareid's store and home. The building was used for a community center. We had many a dance in it, and a Catholic Priest used to come all the way from Sturgis on horseback, when he could, and hold Mass in the dance hall. He used to say those homestead people were more pious than people going to church in a grand marble church.

Joe Schuster

THE SHUSTERS AND CROSSES
by Mary Bernice (Cross) Snyder

My mother, Mary Martha Cross, came to the Fairpoint country with her four children from Waterloo, Iowa and homesteaded on 160 acres of land one mile east of Fairpoint in 1909. The five of us lived in a little house 10 x 12. We were in pretty rough circumstances, as my mother depended upon what little work she could get around the neighborhood. My mother married Joe Shuster in 1913, so we moved over to his place. He had a coal mine and sold coal, so we fared a little better after that.

Mrs. Shuster and her brother, Frank Horn homesteaded at the same time and my uncle built both houses on the homesteads. She died in March 1915, so the family was broken up. Mr. Shuster died in Rapid City several years later.

MEMORIES OF LILLIAN GOSS

J. W. Bobier and family moved to Fairpoint in 1908 in July. Sevareids had the store, post office, livery stable, rooms and board.

George Clark and family lived there and had 2 sons, Charles and Howard. He is dead but last I heard Mrs. Clark was in a sanitarium in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Manville had a dry goods store and their oldest son was the doctor. He had 2 twin brothers and also a family of his own.

The Wards had a lumber yard in Fairpoint.

A dentist came about once a month or less often and brought the tools of his trade. He went through Fairpoint and other small towns on his circuit.

Charley Weiss and his brother ran the land office but later the government sent a man named Mr. Budweiser and he ran the office there for a few years.

Father had hardware and farm implements in our store. He also ran a blacksmith shop and shod horses and later carried gasoline in 5 gallon cans to sell to the very few cars that were out there. In 1911 Father bought an International Harvester car, the first one in the country, and Tom Shaw bought a new Ford car.

Tom was running the livery stable by then and built a nice barn. He had some fine horses and buggies to rent out. His "hack" made regular trips to Newell to meet the train when Newell was first begun. Pat Paterson drove the team.

We had a restaurant also, run by Mr. and Mrs. Fred Darin. His father carried the mail from Fairpoint to Tama and through that country at that time.

The schoolhouse was built by the Sèvareids and all that donated to it. My father also gave the stove and necessary accessories. Mrs. Chaffee was the second teacher. The first one lived down near Dowds old place and she drove a one-horse buggy to school all winter. She didn't miss many days either. She was a wonder woman! I stayed all night with her once and she wound her alarm clock, put it on the shelf above the bed and when it went off in the morning it came bumping down on top of me. We were not late for school that day.

I knew Gar Spencer. He was quite a character, not large of stature but talked and visited a lot. He built and lived in the rock house near the dam south of Fairpoint. Then there was Ed Robinson who proved up on the place that George Bauer now has by the road.

Vigs, Boyers, and the Goss family lived southeast of Fairpoint. All took up claims and proved up on them.

The barber was Curly Boyer who married Pete Bauer's sister. She lives in or near Long Beach but Curly has been dead for sometime.

Fairpoint had a weekly paper run by the Willis boys Guy and Harry and later the younger brother Howard. My brother Joe would get it out when the boys were gone and I'd help set type etc.

Mrs. Taylor was a lawyer and proved up on a claim on Sulphur Creek north of Fairpoint. She had two boys. One married Jake Keffeler's sister and moved to Iowa. He is now dead and so is his brother, Bill. His will was weak and liquor took over. This was very hard on his mother.

Joe Schuster had a claim south of Rounds Store and started the coal mine there on his claim. At one time he had a mule and pulled the coal out by a little car. Myrtle Dow proved up on a claim near the town of Lovel about 1910. Grandmother Dow came out in 1918 and lived with her daughter Emma and son-in law Anson Goss. She left and came back a couple of times until her death at our house in 1921 when we lived in Stoneville. The Hal Doran family who ran the store were the only ones living in Stoneville besides us.

There was quite a community around Stoneville: the Walls, Orths, Johnny Johnson, Jones, Humbles, and Rounds.

Mr. Law and family was the first preacher at Fairpoint. He had a lovely girl, Doris who was very talented in music and violin. They had some wonderful meetings. The hall at Fairpoint was built about that time by popular subscription and it was used for all occasions.

THE FRED DOW FAMILY
By Luberta Jones

The Fred Dow family arrived in this country in September, 1924. They stayed with the Theron Goss family until after the sale of the Carter place, west of Fairpoint, which was to become the family home for the next thirty years. Robert Dow, Fred's oldest son lives on the home place.

This place was once called the "halfway house" between Faith and Sturgis. The freighters stopped here on their way to and from Deadwood and northern towns. Some nights there were eight or ten men with as many teams, to spend the night.

Despite the cold stormy winters and hot summers, this was a really beautiful country. The skys were so clear, and the sunsets so beautiful, spring and fall days so perfect, still we did miss the trains and the telephone, telegraph, and electric lines that crisscrossed every country that we had seen previously. It was quite a change, especially going back to the use of kerosene lamps, and trails for roads.

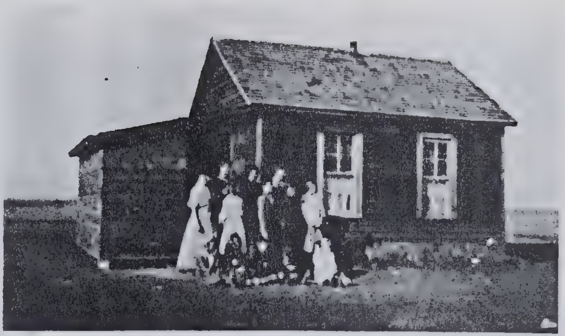
Fred Dow was a harness maker, also repaired harness and shoes. He had owned his business in Elk Point, and he brought some of his merchandise with him, and it was sold in the Stoneville and Fairpoint stores.

Lon Dow and family came to Fairpoint at the same time Fred Dows came. The Dow boys, Kenneth and Harley, belonged to the Stoneville 4-H Club, they also played ball with this group of boys. Later they moved to California, where Lon and the younger boys live.

Chet Dow, and family came to Stoneville in 1926. Alta Dow clerked in the Stoneville Store, she is Mrs. Bud Humble now. Her brothers, Art and Fay, played ball with the Stoneville team. The Chet Dow family moved to Sturgis in the late 30's, where Mrs. Dow still lives.

While these three brothers didn't homestead in Meade County they did come to Elk Point, S. Dak. from Missouri, to homestead with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Dow before Meade County was open for homesteading. Their father was well known in that country, as he drove a one horse covered cart with every kind of merchandise imaginable for sale. He also delivered letters for people before there were mail routes. All the boys were in business around Elk Point, but two sisters came to Meade County to homestead. Myrtle Dow homesteaded in 1910 near Lovell. Emma Dow, Mrs. Anson Goss, homesteaded near Fairpoint in 1909.

Mrs. W. M. Dow passed away while living with her daughter, Mrs. Goss at the Stoneville Hotel in 1921.



Softwater Schoolhouse, three miles west of Fairpoint, started in 1911. BACK ROW: Edna Smith, Beatha Kost, Ted Roberts, Melvin Gallegan. MIDDLE ROW: Viola Roberts, Justin McCarthy, Albert Kost, Effie Gallegan. SITTING: Bedelia Newberg, Mary McCarthy, Charles McCarthy, Leland Newberg, Beatrice Gallegan.

Fairpoint School -- 1931-32

Fred Dow in 1912.

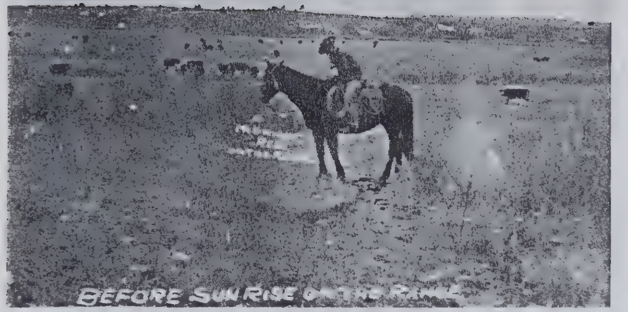
Nearby school-Mildred Anderson, teacher.

Early Days In Fairpoint

WEST DAK.
LAND CO.
WEBBER MGR.
LOA
INSURANCE

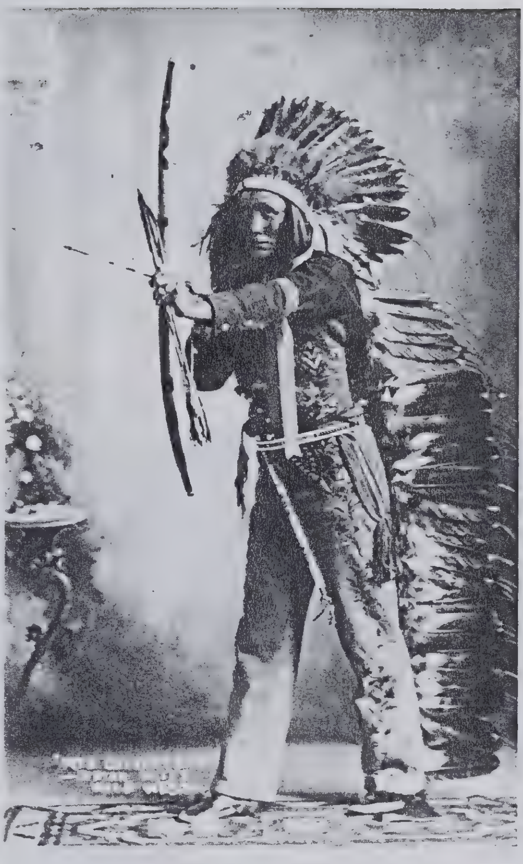
LAND OFFICE
WEISS BRO'S

P.O.
FAIRPOINT

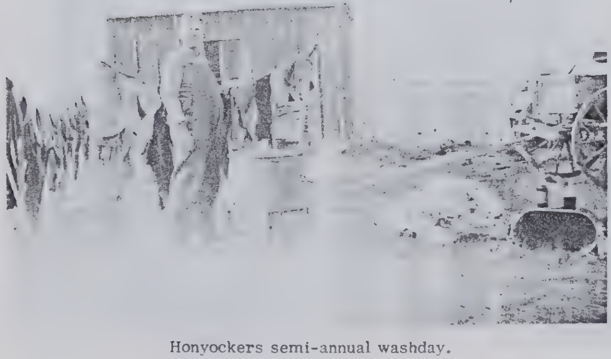

BEFORE SUN RISE ON THE RANGE

A midnight rest on the range.

Frank Timmons, Edward Dennis and John Timmons.



Pete Culbertson and his wild west days.



Honyockers semi-annual washday.

Pete Culbertson ranch

Clarence Bailey

Clarence Bailey's restaurant

LEFT TO RIGHT: Luella Justman, Mrs. Justman, Mr. Justman, Andrew Syverts, Gust Marks, Jack Ballmas, Mrs. Joe Ballmas and Joe Ballmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Ulysses Michael, Fern and Oral.

Gertrude and Clark Jones

LEFT TO RIGHT: Mr. Phillips, Mrs. Phillips, Fern and Fay Phillips, unknown, Mrs. Justman, Mr. Justman, Tony Ballmas and little boy, Hoyle Phillips, and Luella Justman.

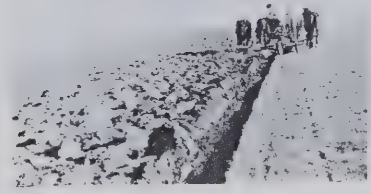
Sevareids---if you stick to it when it's dry, it'll stick to you when it's wet.

Loading supplies

The Marks and Hankins

Bud Humble and his riding plow.

Frank Jacoby, Nels Morell - 1913.



Gust Marks breaking prairie

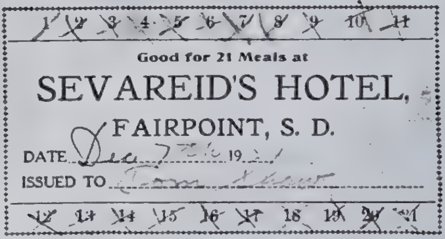
George Barnet

Edna Marks

Leaving for World War I

BACK ROW: Simons, Frank Mitchell, Ed Dodson. FRONT ROW: Al Lehman, Al Simons, Ed Robinson.

Laying of the corner stone of the Fairpoint Hall. LEFT TO RIGHT: Frank Slezak, Bill Bailey, Joe Bobier, J. W. Bobier, Hugh Hanson, O. T. Sevareid, Grant Boyer, Oliver Jewett, Art Smith, unknown, Shorty Lauer (a mason), G. W. Clark.



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11

Good for 21 Meals at

SEVAREID'S HOTEL,

FAIRPOINT, S. D.

DATE Dec 7th 19[illegible]

ISSUED TO Tom [illegible]

12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21

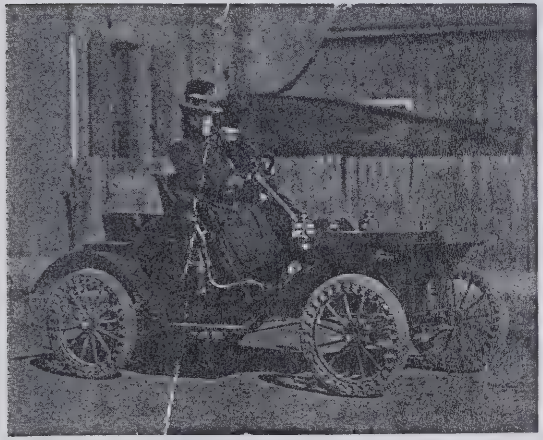
Horse power threshing machine operated by Walter Dennis, and his brother.

Nels and Milton Morell

Early Day Travel

"Fat" Frank Slezak and Jack McCarthy.

Ben Grover



A lady driver!

Oliver Jewett and Tom Shaw in Tom's new car others unknown.

First Ford owned by Druggist Van Koughuet.

Freighting

McPherson Propane

STONEVILLE BELLE FOURCHE FAITH

NEWELL LEMMON BISON

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(On The Corner)

STURGIS DRUG, Inc.
ON THE CORNER
347-2466 STURGIS, S. D.

Phone 347-2466 Sturgis, South Dakota

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FRANKLIN

Tribby's Sturgis Motor Company

CHEVROLET

Serving The Public
Since
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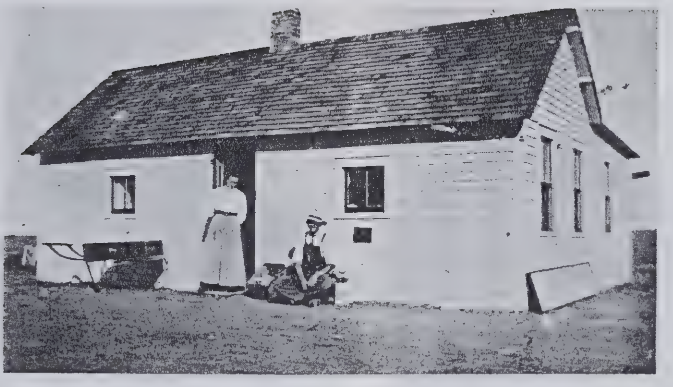
1219 Main Street
Sturgis, South Dakota
Phone 347-3646

Clough



Kate Childs and Charles Jugler. First store and post office Clough---1910.

Clough with a population of seven was founded in 1910, with Mrs. Kate Childs as the first postmistress. She requested that the village be named Clough, for her father. Mrs. Childs and her daughter Corabell, came from Yankton, S. Dak.

The building was built by Mr. Moore, Sr. Charles Jugler, a young man who had just taken out a homestead, south of Clough, helped him. When the store was finished, Charles stayed on to help Mrs. Childs as assistant postmaster and to help in the store.

In the early 20's Mrs. Childs sold out to Clifford Titus, who built a larger general store, along with the post office. In 1936 the post office changed hands and George Brink was postmaster, moving it a mile south. Nineteen hundred and forty saw another change of postmaster, when Oscar Funell took over until it was discontinued in 1943.

The first two locations are now in Charlie Hild's pasture. The latter two are on the southeast corner of Charles Jugler's homestead, now owned by John Wahl.

Clifford Titus' store and post office.

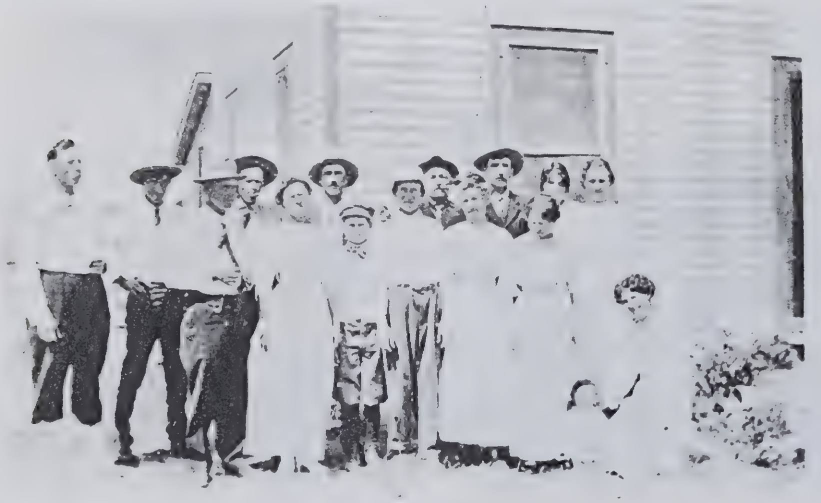
THE FIRST MAIL CARRIER FOR CLOUGH, S.D.

WAITING FOR THE MAIL AT CLOUGH, S.D.

THE CLOUGH CHURCH

Sept. 17, 1919 Rev. W. E. Wrapp and Rev. Wynn drove to 12 ranches and two schoolhouses announcing that revival meetings would begin that night at the Wrapp home. Starting at 7:30 P.M. There were 18 at this first meeting. The meetings increased in interest and with much prayer a spiritual awakening followed. Meetings were held at the Wrapp home for sometime when it was thought best to move. So the Wolf house which was vacant was taken over and with table, chairs, stove, lights, boards and boxes made a very convenient place to worship. Service continued until the day the church was organized. The date of organization is not known but on October 11, 1919 five autos with candidates and friends drove to the Baptist Church at Sturgis where seven people were baptized. Twenty-one names were signed to the charter. The name of the church was voted on and became the Golden Baptist Church.

August 1924 services were held by Evangelist, R. R. Richards. The same pastors served this church as Chalkbutte. Dec. 9, 1939, the Rev. Weigand discussed uniting the Golden Baptist Church with the Chalkbutte Church. All were in favor of this.



Church at Jake Wahl's. Mrs. Magnuson, unknown, Frank Schwab, John Ruge, Mrs. Jake Wahl, Charles Hild, Herbert Magnuson, Jake Wahl, Mr. Russler, Mrs. Magnuson, Carl Wahl, Mrs. Schwab, Amelia Magnuson, unknown, Mrs. Carl Wahl, and Liesa.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Wrapp.

SOME EXPERIENCES OF A SOUTH DAKOTA HOMESTEADER

by Mrs. Emma (Wrapp) Layman

In September of 1911, my husband, William E. Wrapp, and I left Minn., where he had been preaching, and took the train for S. Dak., where he had gone several weeks before to look over the country in view of homesteading there.

We arrived at Underwood, S. Dak. after five days traveling in a box car loaded with some furniture, two horses, one cow and many other needful things, for we were going to be many miles from R. R. station, schools, churches, stores etc.

After arriving at the station, it took us two days and one night traveling in a 'jolt' wagon loaded with our belongings to the limit. About 6 p.m. that first night, tired and hungry, we stopped at a roadhouse to rest and get supper, but a number of people with loaded wagons were ahead of us. After knocking at the door we heard, "no room for more." So we made a pallet under the stars on the ground where we spent the night.

The next morning, refreshed and rested, we continued our journey and got to the quarter section to be called 'home' about 2 p.m. Home--but there was nothing there but the 'cactus flat,' so we lived in a tent for awhile. There were a number of sections up and down the valley and all filed on, but not many of the owners had arrived. But oh, how happy we were to see several little shacks just a short distance from where we pitched our tent! We camped there for about two months before lumber could be hauled from the nearest town fifty miles away and a one room shack built to be our home for several years before we could add another room.

Before spring, our closest neighbor, Mrs. Kate Childs, and her daughter, Corabel, decided to add another room to their house and start a store. How good it was for not only us, who were only a fourth of a mile away, but for the whole community to have a grocery store so close, where in many communities they had m-i-l-e-s to go to get any groceries! And another wonderful thing happened, Mrs. Childs also started a post office a little later and named it Clough for her maiden name. The mail was brought out from Sturgis, S. Dak., fifty miles distance, in a spring wagon drawn by four horses. We got out mail every other day and what a jubilee on mail days! The people from all the community would gather and wait and visit, and have a real picnic together. "Great times at Clough."

By spring the quarter sections on 'cactus flat' were all filed on and we had neighbors on every quarter section--another thing to rejoice in for awhile 'til many began to leave. People began to have gatherings and called them picnics where we visited and ate together.

People were beginning to want to have Sunday School and worship services, so we announced we would have S.S. and services in our house and invited everyone who could come. Mr. Wrapp preached after the Sunday School. Then he began preaching in other communities. After Mr. Wrapp preached in the homes or schoolhouses for several years, an Evangelist was asked to come and conduct a revival meeting in several communities and several Baptist churches were organized at Clough, Chalkbutte, White Owl, and Union Center. Soon after a church was built at Chalkbutte and White Owl. The church building has been moved to Union Center since then, as it is a more central place.

Other grocery stores and post offices in the area were Chalkbutte, Red Owl, White Owl, Haydraw, and Sod Town, later known as Eleanor. At Sod Town there were several homes quite close and all were built out of sod just plowed up. It looked very quaint and odd for a house outside, but neat and cozy and warm inside. They were good to keep out cold winter winds and drifting snow.

About this time, also, a call came from those who had children for schools, and so schools were started. The first teacher was Delphia Fosdick, who taught several years in her home. There were about six pupils. Then after more calls began to come in for schools, I too, decided to teach as I had been a teacher in Indiana. I enjoyed the school work as always, and I taught fifteen years in S. Dak. in the newly settled country in Meade County. I had quite a few rough experiences in blizzards going home or to my boarding place. The worst one was when I taught at White Owl. One morning before school, the wind began to blow at a terrific rate--so hard no children came. The wind blew the smoke back down the stove pipe into the school room, so one couldn't breathe or see, and I knew I couldn't stay there, so I started to the nearest family a mile away. The snow was fast covering the ground and I could hardly get my breath. I started out south, then when I had to turn west it was much worse, and no tracks could be seen by then. I felt like I couldn't breathe and that I must sit down and rest, but "no," I thought, if I did, I would never be able to get up again. So I pressed on and soon I saw a dark outline through the snow and thought it was a hill. How I prayed that God would lead me safely to some home. And "oh," to my joy the hill I dimly saw turned out to be the outline of a house and I was soon inside safe and warm!

This was one of my bitter experiences, but there were many pleasant ones too. When I would work with others in the community in a D.V.B.S., Sunday School etc.

Mr. Wrapp was appointed missionary pastor of the communities by the Baptist Mission Board at Sioux Falls, and we worked together with and for the people. We had a little folding organ I used to play for services. After several years, Mr. Wrapp's health gave out and he had to give up his work and Rev. and Mrs. Clark were appointed in our place, but we kept on helping what we could.

All this while there were drouths to battle. Every year people would say next year we will have more rain and better crops so people began calling it a "next year country." One spell of drouth lasted almost seven years. People couldn't stand so much drouth and not raising crops to make a living so they began to move away. Then neighbors were few.

We moved away twice and came back. Then the third time we left for Indiana and remained, which was in Jan. 1940. I was teaching the Clough school that winter and resigned at Christmas time to move Jan. 15. In all we lived in S. Dak. 29 years.

While many times life seemed hard and lonely, and it seemed as though much wasn't accomplished for good, yet I believe the Lord was guiding us and blessing us in our efforts to live and work for Him through the years we spent out there. What one little boy (I forget his name) said to me one morning at school often comforts me. He said, "Mrs. Wrapp, if you hadn't been my teacher, I would never have heard about Jesus." I always began school with a Bible story, or other good story, or a children's song about Jesus or some good moral songs and stories or Bible verses. Among my choice verses are the following ones which reminds me of the times when Mr. Wrapp was sick and I used to preach in his place:

Matthew 22:37-39
Mark 12:30-31
Colossians 3:16
1 Corinthians 10:31

Mrs. Cody, Ella, Dan and John.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ferguson

Lampert Lumber Company

Sturgis, South Dakota

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18 INCH TO 6 FOOT HOLES

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Louis and Mrs. Jehlen and Mary Wacker.

THE LOUIS JEHLEN FAMILY

by Malcolm Jehlen

My folks,Louise and Louis Jehlen came to central Meade County and located near where the Clough post office started.

They came in the spring of 1909 from LaCrosse, Wisconsin. They hired an immigrant car in LaCrosse and brought two horses, two cows, wagon and other machinery and their household goods to Underwood, S. Dak. and freighted it over 40 miles to their homestead. They built a fair sized house for those days, 16 by 28 and 2 stories high.

My grandmother, my mother's mother Mary Wacker also came to file on a quarter section of land just across the section line from my parents' land. She built a shack 10 by 12. That was her home for 14 months to prove up on her land, but she returned in the summertime for several years.

I, Malcolm Jehlen went to the Chaffee and Liston school the last years of my school days. John W. Shaw and William Wrap were the teachers I remember best. My folks sent me to LaCrosse, Wisconsin the first few years of school. I lived with an aunt and uncle and would come on the train to my home on the prairie for summer vacation. I don't recall that I liked it any better in the city than I did in Meade County.

Louis and Malcolm Jehlen hauling water in 1909.

Later years as trucks were coming in I did quite a bit of freighting with horses to Sturgis, New Underwood and also coal from the lignite mines near Stoneville.

REMINISCING WITH CHARLES JUGLER

I, Charles Jugler, left Chicago and came to South Dakota in September 1909, together with my brother, Herman. Herman found it too lonely and after a week's stay left for home. However, I decided to stay and took out a claim south of Clough, then got a job, helping a Mr. Moore finish up what was to become the store and post office. A mail carrier lived at the river bridge and four horse teams were changed coming and going; many times you could not see the spokes on the wagon wheels because they were so full of "gumbo." I stayed on as a clerk in the store and assistant postmaster until after I proved up on my claim. I was also elected Constable for our vicinity.

Mrs. Kate Childs, Mrs. Robert Earl, Charles Jugler, R. Ward Earl, on Charles Jugler's homestead.

Mrs. Kate Childs and her daughter, Clara Belle, came from Yankton, South Dakota. Mrs. Childs was the postmaster and storekeeper, while her daughter took a homestead just south of the store. We hauled water for laundry from a water hole two miles south of the store but finally were able to dig a well about eighteen or twenty feet deep on her place. I remember how many times Mrs. Childs would borrow a team and wagon from Mr. Wolfe, who lived across the road, and would haul groceries and produce from Underwood, a trip that took three days.

Mrs. R. L. Earl, Mrs. Mick, Ward, Earl and Charles Jugler - 1910.

The Ward Earls had a homestead one mile north of the store. Mrs. Earl was a sister to Mrs. Childs. For awhile Mr. Earl gathered the news around the community and sent it to Deadwood to have it printed, which gave us a newspaper. I also helped organize some dances which we held in one of the homes. So social life and community news were not entirely forgotten even in those days.

A Mrs. Sadie Jensen had a homestead some five miles east of the post office. She sometimes played the piano in a picture show in Sturgis so would ride back and forth with the mail stage. One day she asked me for the evening, for cards and "Dutch treat," (a few quarts of beer) along with three other guests. The only place I had to tie my horse was the door knob and a couple of hours later when we heard a swish at the door, we looked out in the black of the night to find horse complete with saddle and bridle gone which gave me a brisk five mile walk home.

John Ruge and Henry Gerkin came out together from Nebraska in early 1909. John later bought nine head of cows and calves for $100, as people were leaving their homesteads because of the drouth. I can remember Mr. Wolfe, who lived across from the store, piling his furniture and his family on a large hayrack and leaving on account of the drouth. The Wolfe place changed hands many times before it was finally bought by my brother, George.

I can remember a January blizzard that lasted for three days----I tied a clothes line around my waist with the other end tied to the door so as to find my way to and from the barn where I had to go to feed horses. After the storm twelve or fifteen head of cows and calves were found huddled in a creek bed by Van Meter's place. I got some hay to them and later the owner gave me a young calf which eventually lost its hoofs because they had been frozen. Another time I had my pony staked out when a storm came up; she broke loose and was gone all winter. In the spring I noticed her with a bunch of wild horses about a mile or so south, and with a pan of oats, I coaxed her to me.

I remember Roy Quackenbush and wife, Miss May Monahan, Miss Slade, Mr. Johnson and his oxen team, the Swanson boys who had several mule teams and later went to Canada. Also Mr. Felton, John and Jake Weber, Peppmullers, John Roessler, and many others, whose names I have forgotten. And as a landmark, to the west there was always Bear Butte. To me those were happy days--I say "God's Country--quiet, peaceful, no worries." My South Dakota Homestead Days I will never forget.

WARD EARL

Sometime in 1908 my father announced that we were going to Meade County, South Dakota, and homestead some land. My aunt and cousin, Mrs. Kate Childs and daughter Corabell, would have the general store and post office and we would have the newspaper. We would name the town "Clough" after my grandfather.

This did not mean much to an 18 year old city boy but the two-day ride on the stage out to the future city of Clough did. Right away I began to feel old and important. The general store was a success from the start. We had to have 275 subscribers to make the paper legal and in about 30 days we were a legal paper named the Clough Courier of Clough, South Dakota. The newspaper office was just a mile north of the general store.

Charles Jugler was the first and only clerk in the general store and we became very good friends. There was also Whitman who took care of the horses for the stage line. They were the only boys in my age group and I sure wish I could see them again. We all got separated somewhere.

Fifty some years have passed but whenever I talk about Meade County the names of Pepmueller, Quackenbush, the Diamond S Ranch, the Wahl Bros., Tatums, Jugler, Whitman, Fred Rule, the Johnson Bros., and the Van Meters seem to stand out in front.

The Van Meter girls, Edith and Mary, live near me and talk on the phone quite often.

I left there about 1914 or 15 and have never been back. Since 1925 I have been in California and have met two or three people from there. Each said, "I can't remember much about the early days at Clough except that we had nothing but fun!"

THE VAN METERS

by Edith Cody

It has been said that everyone is born with a pioneering spirit. This was proven in the years 1909-1910, when so many people left comfortable homes, good schools, churches etc., and trekked to the wide open spaces in Meade County, South Dakota. Among them were the Van Meters; John and Harriet, and six children: Murro, Edith, Mary, John Wilmer, Ruth and Thelma.

FRONT ROW: Dwight Hutchenson, Mary Van Meter, Cora Slagg, Edith Van Meter. BACK ROW: Murro Van Meter, Marion Racine - 1910.

TOP ROW: Pearle Peppmuller, Edith Van Meter, Mrs. Hennsky, Lucy Ryan. SECOND ROW: Mrs. Rapp, Blanche Veley, Angie Quackenbush. THIRD ROW: Mrs. Jehln, Leisel Wahl, others unknown.

Mrs. Van Meter and daughters, and a cousin, Cora Slagg arrived from Manilla, Iowa in the evening June 28, 1910. The others had come a few days before, perhaps with a very lonely feeling when they first saw the crude building in this barren land that was to be home until a house was built.

Everything looks brighter in the morning. It wasn't long until the neighbors came to welcome the newcomers, and a new life began. Too, there was always mail day to look forward to. No one missed going to the Post Office at Clough, to meet new friends while awaiting letters from the old ones. It was doubtful sometimes if the poor old horses would make the trip, but they usually did.

The first social event that summer was a pot-luck party at the Moores. They were lovely people from Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Mrs. Moore was a fine pianist, and her son Ralph played the flute, so they furnished the music for dancing.

This was only the beginning. Everyone was ready for a good time, so there were many social gatherings. No matter how small the shack, all danced and had a good time.

Most everyone had either a saddle horse or a team and buggy, or a wagon, but walking seemed to be a very popular way of locomotion. Five or six miles meant nothing if one wanted to go someplace. Before leaving, however, this admonishment was always given, "Watch for the rattlesnakes, and don't step on the cactus."

In the fall, Murro who had graduated from Iowa State University in June, left for Schenectady, N. Y. to commence his life's work as an Electrical Engineer.

Edith went to the Black Hills Teachers College at Spearfish, S. Dak., so was home only for vacations during the homestead period.

John Wilmer went to school at Mr. Samuel Marble's. Mr. Marble was studying for the ministry and held church services at the Van Meter home every Sunday.

Ruth and Thelma attended school in a little shack where Miss Fosdick was the teacher. It had only a dirt floor, so they were in constant fear of snakes.

When the fourteen months came to an end the family moved to Rapid City, so the children could have better schooling.

Altho there were hardships and inconveniences, the spirit of friendliness prevailed, and many friendships were made that have lasted through the years.

GUMBO---JOHN CHAFFEE

by Francis and Vinal Chaffee

John and Earl Chaffee and sister, Flora came to South Dakota from Woodbine, Iowa in March 1911 to file on claims southeast of Clathorne on Main Elm Creek approximately thirty miles southeast of Newell.

In April 1912 John Chaffee moved his wife and son Francis from Iowa to the homestead. Another son Vinal was born a year and a half later.

At the time John moved on his claim there were vacant homesteader shacks all over the prairies. Nineteen hundred and eleven was one of the driest years on record. Discouraged, most of the homesteaders were leaving, many of them leaving without proving up on their claims. A few of those remaining were the families of Ed Liston, George Kemmish, James Dale, Ervin Peterson and Adolph Levy, the Brockman Bros., Vinal Clikeman, Earl Chaffee, Henry Barthold and J. O. Johnson. The 1930's brought finis to them.

The post offices of Clathorne, Goldfield and Clough that served this community have all been discontinued.

Mr. and Mrs. John Chaffee, Francis and Vinal - 1918.

All that remained of the horses, barn, hay and equipment after the fire - Sept. 14, 1923.

"Help thy neighbor" policy was greatly appreciated by the John Chaffee family in 1923 when Mrs. Chaffee had several major operations, John had his leg broken and in the late fall fire destroyed all the barns, hay, ranch equipment and nine head of horses.

John served on the school board from the time the school district was organized until his death. He served on election board many years and I remember on one occasion he walked five miles in the mud to get there.

He took in a summer herd for many years and was seriously injured when a horse fell on him while working cattle on a roundup. He passed away a few years later in March 1950 at the age of sixty-one.

John and sons enlarged the homestead into the CB ranch, one of the larger cattle ranches in Meade County.

His widow Mrs. Catherine Chaffee and sons Francis and Vinal with their families continued to run the ranch until Mrs. Chaffee passed away Sept. 20, 1963. She will be greatly missed by everyone. During the many years she lived on the ranch she cheerfully fed and provided a place to sleep for many a weary traveler, was always there when a neighbor, friend or relative was sick or in need of help. Mrs. Chaffee raised and sold wild turkeys for a number of years as a hobby and an additional source of income. The ranch was known as The Wild Turkey Ranch at that time.

Francis and Vinal Chaffee now own and continue to run the ranch.

CARL WAHL -- EARLY PIONEER

by Elsie Nelson

Carl Wahl came to the United States from Wurttemberg, Germany, in the fall of 1895, at the age of 17. He made his home with a sister at Fairburn, South Dakota, until the late 1890's when he and his brother, Jake, hired out as cowboys about 50 miles east of Sturgis.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Wahl
June 12, 1912

They purchased the Diamond S holdings in 1902 and later took up homesteads adjoining the ranch. The closest post office at this time was White Owl, 20 miles away. They brought up a herd of cows from Fairburn which they bought along with the quarter circle M.P brand. This brand is still being used today. They survived many hardships including the loss of almost their entire herd of cattle in the big blizzard of May, 1905.

The year 1911 brought drought, so the two brothers dissolved partnership. They each started out again, this time alone. Carl stayed on the Old Diamond S Ranch.

One of the early comers to western South Dakota in the homestead days was Elise Jugler, a city girl born in Dresden, Germany, and educated there. She had originally come to America in 1907 to visit her brother, Fritz, who was employed as an engineer for a large firm in Chicago. During her visit, Elise accompanied by her brother, traveled over the eastern part of the United States and as far west as Iowa. Having seen enough of America to convince her that she would like to make her home here, Elise returned to Germany to settle her affairs and in 1908 rejoined her brother in this country.

Educated in the nursing profession she accepted a position as head nurse in a Neenah, Wisconsin, hospital. While there she became ill and was advised to take a year's rest away from the bustle of the city. Her half-brother Charles Jugler urged her to come west to recover her health and suggested that she and her brother Fritz homestead in South Dakota as he had already done. Fritz did accompany her to Meade County in South Dakota in 1910, and Elise purchased a relinquishment on a homestead from a Mr. Moore. She hired a neighbor to put in the necessary work on her homestead to maintain her rights on the land.

Church services, held regularly in those days in the homes of the early settlers, brought about Elise's introduction to Carl Wahl at the home of his brother Jake. On June 12, 1912, Carl Wahl and Elise Jugler were married. The following is a copy of the actual news item taken from the newspaper printed in Rapid City at that time.

"Mr. Carl Wahl and Miss Liesel Jugler were married at Fairburn, South Dakota, at the home of Mr. Wahl's sister Mrs. J. H. Lenning, June 12th, Rev. Billing officiating.

"At eleven thirty the bridal party entered the beautifully decorated rooms to the strains of the wedding march played by Mrs. Lenning the pair standing under a large wedding bell. The bride wore white batiste, with Cluny and baby Irish lace trimmings the girdle embroidered with pearls; the wedding veil was white mailine trimmed with orange blossoms and her bouquet was bridal roses. Miss Bertha Lenning was maid of honor and Fritz Jugler was best man. The bridesmaids, the Misses Martha Wahl, Dora Jugler, Bertha Rittberger wore white gowns and carried carnations and roses. The ushers were Charles and Herman Jugler and Oscar Jetley. A six-course dinner was served fifty guests partaking of the wedding dinner; the tables were handsomely decorated with carnations and roses, the guests finding their places by sepia hand-painted place cards.

Carl Wahl, Ruth (on lap) Bertha Rittberger (Hild) John Wahl (baby) and Lieselotte.

"Out of town guests were Miss Bertha Lenning and Mrs. Barrett of Cheyenne, Wyoming; Miss Dora Jugler, New York City; Miss Martha Wahl, Charles and Herman Jugler of Rapid City and Fritz Jugler of Clough. The evening was spent in dancing. The next day fishing parties were formed, picnic dinner, splendid luck, and a jolly good time. In the evening Mrs. Lenning gave a progressive card party with prizes to the winners.

"Saturday the bride and groom with three other couples went to Hot Springs and while there the Grand Lodge of the Eastern Star gave a reception at the Evans Hotel for their sister lodge member and groom, the Grand Lodge presenting them with a set of silver spoons. Mr. and Mrs. Wahl will reside on Mr. Wahl's ranch. Their many friends at Clough extend congratulations."

Their trips to Sturgis for supplies were few and far between, made by horse and wagon. Their first car was a Studebaker touring sedan and their first trip was to Fairburn, South Dakota, for a visit to Carl's sister's home. Roads and driving both being in their earliest stages, Elise told of the trip as being a memorable one with her Leghorn hat and hat pin often in danger of being permanently attached to the top of the car for the entire trip.

They lived on the ranch the rest of their lives leaving their five children a wonderful South Dakota heritage based on courage and hard work. Carl passed away in November 1951, and Elise in May 1961. Liesa Skuba lives in Hackensack, New Jersey, Ruth Brock in Cincinnati, Ohio, Evelyn Carney of Faith and Elsie Nelson of Redig, S. Dak. John now owns the ranch and lives there with his wife, Ella and daughter, Kathy and operates the ranch with his two sons, Carl and Jim. Both sons are married, Carl to Ursula Bastain and Jim to Vicky Clarin.

JACOB WAHL---PIONEER RANCHER
by Charles Hild

In the spring of 1894 Jacob Wahl left his home in Wurttemberg, Germany to immigrate to the United States. For a few years he resided near Fairburn, Custer County, S. Dak., where he worked for his brother-in-law, John Lenning, and various ranchers.

In the later 1890's Jake and his brother, Carl Wahl, hired out as cowboys for the 'Diamond S' ranch which was located in Central Meade County, in the area between Fairpoint and Union Center.

They purchased the 'Diamond S' holdings in 1902 and at the same time took up homesteads adjoining the ranch.

Mr. and Mrs. Jake Wahl.

Shortly after this Jake married Emily Bale of Hermosa who perished in a snowstorm in February of 1907 coming home horseback from Stoneville where she had gone for the mail. She left early in the morning to get the mail from Stoneville. It was a beautiful morning when she left. A sudden storm came up and due to not being dressed for a blizzard she perished only 1/4 mile from her home.

In July 1908 Jake married Katherine Hild, who was a registered nurse from Chicago and had taken up a homestead joining his. During this time he was building on his property. The lumber had to be freighted from Sturgis with a team and wagon, a round trip averaging four days.

Charles Hild, his wife's nephew, came to make his home with them in 1909 and is now residing on the ranch.

Due to a severe drought in the summer of 1911 Jake and his brother were forced to sell all of their cattle and dissolved partnership. In 1912 Jake restocked his ranch with cattle. In the succeeding years he plowed up all suitable land along the creeks and planted it to alfalfa. The breaking was done with four horses and a 16 inch walking plow.

He was one of the first ranchers in the area to have registered fields of certified Grimm and Cossack alfalfa.

In 1928 Charles and Bertha Hild went into partnership with him. Again in 1936 due to drought they sold nearly all the cattle, keeping only 50 head. The cattle that were sold all went to the government for $20 per head for cows and $8 for calves.

Always active in public and community affairs he served as a school board and township member. In 1941 he climaxed his public career by becoming a representative from Meade County in the state legislature.

Failing in health after his first term he retired to his ranch and passed away in March 1945. Mrs. Jake Wahl passed away February 27, 1950.

In June of 1950 Theodore Spring married Kathyrn Hild and they went into partnership with her parents, Charles and Bertha Hild. Theodore and Kathyrn have four children, Charles, Shirley, Glen, and Susan.

EARLY HOMESTEAD LIFE
by Charles Hild

I was born in Germany in 1901 and came to America with my mother and two sisters in 1909. I joined my father and one brother who came in 1908 to Eleanor where they filed on a homestead near my sister, Mrs. Jake Wahl. After proving up on the land they moved to Detroit, Michigan. I stayed to visit my aunt and uncle and continued to make my home with them near Clough.

In 1927 I married Bertha Rittberger of Hermosa. Our only daughter, Kathryn, who married Theodore Spring of Hermosa, resides on the home place with their four children Charles, Shirley, Glen and Susan.

There was a great loss of livestock during the blizzard of 1905. In the drought years of 1910 and 1911 people gathered wagon loads of bones and hauled them to Sturgis selling them to be made into bone meal. The money was used for the bare necessities.

During my eight years of grade school, the schoolhouses were moved about every year to a new location for the convenience of the pupils because some of the homesteaders were coming and going. The school board tried to keep the schools in the best location for all who came.

Cornelius Johnson came with four head of oxen and a breaking plow and broke up about 15 acres.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hild.

When I was big enough to handle four head of horses and a walking plow I broke up the creek bottoms and my uncle seeded them by hand to alfalfa and harrowed it. This is how we got our start in Grimm alfalfa. Later on we started planting Cossack alfalfa and we had the fields registered. In the year of 1919 and 1920 I went to Brookings where I took a course in mechanics. This same year we raised our largest crop of alfalfa seed. A neighbor, Art Pearson, helped my uncle haul the seed with team and wagon to Sturgis.

I herded cattle west of our ranch as there were no fences for many miles. Darrow Nelson herded for his relatives the Nunnemakers and Markams, Joe Smith for his father. Walter Smith and Henry Weber herded for his brother John Weber. More time was spent chasing jack rabbits than herding cattle. We also spent some of our time swimming in water holes. One day after swimming Henry Weber hurriedly put on his shorts and jumped on his horse to check his cattle. I piled his clothes on the bank and went on home with my cattle. Evidently my dog supposed they were my clothes and wouldn't let Henry go near them. After much persuasion with the help of a club, Henry finally got his clothes and the dog came home.

After the open range was fenced we put our cattle in John and Earl Chaffee's summer herd. Some years later Less Boe had them in his summer herd on the gumbo. In the drought of the 1930's cattle died for lack of water and feed. We brought them home from the summer herd and sold all but 50 head of cows to the government. We bought cotton seed cake to winter these 50 head on and started to build up our herd.

The house of my uncle and aunt was built in 1908 and is still in good condition. The lumber was freighted out from Sturgis with a four-horse team and wagon. Some of the trips were especially hard due to rains on the gumbo. In 1916 we freighted lumber with a four-horse team and wagon from an old sawmill located about twelve miles southwest of Sturgis to build our cattle shed.

On one of our freighting trips we had a wagon load of lumber and a wagon load of coal and were caught in a three-day rain and had to stay at Jake Sellers. When we started out again we could only take the wagon load of coal and had to use six head of horses to pull it. This was during the month of September and in December I went back for the load of lumber. I couldn't make it home before dark so I unhitched the horses and trailed them over to John Chaffee's where I spent the night. The next day on the way back to the wagon my horses got stuck in a snow drift and were tangled up in their harness. It was sometime before I got them straightened out and continued on my trip home.

My aunt kept many travelers and homesteaders over night because of the great distance between homesteads and town.

Ministers came from distant towns and church services were held in the homes around the Clough area. In later years we attended church at Chalkbutte.

Mr. and Mrs. Jake Wahl, Pearl and Billy Peppmuller, Roy Quackenbush, Carl Wahl and his mother, June 1911 at Emma Trumecs shack.

OUR HOMESTEAD DAYS

by Pearle (Peppmuller) Rietmann

On April 1, 1910, (April Fool's Day) my husband, William H. Peppmuller, arrived in Sturgis, S. Dak. having left Bridgewater, S. Dak. with an immigrant car containing not only our farm machinery and household goods but horses, cows, a pig, some geese, chickens, and two dogs. Traveling with him with similar cars were two other parties, Jacob Weber and John and Ulysses Stanley. It had been a long weary, heart-breaking trip as cars were frequently side-tracked for hours upon end, causing both animals and men who were caring for the stock as best they could, to be at the exhaustion point upon finally reaching their destination.

Miss Sarah Flynn, Jake's fiance and I had gone out by train and arrived in Sturgis in time to meet the men folks. Sarah had filed on her claim in Meade County a year or so earlier and had completed several months residence toward proving up on her homestead. She was now returning after a visit with the folks in Montrose, a town not far from Bridgewater. She and Jake were married shortly after she proved up on her claim.

The fall before, Billy, Jake, the Stanleys and some other friends, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Esser had gone out to Meade County and built shacks on this land on which each had filed a claim of 160 acres the preceding spring. The lumber for building was all hauled by wagon from Rapid City, a distance of some 65 miles. Our shack, or house, was considered to be pretty good sized as it was all of 14 by 16 feet with a small lean-to. As was the style in those days it was a simple frame affair of two by fours with common building paper tacked to the outside of the frame and that covered with tar paper held in place with lath. No chimney, just a little hole in the roof for the stove pipe to go through.

The weather on this April day was cold, blustery, windy and snowy, but no time could be lost in unloading the cars, getting animals in stock yards, as there was a time limit on both cars and yards,--so it was imperative to get unloaded, get wagons and gear assembled ready to start for our new homes. It was a terrific job, but on the third day we started on the 50-mile trek to our future home. There were four heavily load wagons in our caravan. Jake drove his team of mules, John Stanley drove their outfit, Billy had a heavily loaded hayrack and I sat way up on a triple-box wagon, driving my beloved Bess and Nelle, a lovely team of young draft mares, not too well broken but I could manage them. I had to reach down so far to use the brake going down hill, I wonder how I kept from tumbling down at times. Ulysses herded the cattle along behind the wagons, riding our Baldy. We made Nine-Mile Creek by noon, stopping for lunch and to let the animals rest for awhile.

I shall never forget my first night on the way out. We pulled into this place quite late. It was one of numerous road-houses along Bear Butte Valley that catered to the many travelers going back and forth during this period of homesteading. This was a fairly nice looking place; the house had been enlarged and several log bedrooms were built on. After a fairly good supper we were shown to our rooms. To this day I haven't forgotten that miserable night. No heat, of course, nor fresh air and room none too clean. The landlady told us the next morning that we need not be afraid of getting lice or anything in her beds, as after each party left she always powdered her beds good with insect powder, and those awful blankets smelled like it too. However, she was good to the dogs, saw to it that they were comfortable with plenty of table scraps and water.

We had hoped to reach our new home the next day but it was a mighty long and tedious trip. We left the beautiful Bear Butte Valley after crossing the Belle Fourche River and traveled over barren, dry gumbo for miles, through Willow Flat, a 17 mile stretch of next to desert and nothing but prairie dog towns. I had been told this is one of the largest of all prairie dog towns; it stretched for 92 miles and was 17 miles wide. The dogs were cute little rascals, interesting to watch. Finally, after dark we had to climb a long, long hill, but came to the top at last, and what a sight for sore eyes! For before us stretched a great valley it seemed for miles, and myriads of twinkling lights everywhere. At that time almost every quarter of land had been filed upon, each with a cabin or a sod shanty and all those lights seemed like paradise to me. I said to the folks, "We have come to paradise," and ever since we have called this hill 'Paradise Hill'. However, we were still too far from our own place to make it so we stopped at the first place we came to, namely the home of the two Swanson brothers. We had met these two young men in Sturgis and they had told us to put up at their place if we needed to. So we all crowded into the small one room cabin, by way of a small window as the one and only door was locked. By this time I was feeling rather sorry for myself, as I wondered why I ever consented to go through all this misery merely to have a home in the West, but after I had struggled through that small window and one of the men had the only little old kerosene lamp going, the first thing I saw was a card tacked on the wall and in large red letters it said, "Smile, Damn You, Smile." Of course, we did just that, for we were indeed grateful to have shelter for the tired horses and cows.

This night we slept between heavy horse blankets that had been in use plenty of times and smelled plenty, but I felt much better with this aroma and type of scratchiness than during the previous night.

We were up bright and early next morning and drove the six miles to the place that was destined to be our future home for the next 27 years. And now we were busy, as there was absolutely nothing on the place but the claim shack and of course that little house in the back, which also did duty for the entire 27 years.

Of course we had to improvise; Billy tied the horses and cows to the hay rack, staked the pig out, turned a wagon box upside down for the chickens. The first order of business was for him to go back the 50 miles to Sturgis for the remainder of

Billy and Pearle Peppmuller and Jake Weber - 1910

the goods we had left there, as storage rates were high. The Essers had built their house just across the line from us, so we were close enough to use their well. This well was merely a hole dug in the ground in a draw west of their house. It had a square board platform on top with a board cover, which was not very tight; for more than once I have seen a dead mouse or two floating on the water when I went after a pail of water, and a time or two a small water snake. But all to do was fish them out, get the water and be glad you had it. It was my job to lead the horses and cows down to this well every day to drink. Water was pulled up by hand and dumped in the wash tub for them. It was late in the summer before we had time to dig our own well, but we had it much handier, as we fixed a well wheel and pulley; also had a nice long wooden trough that Billy made so we could water the stock easily. This did duty for several years before we could afford a wind mill. What a busy summer!

Billy had to make many trips to Sturgis after lumber and supplies to build the barn, chicken house, hog house, fences and so forth. Each trip took about four days as 25 miles is quite a long journey for a team. It was a big job getting ready the day before he left home, as the wagon had to be greased, sometimes tires set, hay and grain for the horses, horses shod and so forth. He always camped out unless the weather was too severe, so it took baking and getting food ready for the entire trip. He carried a grub box, bed roll, lantern, buckets to water the horses, and other small things such as axe, hammer, feed bags and so forth.

One of the first things I had to learn was to stay home alone at night while Billy was gone. I had never done so and was afraid. John Stanley's wife Minnie had come out, so I would ride or drive Baldy over there after chores were done or Mrs. Esser or Sarah would come and stay with me. But after awhile I felt it was foolish to be so silly, as many women were holding down claims and staying alone all the time and got along nicely. So one night after he left for town I tried it. I got all the chores done before dark, got my bed down as it might make a noise in the process of being made, and spent a nervous evening, but nothing happened, so after that I spent many nights alone. This bed, by the way, was a bedspring hinged to the wall on one side, with two home-made wooden legs hinged to either end of the opposite side, so it could be flopped up, mattress, quilts and all against the wall and fastened with a hook. A shelf was built across the top, with cotton curtains hanging down over the whole thing, not a rollaway, but it served the purpose for several years.

We broke about 15 acres of land that first spring and summer in which we planted corn, pumpkins and sun flower seed, the latter is good for chicken feed. It rained very little and the harvest was meager. I cut all the corn myself with a butcher knife, also shocked it, so we had to buy quite a lot of feed that first year.

Another thing I had to learn was to ride horseback. I became acquainted with Miss Emma Trunec, later to become Mrs. Roy Quackenbush, who had filed on a claim about 5 miles east of us. She had purchased a little dapple gray bronco, by the name of Dolly, and while Dolly was more or less temperamental, Emma was more or less of a daredevil herself, and rode all over like nobody's business. One day she persuaded me to try riding, she helped me on the pony and away we went. I don't believe I have ever been so scared in my life. I kept worrying how in the world would I ever get off that critter. I rode perhaps half a mile and back and naturally landed safely, if ungracefully. Throughout my 27 years in Meade County I rode many thousands of miles and loved it, and in time had several good saddlehorses. The saddest part of my leaving, when the time came was to leave my beloved "Midnight" in other hands.

The following year, 1911, was the driest on record, I believe. We broke more sod and seeded it, but there was no harvest at all. There was nothing green in sight, but when we wanted to see something green we would go over to our good neighbors, the Jake Wahls, who lived about 1 1/2 miles northeast of us. They were already "Scissors Bills." There was a small pond in their pasture which did not dry up and had a small fringe of green grass around it. How good it looked to us!

By this time our financial resources were embarrassingly depleted. As I had taught school in the East, I decided to start in again and began by taking a written examination in the County Superintendent's office in Sturgis for a teacher's certificate. There were no established schools, the only way to get one started was to have a petition signed by enough parents to be sure of seven pupils of school age to attend your school. This was rather hard, as parents of school-age children were few and far between at that time. In spite of all this we started a school in an abandoned shack, located as nearly as possible in the center of the families whose children were to be my pupils. The equipment was quite a contrast to the furnishings of today, in fact it was just about nil, but we managed to find an old kitchen table, some old chairs, the blackboard consisted of black oil cloth tacked on the wall. Each child brought any kind of book his parents could scrape up. We used anything in the supply line we could get. I kept on teaching because dry weather and hard times continued. Pupils were more numerous when I quit after 12 years, and the school situation was in good shape.

During all our "honyocker days" we not only worked hard, but enjoyed many good times also. Everyone was friendly and all joined in to make life happy and good as possible. We had dances in our little homes. There was always someone with a fiddle. We made big pots of coffee and friends always brought sandwiches and cake. Mostly we danced until just time to go home for morning chores. We had other entertainment too, card parties, amateur plays and so on.

There were many tragic times too. One sad day was July 4, 1914. It had rained hard the night before, causing creeks, ponds and buffalo wallows to fill up and overflow. The day of the fourth dawned bright, clear, and hot. Billy and Roy Quackenbush belonged to the Clough baseball team and their team was to play the Chalkbutte team at Chalkbutte that afternoon. Roy and Emma, also our bachelor friend, Clyde (Shorty) Rogers, had come to our house for a big dinner before leaving for the 10 mile drive to Chalkbutte. Roy had unhitched his ponies,Tom and Jerry from the buggy. The men were making ice cream. The women were busy in the house, when suddenly 14 year old Albert Munderloh came riding over the hill as fast as possible. His ashen face and manners foretold trouble. As soon as he was close enough he cried out that his 16 year old brother, Willie was drowning. In all haste the ponies were hitched up again, raced the 1 1/4 miles to the scene of the accident. Shorty stripped, jumped in, soon brought the boy to shore. All methods of resuscitation known at that time were tried, but to no avail. Willie was dead. The parents had gone to New Underwood, the day before for a few days, leaving Albert, Willie, and the 8 year old Herbert at home to take care of the place. The heavy rain the night before had run into their cellar and the boys had bailed it out. Since they were hot and tired, they had gone for a swim in a waterhole nearby, when all at once Willie was siezed with the fatal cramps. A neighbor rode to Underwood to notify the parents who returned home as quickly as possible. It was not until the third day they were able to start on the trip to New Underwood as the parents wished to have him buried in the cemetery there. It had rained again in the meantime and upon reaching the river they found that it was too high to cross, so they had to camp all night and did not dare to cross until afternoon the following day. Still the river was so high that one of the men had to hold the coffin across the double wagon box to keep the water from running in. It was a sad journey indeed.

We had one of the worst winters imaginable during 1915-16. By that time we had our first Ford and from Nov. 15 until early spring the car wasn't out of the shed--impossible to use. We lived a mile from the main Highway, which was kept open most of the time. Due to heavy high drifts on this mile stretch we could get to the road by horseback only. Billie tied a box to the saddle horn and let it drag along behind "Midnight" when he went to Clough for groceries. Then in January I had a letter from one of my sisters in Nebraska announcing her wedding and informing us the happy couple contemplated spending their honeymooon with us and asking us to meet them in Sturgis on a certain date that was so near there was no time to get word to them of the impossibility of meeting them with a car. So I wrote them in care of the Fruth Hotel to come out with the mailman. But they found a party to bring them out on a bobsled. They spent the first two days in S. Dak. enjoying a sled ride for 50 miles. However, we made the most of their visit, had parties and dinners. But it was cold! We had enlarged our house by this time, and their bedroom was on the west side, and of course no one thought of keeping a fire going all night. I had thoughtfully furnished one of those big high china slop jars for their convenience, with the unhappy result that one night it froze up and burst wide open. Ah, me!

B. H. AND ANGIE QUACKENBUSH AND ROY

By Phyllis (Quackenbush) Farley

B. H. and Angie Quackenbush with their son Roy came to South Dakota from Rockford, Iowa, Homesteading five miles south and east of Clough, in about 1909.

B. H. had been a banker. Roy finished school in Rockford, Iowa, and went to Grinell College a short time, then worked in a dental office. From there he went west to hunt buffalo.

Upon his return to Iowa, he persuaded his parents to come west.

Emma Trunec, with seven other girls from Cedar Rapids, Iowa came about 1910, homesteading south of Carl Wahls.

Sarah Flynn and Pearle Peppmuller Through Meade County --a mule back

Emma had been a skirt designer in a skirt factory at Cedar Rapids.

She and Roy Quackenbush were married in Cedar Rapids, in January 1912, coming back to the Quackenbush homestead, after their marriage. There was a lot of hard work on the farm trying to raise crops, cattle, hogs and chickens. The homestead was abandoned in 1938.

I can recall my parents telling of going to dances via team and wagon. Everyone brought lunch. The furniture was moved out of one or two rooms to dance in. The children were put to bed on the floor. The adults danced until daylight, then went home to milk the cows.

My Grandfather had a black coupe, (forerunner of the car). It had gas lights on each side. The driver sat outside, and the family sat inside, in the enclosed part. This was horse drawn.

Roy Quackenbush homestead

Emma (Trunec) Quackenbush before her marriage, 1912

There were times in the winter when a bobsled could be used to go across country because the snow drifts were over the fence tops, and hard enough to travel upon.

In the winter the neighbors would meet for card parties. In the summer, the women as well as the men, would help with the harvest. The women cooked the meals for the hungry crew.

July Fourth was usually the one day in the summer when all work stopped. Almost everyone went to a celebration, taking their own picnic lunch.

Along with the hard times, these pioneers seemed to have a community fellowship, not found so often today.

Roy died November, 1952 in Sturgis. Emma died in February, 1957, in Seattle, Washington, where Robert and Donald now live.

FRANK J. SCHWAB

by Jessie Schwab

Frank J. Schwab was one of the early homesteaders in Meade County.

He owned a leather and harness shop in Churdan, Iowa. Because of his son's health he decided to sell his shop and move west.

Mr. and Mrs. Schwab came to Sturgis, S. D. by train in the spring of 1909. They took the stage to Fairpoint S. D. and filed a claim southwest of Chalkbutte, near the 'Diamond S' ranch.

They returned to Iowa and while there Mrs. Schwab became ill and passed away.

Mr. Schwab and his son, Curtis, came back to S. D. the next year and built their shack on the homestead.

Mr. Schwab remarried in 1914 to Miss Lilly Eldridge of Des Moines, Iowa. They bought up more land as homesteaders moved away, and raised Hereford cattle. They operated the ranch until 1940, when they moved to Union Center, S. D.

After the death of his son, Curtis, he sold the ranch to Ted Kettelson and moved to where he resided until his death in March 1949.

Roy Quackenbush, Phylis and Robert

Frank Schwab and Carl Wahl

Homestead shack
Curtis E. Schwab, 1910

Curtis Schwab

BARGAIN BARN

GROCERIES MEATS FRESH FRUITS VEGETABLES

BARGAIN BARN
BARGAIN BARN
49-2248

BILL KINNEY NICK HOBERNICHT

SOUTH JUNCTION

STURGIS SOUTH DAKOTA

Mr. and Mrs. Tandy S. Hale, Anna, Joe and Minnie – 1888

MR. AND MRS TANDY S. HALE

by Alice Brown

Mr. and Mrs. Tandy S. Hale, both born in Kentucky, came to S. Dak. in 1886 locating at Wakonda in Clay County. While living there he worked on the railroad and raised registered Hereford cattle. In 1900 they moved to Meade County, trailing the cattle, the family following in covered wagons. They settled near Volunteer in Bear Butte Valley.

Their family consisted of seven children: Joe, now of Enumclaw, Wash.; Anna (Mrs. Perry Reel) of Rapid City, S. Dak.; Minnie (Mrs. Frank Keffeler), Sturgis, S. Dak.; Carrie Carney, Faith, S. Dak.; Frank, of Whitewood, S. Dak.; Sandy of Union Center, S. Dak.; and Henry of Butte, Mont. They also raised two granddaughters, Alice (Mrs. Wm. Brown), Rapid City, S. Dak. and Laura, (Mrs. Edgar Lovegren) Union Center, S. Dak.

In 1906, Mr. Hale filed on a homestead near Chalkbutte, S. Dak., residing there until he retired in 1922. He farmed and raised horses, usually shipping one or two carloads to Virginia and Kentucky every year. He also sold many horses to the government. Later he went out of the horse business and continued raising the Hereford cattle.

They located on a creek with shade trees and the first summer they lived in a cave and a large tent, using the tent for a kitchen. I remember the pet pony used to eat the scraps from the table. One hot day, everyone scattered to the shade before clearing off the table, forgetting to feed Buster. He came up to the corner of the tent, reached in and took a corner of the tablecloth in his teeth and pulled tablecloth, dished and all off on the ground, breaking dishes and upsetting everything.

Sturgis was the shipping point and it took five days to complete a trip to town; two days going, one day in town, and two days for the return trip. Tandy hauled lumber and built a two story frame house, two rooms downstairs, and two rooms upstairs. Later, he built a lean-to on and before he finished it on the inside, he gave neighborhood dances. People came in lumber wagons and on horseback, arriving about dark and dancing until the sun came up. Music was furnished by my mother, aunt, and uncle on the violin and organ.

Our schoolhouse was dug in a bank and the front laid up with sod. A term lasted six months. Later we got a frame building and an eight month term.

Mr. Hale retired in 1922, and moved to Sturgis, S. Dak. He passed away in the fall of 1926.

Frank Hale in 1910

Sandy Hale family in 1939

J. J. HALE

by Alice Brown

J. J. Hale came to the Clough Community and homesteaded in 1908. He had lived in the Bear Butte Valley Community until his wife passed away in Feb. 1908. His two daughters, Alice and Laura, were raised by his parents. In 1910 he married Margaret Donlan, who had a homestead joining his. They moved to Eugene, Oregon

Joe and Margaret Hale in 1911

Margaret (Donlan) Hale with her pet colt on the homestead near Clough in 1910

and lived a few years returning to their homestead in about 1916. They lived there until in the 20's; then they moved to the Chalkbutte Community and lived there until April of 1938. They sold out and moved to Quincy, Washington. They now live at Enumclaw, Washington and in Oct. 1960 they celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary. They had 4 children; Edmond, Moran, and Margaret all living in Washington. James passed away in 1944. They have 19 grandchildren and 5 great grandchildren.

John Weber and Mrs. Bowman

CLARA (KISSEROW) WEBER

I, Clara Kisserow came from Berlin, Wis. in March 1911 to Bridgewater, S. D. to help my sister and family, Mr. and Mrs. John Weber and their two month old son Matt, move to their new home north of Clough.

In October 1912 Martha (Mrs. Weber) passed away. I was going to take Matt and go back to Wisconsin, as I had promised my sister I would always take care of him, but John didn't want us to leave, and asked me to marry him, so in 1915 I married John.

Genevieve was born on October 19, 1919. It was a blizzard and even the doctor hated to get out. Winter set in and we got lots of snow which lasted until spring.

In 1921 or 22 a prairie fire started at the Magnuson place and burnt close to our house, threating our home. I was alone with Matt and Genevieve, so I filled tubs and pails with water to help a little, then I prayed to the Lord to change the wind. A few minutes later the wind changed and the fire went across the road and burnt clear to Highway 24.

Like the rest of the homesteaders we endured hardships along with the good.

Leonard was born in February, 1924 and John passed away in Sept. 1952.

One of my biggest joys was riding horseback. I keep house for Matt, but I'm not riding horseback anymore.

Clara Weber

The Edgar Brink family

Carl Wahl and Carl Schick

THE EDGAR BRINK FAMILY
by Mrs. Ed Lovegren

Reverend and Mrs. Edgar Brink came to Meade County in 1911 and homesteaded near Clough, S. Dak. They had four children; two sons, John and George, and two daughters, Blanche and Hope.

Blanche married Roy Ness and they homesteaded near Clough in 1906 and lived there until 1935 when Roy passed away. Blanche still lives in Sturgis. Blanche and Roy had five children; Cecil, who lives near the Belle Fourche River with his family; Belle, Richetta, Velma, and Leal.

John, with his wife, Daisy still live in the Union Center community. Their family consisted of Frank and Elmer, who with their families, live near their folks; Jennie Weimer, Marjorie Mathews, and Merle who live in Sturgis; Imogene O'Grady lives near Plainview; and Gladys Gees lives near Tilford.

Hope Brink Lovegren, her husband, Andrew, daughter, Gladys, and sons, Edgar and Leon, lived near Clough. They later moved to the Chalkbutte community in 1915 where Edgar still lives with his family. Leon lives in Hill City and Gladys Fancher lives in Cheyenne, Wyo. Hope passed away in October, 1915. In 1928 Andrew married Elsie Smith Bowels. Andrew passed away in 1949. Elsie passed away in March, 1963 at the age of 83.

George married Clara Custer. They had three sons; Delmar, who lives with his family near Fairpoint; Dewayne, who passed away several years ago; and Daryl, who lives in this area.

CARL W. SCHICK

I came to Sturgis on June 6th, 1908. I landed there with $7.82. I stayed at the Fruth Hotel; they were building the new part. I couldn't talk, read or write English then. When dinner came the waitress brought a menu, but that all looked to me like French or Spanish. She went away and Mr. Fruth came and asked me in German what I wanted, so I got something to eat. I had to wait 2 days for Jake Wahl to come in to get me, but he had a load of lumber to take out, so he got me a ride out to the ranch with a man from the White Owl store. He had 4 head of horses, and a wagon full of groceries. He went those 24 miles in 14 hours, but hot---it was like riding with the sun! I could not talk for almost a week as my lips were so swollen. If I had had any money at that time, I would have turned around and gone somewhere else.

On July 4th we went to Sulphur and Jake Wahl introduced me to a girl, I forgot her name now, but she could understand a little German. That's the only benefit I got out of the 22 mile ride. The ride didn't hurt me as I came out of the German Army, and a division that was used to riding.

The following week, we started to cultivate corn. I did not know anything about farming in this country, although I was willing to learn, as I had to get out in the country on account of lead poisoning.

Cowboys came around almost everyday, so I got to learn English. Robert Sparks was the best, as he tried to make me understand.

All went along until Jake Wahl got a letter from his sweetheart in Rapid City to come down to get married. Carl Wahl got the wagon ready and I got the horses ready. He promised us a case of beer when he got back, but we didn't get any beer. So one day Jake and his wife were visiting at Stoneville, and when Carl Wahl and I got back from riding after cattle, we came by the well and guess what we found! Six bottles of beer in the cold water. Oh boy! was that good.

After a dance we came home about 8 a.m. and had breakfast at the farmer's house. We rounded up the horses north of my place, the wagon we got from a sheep man close to Robert Sparks place, also the harness. One wheel was about 2 inches lower than the others, so make yourselves a picture of the kind of a ride we had.

I left there about 1913. In 1914 I sold my place to Carl Wahl.

Pearle Peppmuller by their first barn in 1911

NOTES THAT I REMEMBER
by Pearle (Peppmuller) Rietmann

The time I taught a short 3 month term of school in a home whose owners had proved up on their claim and left, about seven miles northwest of our place. This was a dugout house, partly dug into the side of a hill, front finished with crude boards. One of the women, Mrs. John Magnusan, whose two children, Amelia and Herbert, were to be my pupils, cleaned the place as best she could, the day before school started. The pupils and I had to search a nearby creek to pick up branches and twigs to burn in the tiny stove. We were not very warm at any time.

I worried about one of my prospective pupils, Dewey Wilcox, 13 years old, as I had heard he was more or less a wild west character, but he proved to be a regular ordinary boy and we got along fine, although he seemed delighted to ride his poor horse at top speed at all times. It was during a cold winter and I rode horseback part of the time, but drove Baldy hitched to the buggy too. It was cold, cold weather and fingers and toes almost froze in spite of the hot iron I carried wrapped on my lap when I drove.

One night I got lost on the open prairie east of us looking for the milk cows. It got pitch dark as I kept on looking and looking. Suddenly I realized I was in unfamiliar territory, and not knowing which way to turn, decided to let my faithful saddle horse, Bonnie, find the way home. I gave her the reins and in due time she stopped in front of our own barn.

Bonnie also found the way to school one morning when, against Billie's wishes, I bundled up and started to the Atall School, 3 3/4 miles northwest of home, in a cold, heavy, wet blinding snow storm. I followed a fenced road north the first three miles, then cut across the school section three quarters of a mile to the schoolhouse on the opposite corner. I could not see facing it so soon lost the trail and found myself near someone's fence. Not knowing where I was, I let up on the reins and soon Bonnie stopped right in front of the school door. I had one pupil that day, little Lyle Giddle.

Sara Weber had also started teaching and I remember one Saturday we rode 17 miles south to the Fred Wesgate Ranch to attend a teacher's meeting. It was a bright, sunny day in February, but we plodded through snow and slush then rode back after the meeting.

One time Billie had gone East on a trip and felt I should have a little vacation after staying at home during the two weeks he was gone doing chores and other work. I agreed. Well, said vacation was spent by getting two loads of grain ready to haul to Sturgis. I drove one team for the two-day journey going to the first movie I had ever seen in town that night. Started out next day with two loads of supplies for Mrs. Kate Childs, who owned and operated the store at Clough. We were paid $5.00 per load for freighting back these supplies so we thought we made pretty good money and I had my vacation too.

As this country was all open prairie it was a problem getting fuel so far from town. Both hauling and price of wood or coal made it expensive for many honyockers, not to mention time consumed in freighting it out. The general idea was to use the natural product found all over the prairie, namely buffalo chips, which actually were dried cow chips. Many methods were used to gather said fuel; some would use a wagon to get a big load all at one time, some carried sacks to fill up. I had a home-made two-wheeled cart that I filled more times than I like to remember. Of course this was the woman's chore so it seemed very unusual when a doctor and his family moved not far from us and had the first automobile I remember seeing in those parts. It was a red, open car - a Ford, I suppose. Anyway he could frequently be seen out on the prairie picking up buffalo chips in that car, something to behold, I thought.

When the XIX Amendment was passed by Congress on June 5, 1919, giving women the right to vote, I was privileged to serve on the first election board held at Clough on the following election day. The board this day consisted of Mr. Wrapp, Carl Wahl, John Roessler, Abbie Nunnemaker and myself. It was a proud day for Abbie and me. I have worked on many election boards since then under different conditions.

The Felton family lived on a claim about three quarters of a mile east of us. Mr. Felton, who was quite elderly, had been ill for quite some time. Millie Seifert and I had been called to his bedside one day as he seemed to be sinking. We were with him at time of death. Mrs. Jacob Wahl had done all she could for him. The body was taken to the King place, one quarter mile east which was vacant, and placed on a bench in the lean-to. Sarah Weber and I sat up the first night. Mrs. Wahl had told us to keep cloths wet with Epsom salts on the face. We changed these cloths every hour. Luckily there was a tiny stove in the main room and the men brought in some fuel so we managed to keep warm but it was a long night. Mr. Brink conducted funeral services a couple days later in their small home. Mrs. Robert Earl and I made floral arrangements of pink tissue paper roses. Roads were entirely too bad to take the body to Sturgis for burial so he was buried in a shallow grave on the homestead and moved to the cemetery in town in the spring. I remember seeing James and Dan Felton, the sons, as they drove by our place with the coffin in the lumber wagon the following spring.

Mrs. Kate Childs and her daughter, Corabel Mick, a registered nurse.

N
E
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S
Meade Co.

B. H. and Angie Quackenbush homestead

Francis Chaffee on horse, Mrs. Catherine Chaffee and Vinal, 1916

Henry Barthold, John A. Chaffee, Vinal and Francis, Sept. 28, 1919

Angie Quackenbush in her cabbage patch and corn

Matt and Geneveive Weber ready for school

Mary Wacker, and claim shack 1909

Matt Weber 1918

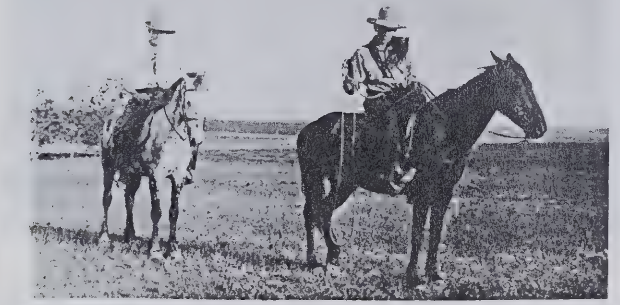
Art and John Pearson claim shack in 1910, Art on the left, Martin Gustafson, and John

Mr. and Mrs. Hank Hale

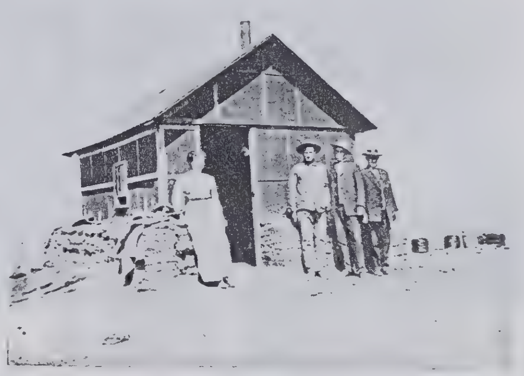
Miss Mary Tausch came from Mich. and homesteaded the land which was later purchased by Frank Schwab. One day she found a big skunk eating some scraps. She was able to trap it in a pail then wrapped it in her apron and carried it to a neighbors to find out what it was.

Rev. E. P. Johnson, and his sons, Alvin, Ed, Ira, Owen, Ulysse, Wilbur and Richard

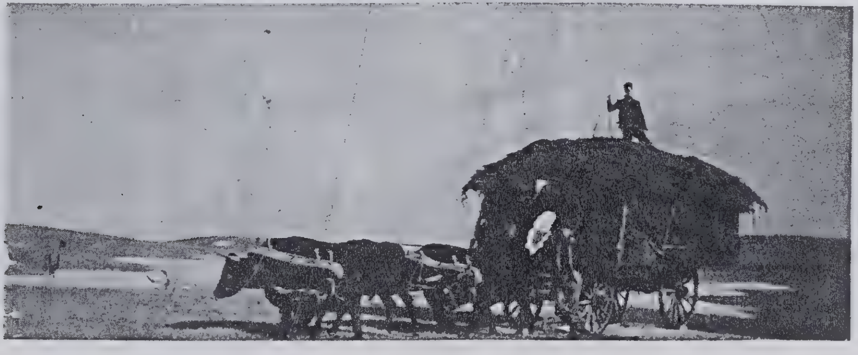
Violet Case, a pioneer homesteader in the Clough community.



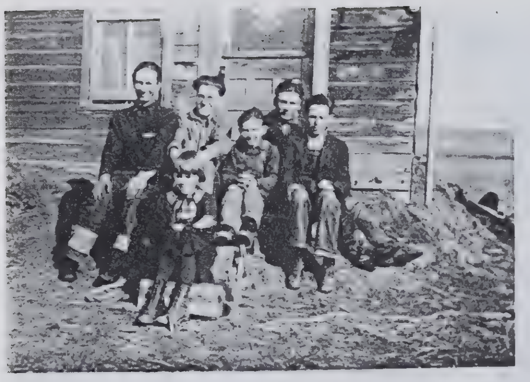
Einer and Andrew Jensen in 1915



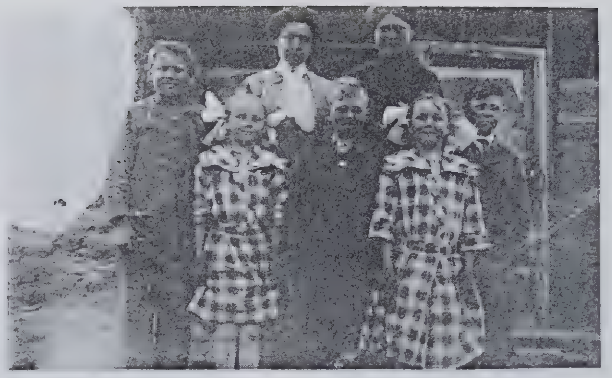
Mrs. Smoot, John Pearson, Walter Gunner, and Martin Gustafson, 1910



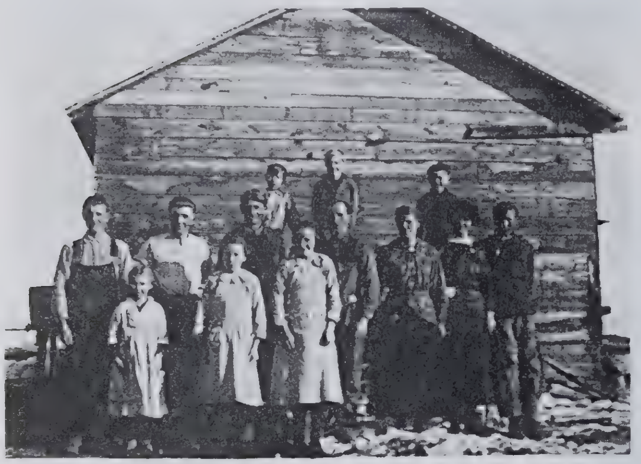
Cornelius Johnson and his oxen in 1911, his son Clarence on the hay



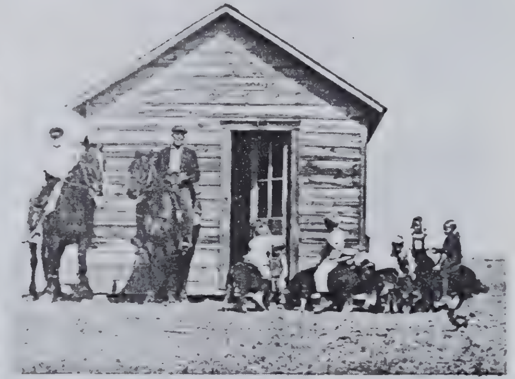
The Atall School - Matt Weber, Harry Parsons, unknown, Francis Remington, Genevive Weber, and Lyle Giddle



Charles Hild, Laura Hale Lovegren, Joe Smith, Alice Hale Brown, BACK ROW, Mrs. Jake Weber, Melvina Nelson, Darrell Nelson. Schoolhouse north of the Worthing place on top of the hill -- partially dug into the bank.



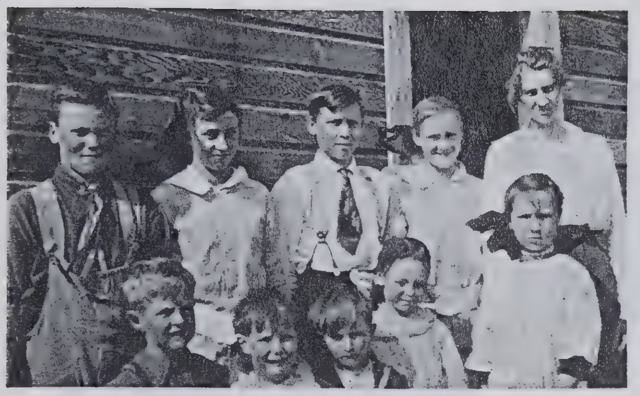
Chaffee school - 1931



Chaffee school 1917, John W. Shaw teacher, on horses, Sylvester Liston, Malcolm Jehlen, on pigs Wilbur Liston, Francis Chaffee, Nadene Cogan, Vinal Chaffee, Goldie and Nellie Liston, in the door, Edison Cogan.

Chaffee school

Eleanor School boys, Ed, Jim, and Tandy Hale, John Wahl and Clifton Hale.

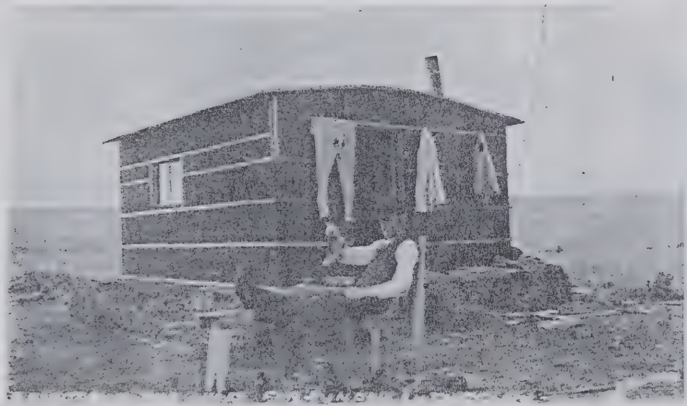


Howard Jensen, Alice Hale, Charles Hild, Laura Hale, Paul Worthen, Frank Rhoden, Virgil Rhoden, Maude Nunnemaker, Daisy Rhoden. Sedona Bremer, teacher.

Clarence Johnson - 1918

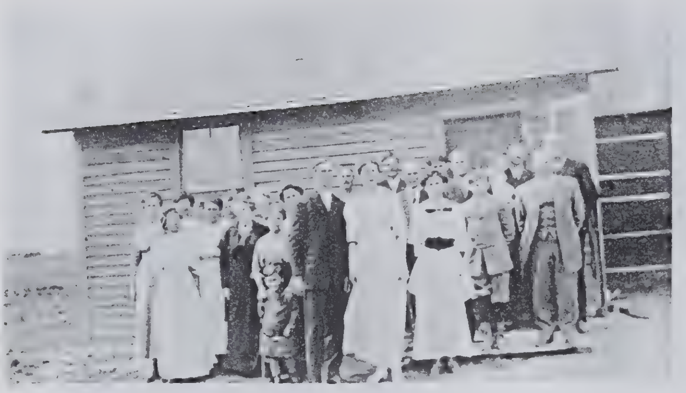
Clay Ness on his first motorcycle by his claim shack.

Catherine Chaffee and one of her wild turkeys.

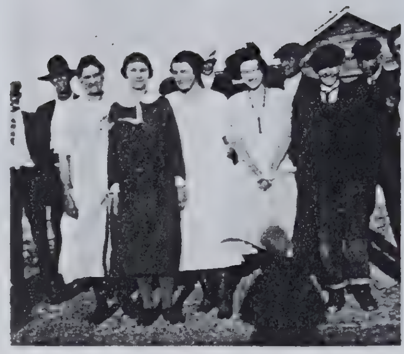


A homesteader's claim shack near Clough, looks like wash day.

Mrs. E. P. Johnson



Reverend Wrapp's homestead LEFT TO RIGHT: Amelia Magnuson, Mrs. Jake Wahl, Mrs. Carl Wahl, Anna Pearson, Mrs. Bill Case, Mrs. Jeylen, Mrs. Wacker, Mrs. F. Schwab, Matt Weber in front of her, Clara Weber, Mr. Kaiser, Jake Wahl, Mrs. Kaiser, Mr. Wrapp, Mr. F. Schwab, Pearle Peppmuller, Bill Peppmuller's head back of her, John Pearson, Charlie Hild, Carl Wahl, holding Liesolotta, Mr. Jeylen near screen door, John Weber in front of him.



LEFT TO RIGHT: Clifford Wildberger, Andrew Lovegren, Grandma Johnson, Eda Pearson, Mrs. Paul Wildberger, Henry Wildberger, LaVerne Wildberger, John Pearson, Bud Wildberger, Art Pearson, and Paul Wildberger.

PIPE CLEANING TIP

A method of cleaning pipes in the homestead days and used by a lady for her own pipe was the boiling of the pipe in the coffee pot.

Chesterfield

French Briar Rubber bit. Not Prepaid. Shpg. wt., each, 4 oz.

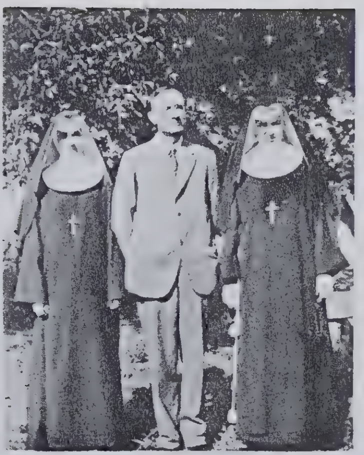
8 E 6864—50c size. 42c

8 E 6863—75c size... 63c

Mrs. T. S. Hale - 1922

Mrs. Anna Pearson in 1919

Mrs. Jake Wahl who perished in the blizzard



Ben Heuer and his two daughters

Mrs. John Magneson

Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester Ness, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Ness, Cecil and Belle, Mr. and Mrs. Ira Ness and Earl, Clay Ness, Carl Freeman, Roy Freeman, Lewis Lee, and Clarence Lee - 1917

Cornelius Johnson and Cristene Lovegren on her homestead near Clough.

Roundup at Les Boe's

Ruth, Lieselotta, and John Wahl - 1917

Eleanor Old Sod Town

SOD TOWN S. D.

I remember the day when we came to the state,
We thought we would have everything up to date,
And to our surprise, oh! what did we see?
Just rolling prairie, not even a tree.
We soon pitched our tent and rolled into sleep.
Just tired and weary and nothing to eat
And when the sun shone bright the next morn
The men folks got busy and ground us some corn,
The hoe cakes were cooked in a little rock stove,
And our fuel was chips that the Buffalo grow.
With an old rusty spade we cut out some sod.
And built us a house and were thankful to God,
I will mention right here before it's too late,
We live in South Dakota, 'The Sunshine State.'

Alzina Nelson

Jacob Nunnemaker

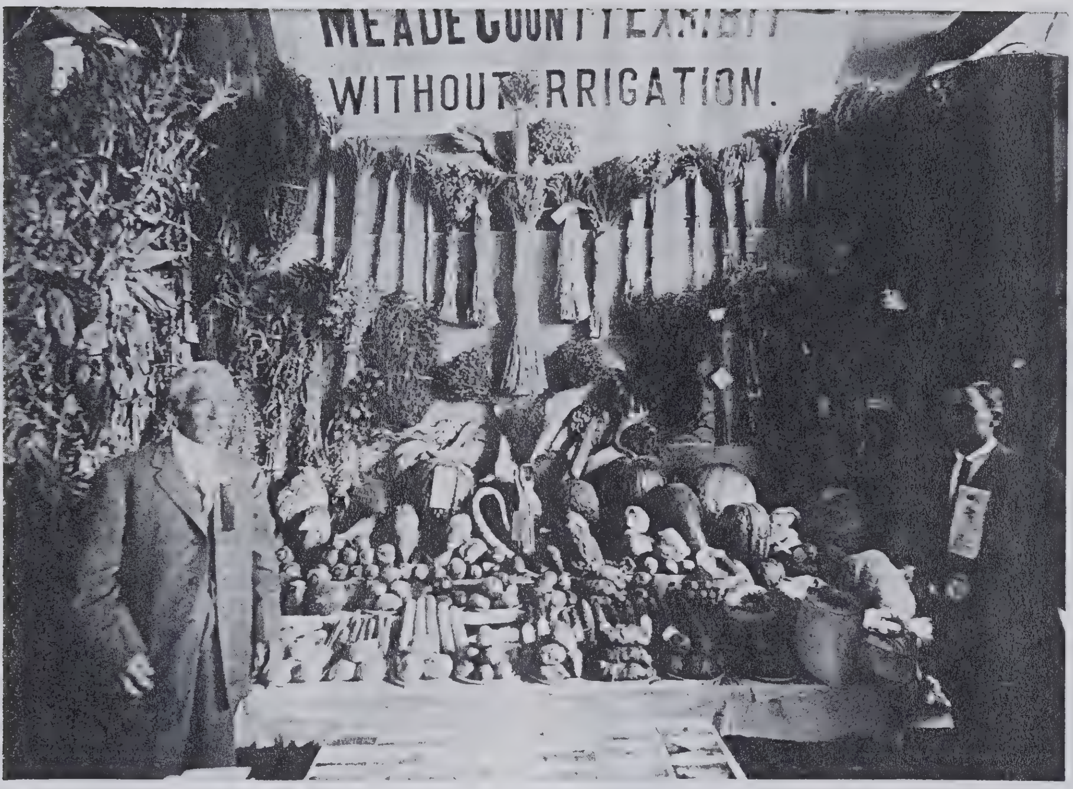
Sam Marble's Sod house. Meade Co.
Eleanor S.D.

Samuel Marble and his sod shack

ACWORTHEN
STORE

A. Banker and his sister, Carl Shick, Miss Jensen, Miss Monaham. Others unknown.

Happy and Billy Nunnemaker $122.00 worth of coyote hides



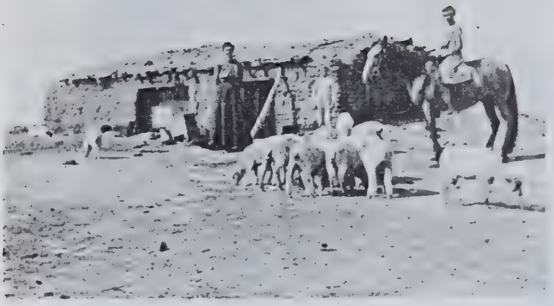
An exhibit of vegetables and grain produced without irrigation in the uplands of Meade County, around 1915. The man on the right is Albert C. Worthen, U.S. Land Commissioner, on the left unknown.

Ella Worthen

A. C. WORTHEN
by Ella K. Worthen

We lived at Eleanor for 11 years and during that time, both of us were postmasters of the 4th class post office - A. C. relinquishing his job as postmaster on becoming U.S. Land Commissioner. We had a grocery store and sold lumber. We also had a dance hall and a wonderful well of cold, clear water that tested 99.1 per cent pure. We were lucky.

At many times out there, I was imbued with the idea of writing of our first-hand experiences young as I was, I realized here was something happening right now and we were part of it. I had to write these feelings and experiences down. Well I did! After many rejects, a syndicate finally bought them. If I remember rightly I got $25 for 6 or 8 short stories. However I never did see any of them in print!



Chris Nelson sod house

Sod chicken house

Sod barn that held about 30 head of horses and cattle.

Sod vegetable cave

OLD SOD TOWN
by Elvena Stacey

My parents were Mr. and Mrs. Chris Nelson of Eleanor, better known as Sod Town. They with my mother's sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Markham and brothers Joe and Will Nunnemaker were the owners of Sod Town. It was a half-way house for freighters hauling freight from Sturgis to Faith. The first sod house was built there in 1908. Albert Worthen run the Eleanor store and post office. Joe Nunnemaker and Bert Markham had a blacksmith shop there. People came from miles around to have their horses shod or any job necessary until Bert lost his eye sight and took over the mail route which had been contracted previously to Frank Whitman. The route was from Sturgis to Chalkbutte and Faith, via Volunteer, Clough and Eleanor.

My parents' first home was dug three feet in the ground, built up with sod, and the roof was of split cedars gotten about 35 miles south of there in the cedar breaks. This was covered with wheat straw and sod and dirt, it never leaked. The inside was plastered with doby taken from the Chalkbutte near the Chalkbutte post office. The floor was also doby taken from a hill near the Ben Jensen homestead northeast of there, and covered with heavy burlap sacks for a rug, making it very warm and confortable. All these buildings were replaced the following year with frame structures.

We raised 104 lambs to maturity on bottles. These were bum lambs gotten from the Frank Doud sheep ranch. I herded cattle for all the families through the day on a pony. Once a week I also delivered cream, milk and butter with the pony down in the Clough area to homesteaders.

We had a wonderful well that couldn't be pumped dry. This furnished water by the barrel to a great number of homesteaders down on the gumbo flat northwest of there, who weren't so fortunate in having water to drink. So many of them were alkali.

The first corn planter we had was made of a tube made of tar paper and we kids followed the plow planting a few seeds at a certain distance on breaking. We had a wonderful crop. We raised a lot of vegetables, a greater part of which were given to the homesteaders.

For recreation the homesteaders would usually gather at our place during a Saturday afternoon and go with a crowd of 2 or 3 wagon loads to a dance in a claim shack first one place then another. Anyone that could play would furnish the music, staying until day break so as not to get lost. We would sometimes go 25 miles, and there were no fences or roads as yet. Later Albert Worthen built a dance hall at Eleanor and no more shack dances. To keep warm in the wagons in the winter, boulders were warmed and put in the wagon and covered with blankets.

The Nelsons, Markhams, and the Nunnemakers immigrated to the Sod Town area from eastern S. Dak., Ethan, Farmer, and Alexandria.

A few more of the neighbors in that area were: Abe Grier, Steve Schuster, Alfred Olsen, Ole Thorkelson, Ben Heuer, Wilbur Kennedy, Charley Jenkins, John Stacey, Charley Adams, Nels and Ben Atall, Margaret Kinney, Lizzie Clement, Dillie and Delia Alfson (twins), Florence Phelps, Fred Lemke, and Jim Rogers, the father of Jess Rogers at Fairpoint.

The fuel question was serious the first year there and we had to pick up buffalo chips for heat. Later a few coal mines were opened up near there. The Schuster mine and the Heuer mine.

DARROW D. NELSON

I will try and tell of some of the homestead days in S. D. I came to western S. D. in 1909. I was eight years old. I came with my parents Chris Nelson, the Nunnemakers, and John Bloom came with us. We had around a hundred head of cattle and three covered wagons. We camped wherever we could find water. After we crossed the Missouri River at Chamberlain we never saw a road or fence. We got to Pedro and the river was high and the old cable ferry was washed out. We had to stay there for three weeks before the river went down. Pedro at that time was an Indian trading post. I sure stayed close to the folks when the Indians would come to the store. We got started again and went on to dad's homestead which was about two and a half miles northwest of the Old Diamond S ranch and a half mile south of the Diamond S Butte.

Dad built a sod house, it was dug into the ground three feet. The sod walls were three feet thick, he put logs over the top with brush and then hay and finished with dirt, it was warm in the winter and cool in summer.

My uncles, the Nunnemakers, had their claim next to us. Their buildings were all made out of sod. The freighters would stay over night there and it went by the name of Sod Town.

I went to several different schools there (they were all homestead shacks). I remember the first year I went to Arther Worthens homestead shack. There were Frank, Sandy, and Henry Hale and Joe Hales two girls Alice and Laura and my sister, Elvena. Also went to school with Charles Hild and his brother Andrew and Einer Jenson and some I have forgotten.

My parents have both passed away. My father died at the age of seventy-five and my mother at the age of eighty-five.

I married Ada Humble of Fairpoint we now live in Crescent City, Calif. We have been back several times and always enjoy it and have lots of good memory of South Dakota.

Charles and Will Nunnemaker, and their hounds.

Charles and Will Nunnemaker, and their coyote hides.

Picnic at Sparks grove in 1912, Ella Worthen in first buggy, her son Paul and Corabel in second, John Atalls in the third.

July 4, 1911 at Eleanor

Tom Finn, Ben Heuer, Pete Healy, Rogers, Abe Greer, Steve Schuster, Tom Healy, George Thomas, Bessie Young, Ann Clement and Mary.

Haystack built by A. C. Worthen about 1917

Charles Nunnemaker

A. C. Worthen, second cutting alfalfa

GRAND ELECTRIC COOPERATIVE, INCORPORATED

LIVE BETTER
FARM BETTER
ELECTRICALLY

OWNED BY THOSE WE SERVE

BISON SOUTH DAKOTA

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE GRAND ELECTRIC COOPERATIVE, INC.

Grand Electric Cooperative, Inc. was organized in 1947. The first power lines were constructed in northern Perkins County in 1949. By the fall of 1950 most of Perkins County was receiving central station electric service and preliminary work was being done on the C section which included the area from Maurine south to Stoneville and Red Owl. On May 16, 1951 bids were opened for the construction of this area.

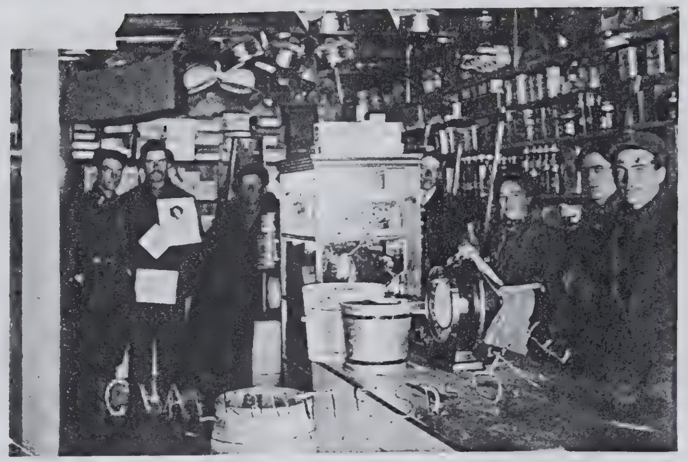
Line construction started in 1951 and the first consumers were connected in the fall of 1952. Central station electric service had finally come to northern Meade County.

Electricity has made living on the farm as convenient and comfortable as living in town. Your rural schools and churches have light and power. Running water, refrigeration, lighting and electric heat are just a few of the multitude of conveniences now enjoyed by rural people at a price they can afford. Electric service is provided for the Minuteman Missile facilities which play a very important part in National Defense.

All of this was made possible by local people organizing their own electric cooperative to provide themselves with a service which they could not receive any other way.

Meade County Lights In Homestead Days

Chalkbutte



Chalkbutte Store--Pet Rowe, Dr. Gamberg, Pat, Tom and John Melvin.

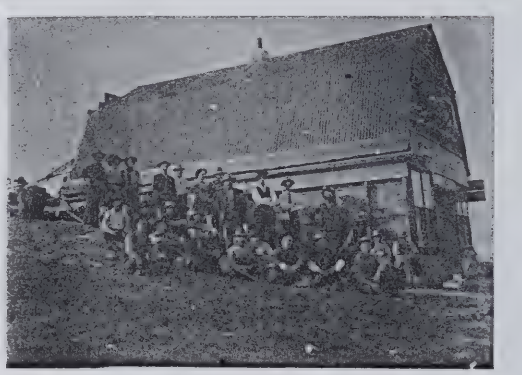
The first Chalkbutte Post Office was run by Mrs. J. H. Brooks on their homestead, north of the Chalkbutte.

The mail was carried by horseback from the Stoneville Post Office. Later the mail came by stagecoach from Sturgis, S. Dak. The mail carrier was Frank Whitman who owned the Volunteer Store and run the post office.

Later the post office was run by John Melvin, and it was moved south of the first site, near Chalkbutte. A store, blacksmith shop, printing office, and a bowery was built.

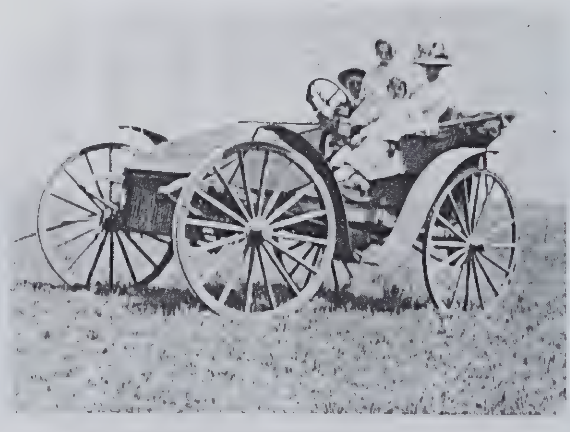
John Melvin sold out to Mrs. Horace (Amelia) Gaffin, who took over the store and post office, and it was again moved to a new location about one mile east of the first site.

In 1946 Mrs. Gaffin sold the store to Wayne and Elma Yates, who also took over the post office. In 1952 the post office was closed and Yates sold their merchandise to the Stoneville store and their land to Ted Kettlesen, and moved to Sturgis. There is no Chalkbutte now, as even the buildings are gone. They too were sold and moved.



Chalkbutte Post Office in 1910. John Melvin - postmaster

CHALLENGE
Toaster
—Large size, toasts two slices.
—Listed as Standard by Underwriters' Laboratories.
Turns toast by lowering door. Mica element. Fiber feet. Nickel plated. Complete with cord. For any 110-120 volt current. Shpg. wt.. 3 lbs. 4 oz. Not Prepaid
98c
20 E 632..................98c
CHALLENGE
CHALLENGE



First automobile of Chalkbutte. Mrs. Melvin and children.

Ruins of Chalkbutte after the fire in 1912.

Chalkbutte Post Office with Mrs. H. Gaffin as postmistress and Clyde Gaffin in the foreground.

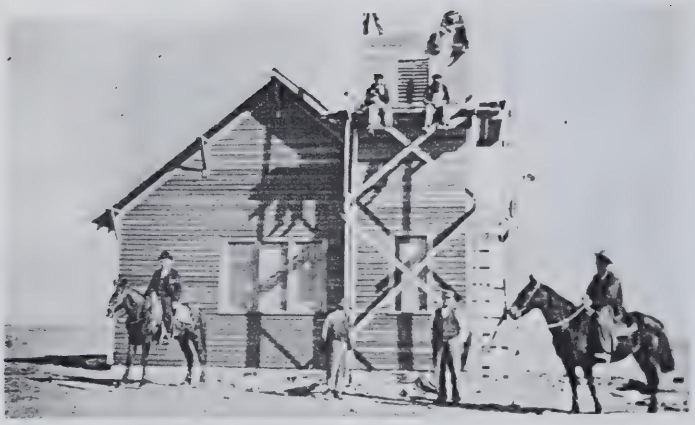
Brooks Freight

W. E. Brooks freight outfit,

Chalkbutte

Chalkbutte, S. Dak. - Now a barn at the Wulff place.

Jim Brooks family--started the Chalkbutte Store and Post Office.



Chalkbutte

Baptist Church

Organized Nov. 17, 1919

was

dedicated July 24, 1921

John Wynn

CHALKBUTTE BAPTIST CHURCH

By Agnes Raymond

The Chalkbutte Baptist Church, which is now called the Union Center Community Church was organized Nov. 17, 1919 at Chalkbutte, by Rev. John Wynn, Pastor at large for the Baptist convention, under the direction of Dr. S. P. Shaw, general superintendent of Baptist work in S. Dak.

Sunday evening October 12, 1919 Rev. Wynn began a revival meeting at some home in the Chalkbutte area. There were 32 present that cold stormy night but people came to hear the word of God.

Rev. Wynn stayed at the William Shrader home and was furnished a saddle horse so he could travel as there weren't many cars in those days. He made calls at every home and talked of the church to be organized. He found there was a great deal of interest in having a church. Mr. H. M. Gaffin agreed to donate land for a church and parsonage.

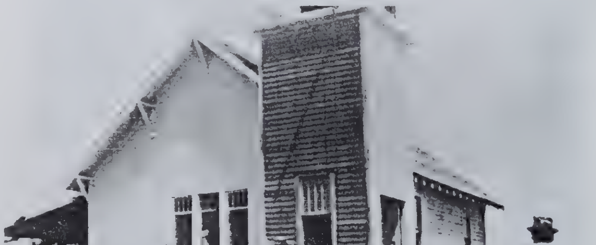
On Nov. 17, 1919 a meeting was held at the Chalkbutte Store for this purpose. The church was organized and was to be called the Chalkbutte Baptist Church. Officers were elected and seven names were signed to the charter.

During May 1920, Rev. Wynn took charge of this part of the White Owl district holding preaching services at different schoolhouses. He organized Sunday schools and money was solicited for the new church at Chalkbutte. July 16, 1920 they started getting out rock for the foundation of the church. Then on August 29, 1920, Rev. Wynn and Charles Van Demark were appointed to go to Sturgis and ordered the lumber.

The dedication of the Chalkbutte Baptist Church took place July 24, 1921 with Dr. S. P. Shaw as speaker. At this service Rev. J. R. Lindbloom was present. He was called that day to be pastor of the church. His term started August 1, 1921 and his services with the church ended Nov. 1, 1923.

Rev. W. A. Saxon was then called as pastor. His term starting Oct. 1, 1924. The next pastor was Rev. E. H. Clark, who came in the fall of 1927.

It had been voted on to sell the parsonage at Chalkbutte and build one at Union Center to be better situated to the other churches, as services were held at Clough, Chalkbutte, Union Center and White Owl. Other pastors to work here were, Reverends Ole Olson, Roy Weigand, Sandy Cleveland, and Frederick Peterson. Rev. W. E. Wrapp worked between pastors. This brings it to the time Union Center and Chalkbutte were united as one church.



Dedication of the new Chalkbutte church, in 1921, and the barbecue.

Girls' Baseball Teams 1910, White Owl Girls, Chalkbutte Prairie Bloomers; BACK ROW: Nora Evans, unknown, Minnie Frieberg, Mabel Wolff. MIDDLE ROW: Mary Day, Laura Reasoner, Sedona Smith, Anna Niborg, Unknown, Unknown, Amanda Johnson, Edna Swenson, Fern Young, Bessie Marble, Grace Dix, Pearl King and Allie Dopp.

ROW ONE: Carl Swenson, Edna Lancaster, Fern Young, Grace Dix, Pearl Sumner, Charles Alman. ROW TWO: Ann Nehbur, Mary Bremer, Sedona Bremer, Bessie Young, Laura Rice. ROW THREE: Unknown, Roy Day, Robert Rhoden, John Swenson, Raymond Reasoner, Frank Alman, Winnie Lancaster.

South Pleasant View School. Charles Nelson, Leon Lovegren, Dorothy Dvorak, Alice Simons, Joanna Smith, Jessie Smith, Rachel Dvorak, Cora Smith, Fern Nelson, Ruby Nelson, Ed Lovegren, others, Rob Bowell Smith, Earl Nelson and Wealtha Simons.

Paul Norris, teacher, and pupils a mile or so north of Chalkbutte.

Rev. John Wynn, Russell Hackett, Esther Speed, Jessie Bremer-Teacher, Leona Speed, Roy Garner, Lorene Day, Iva Day, John Speed and Arthur Day.

Mrs. H. M. Gaffin and grandson, Lysle at Chalkbutte--July, 1944

MR. AND MRS. H. M. GAFFIN
by Mrs. Sandy Hale

The Gaffins came to Dakota from Wayne, Nebraska. They filed on a homestead one mile east of Chalkbutte, S. Dak. about 1910. Mr. Gaffin went back to work in his harness shop. He later returned and farmed and raised cattle. Mrs. Gaffin worked at the post office. About 1914 the post office was moved to her home. She was postmistress and put in a general store. She printed the Chalkbutte News. The fall of 1917 she built a store 16 x 24, and added two rooms on the north side to live in, a storeroom on the south, and later added a kitchen and bedroom on the east end.

Her son, Clyde and wife came about 1917, took over the paper and operated a cream station. In June 1940 he sold the paper to the Sturgis Tribune. The cream station was closed and they moved to Delmont, S. Dak.

Mr. Gaffin passed away in Nov. of 1940. Mrs. Gaffin kept the store until Sept. 1946 when she sold it to Wayne and Elma Yates. She then moved to Iowa to live with her sister, Mary Zaelke. They later moved back to Sturgis. Mary Zaelke passed away in June 1959. Clyde and wife cared for his mother until she passed away in May of 1960. The post office was closed in 1952 and the Yates sold their groceries to the Stoneville Store and their land to Ted Kettleson. They then moved to Sturgis.

CLYDE H. GAFFIN
Taken from a news clipping

Clyde H. Gaffin was born April 23, 1893 at Edgar, Nebraska, and moved to the Chalkbutte area in 1911.

He married Bertha Yahr in 1921, and published the Chalkbutte News for 23 years.

The couple lived in Chalkbutte until 1940, when they moved to Delmont, where he and his son, Clyde Jr. published the Delmont Record.

In 1943 he went to work as a food inspector for the South Dakota Department of Agriculture and moved to Whitewood, where he lived until his death in 1963.

Henry Bremer

HENRY BREMER
by Mrs. L. L. Day and Sedona Smith

Henry Bremer filed on a homestead in Meade County in 1906, southeast of Newell approximately 40 miles.

He came with Allan and Gordy Ramsay, Frank Look and Tom Fitzgerald in a covered wagon from Waubay, S. Dak. and each filed a claim on homesteads in the Chalkbutte vicinity.

In the spring of 1907, Henry and his son, Alfred came with two carloads of household goods and livestock to Rapid City. From there they hauled overland a distance of about sixty-five miles.

They built the homestead shack 14 foot square and adjoined a tent for sleeping quarters. The tent was well boarded up to prevent the rattlesnakes from crawling in.

Mrs. Bremer and the other children came that same year.

Mr. Bremer was active in all community affairs. He was chairman of Chalkbutte school board for many years. He helped build the first schoolhouse in the community which was located about 5 miles southeast of the Chalkbutte Post Office and is named "South Pleasant View School" at the present time. This schoolhouse was moved and is now located about one-half mile south of Ed Lovegren's ranch. When some of our dear ones passed away Mr. Bremer with the help of other pioneers built the casket that laid to rest our loved ones.

Henry was a blacksmith by trade and shod many of the saddle ponies, some coming a long distance to have the work done. He was a member of the Federal Land Bank Association.

Later years he helped and donated many hours erecting the Baptist Church at Chalkbutte. When this church was dedicated, he along with early settlers, stayed up all night and barbecued a beef for the event.

This little church is now located at Union Center, S. D., and regular services are still held.

Henry spent his retiring years in Sturgis, S. D., and is laid to rest in Red Owl Cemetery beside his wife, Caroline Bremer.

Mary Bremer, Florence Olmstead and Sedona Bremer

Roy Day homestead - Lonesome Hollow

Mary Day, Sedona, Mrs. C. Williamson

Sedona Bremer viewing the Black Hills from the claim shack.

Alfred and Sedona Bremer

Fitzgerald homestead - 1909

Fitzgerald's dam--one of the first built in the area.

TOM FITZGERALD FAMILY

By Adelaide Speed

Material by Chance Fitzgerald

George (Tom) Fitzgerald came to central Meade County, June 1906 and filed on a claim some 40 miles southeast of Newell, S. Dak., returning again to Waubay, S. Dak.

In the spring of 1907, the Tom Fitzgerald family, as well as the Allen Ramsay family, Gordy Ramsay, Henry Bremer, and Story Fitzgerald families all moved from Waubay, S. Dak. out to their homesteads.

It took five days to come by immigrant car from Waubay to Rapid City, and then four more days by team and wagon to reach the claim site.

Henry Bremer opened up a blacksmith shop and did all kinds of smith work, also built coffins from lumber when the necessity came, and the loved one from a pioneer family passed on.

The Fitzgeralds had three children, Chance, Harvey and Blanch.

Two young ladies Mattie Stevens and Reise Palmer filed in the fall of 1907 and came out in 1908 to make this their home. Miss Palmer started the first Meade County paper, "Boneita Springs Reporter," which was sold a couple of years later and became the "Chalkbutte Gazette."

Frank Look and wife filed on a claim the fall of 1907. Their land adjoining the Tom Fitzgerald land, then returned in 1908 driving a new "Reliable Dayton" car. This car had high narrow wheels, and with no graded roads they were stuck most of the time.

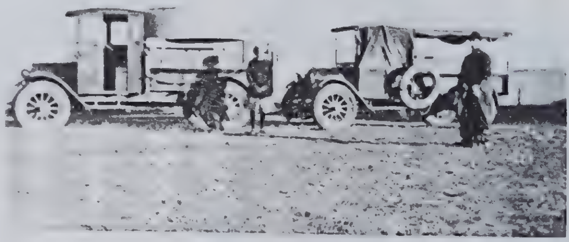
Frank Look and Chance Fitzgerald organized the first ball team in Meade County in 1908. The following year Fort Meade organized and soon every little town had a baseball team. Many a "hot game" of ball was played.

In 1909 Chance Fitzgerald married Florence A. Olmstead, who also was homesteading. Her land adjoining the Tom Fitzgerald place.

In 1925, Tom Fitzgerald, and his wife moved off his ranch and bought a home in Sturgis, S. Dak.

Harvey Fitzgerald and family moved on the home place, Chance and family taking over the Boneita Springs Store.

Tom Fitzgerald passed away in 1933 and Mrs. Fitzgerald in 1945.



Blanche and Tom Fitzgerald in the early twenties.

Lloyd Finley, Harvey Fitzgerald and Herman Yahr at the Volunteer Bridge - 1917.

THE FITZGERALDS

by Wyona Sundstrom

The George T. Fitzgerald family, consisting of two boys at that time, Chauncey and Harvey, came to Chalkbutte vicinity in 1906. Harvey was about six years old and Chauncey was about nine years older. They drove team and wagon from Waubay, S. Dak. together with the Al Ramsey, Henry Bremer and J. S. Fitzgerald families. The old Fitzgerald homestead is five miles southeast of Chalkbutte, which was their first post office and six miles southwest of Red Owl. The other families mentioned all settled on adjoining claims.

They used to tell about how it rained on them most of the way and they had to lay over in Rapid City to dry out their belongings. Although it was late when they arrived they broke up a patch of ground for a garden and raised a bumper crop of vegetables by just poking the seeds into the overturned sod.

In 1908 a daughter was born to them. She is the present Blanche Woodle, who lives at Bellevue, Nebraska.

In 1910 Chance was married to Florence Olmstead, who had a homestead about a mile away. Florence's sister, Fannie, and her husband, Lowell Zinc, also homesteaded nearby. Lowell Zinc passed away just recently at Hill City. Fannie died about thirty years ago. Florence's brother, Ray Olmstead, was also an early homesteader and has been gone many years.

Bogged down on the trip home from Sturgis in gumbo in 1917.

Chance and Florence Fitzgerald later moved to his homestead about three miles south of Enning.

In 1920 Harvey married Stella Green from Minnesota, who had agreed to come and stay with her cousin, Mrs. Chance Fitzgerald, and teach a nearby school. Harvey and Stella were one of the first owners of the Boneita Springs store and post office, buying it in 1921. They built an outside bowery especially for the Fourth of July dance in 1923.

In 1924 Harvey sold the store to his brother, Chance, and moved to his parents' homestead. His parents moved to Sturgis.

Both Chance and Harvey have five children. Blanche had one son.

Mr. Fitzgerald, Tom to his friends, died in 1933 and his wife, Wyona, died in 1941. Their son, Harvey, passed away in Omaha, Neb. in 1955. Chance's wife passed away in 1959. Chance is now living in Sturgis with his present wife, the former Pearl Limbo.

The James Story Fitzgerald family, who homesteaded in 1906, were cousins of Tom Fitzgerald. They had one son, Leonard, who was living in Whitewood the last I heard. Both Story and his wife passed away while living on their original homestead.

WILLIAM GORDY RAMSAY

by Adelaide H. Speed

material by Gordy Ramsay

Gordy Ramsay, at the age of twenty-one and as a young man "on his own," came by team and wagon in the year 1906 and filed on a claim, in central Meade County, some forty-five miles southeast of the town of Newell. Filing was then done in an office in Rapid City, S. Dak.

Other homesteaders coming from Waubay, S. Dak. at the same time and filing on claims were: Gordy's folks, Allen and Etta Ramsay, Henry Bremer, James (Story) Fitzgerald, and Tom Fitzgerald. Chance Jones came with the group but didn't find things to his liking so did not file on a claim. Gordy's dad, Allen Ramsay, filed on an adjoining claim.

All parties returned to Waubay, and came back the following year and made these claims their permanent homes.

The first post office was White Owl, S. Dak., so mail was only received once a week, neighbors taking turns in going after the mail.

The first years were lean years. Gordy recalls living a year with no window in his claim shack, before money was available for a glass window. Gordy's folks lived six years in their house before a wood floor could be laid. Food consisted mostly from what could be taken off the land. One trip a year was made by team to Sturgis, S. Dak. for groceries, and the very needy articles.

When the folks and the rest of the family moved out on their claims, they shipped eight or ten head of milk cows to New Underwood, S. Dak., then trailed the cows to their claims.

Gordy's mother served as "practical nurse" and went by team and buggy to neighbors far and wide to help out in times of sickness and stress.

Many good times were had among the settlers, going by buggy, horseback, or walking to a neighbors for a dance. Dancing would be done from early evening until morning, then everyone ate breakfast and departed for their homes. Music was made on the violins by Charlie Strong, Miles Carney, and Charlie Sumner.

Prairie fires were one of the dreaded hazards of the homesteaders. In the spring of 1908 a prairie fire came in from the south, burning into the Ramsay place but stopping at the creek, burning some twenty sections of land. Neighbors would see the smoke and come from miles away to help fight the fire.

Hay in the early days wasn't very plentiful. It took a long day, when using team and mower, to put up one big load of hay.

Allen Ramsay passed away May 12, 1933 at the age of eighty-one; Etta Ramsay passed away at the age of seventy-six, having by that time built up one of the nicer homesteads.

In the year 1930 Gordy bought a small herd of Hereford cattle and has, through the years, increased and improved in both cattle and land and, at the age of seventy-six, is still doing all his own ranch work and living at the site of his claim home.

Photo by O.T. Ericson

Gordy Ramsay and Lyman Owen

Mr. and Mrs. C. Raymond on the Nickelson homestead in 1931.

Gordy Ramsay

MR. FRANK NICKLESON
By Hazel Hale

The Nickleson family came from Parker and homesteaded south of Chalkbutte in 1908. Mr. Nickelson was our closest neighbor when we moved to Chalkbutte. Mr. Nickleson sold his farm to Charles Raymond in 1924. The place is now owned by Theodore Spring. No one lives there now. There are many empty homes and school houses all around the community.

Bear Butte Valley Office

American
NATIONAL BANK
and Trust Company

Sturgis, South Dakota

BANK BUILT
BY CUSTOMERS

Member F.D.I.C.

Lushboughs Hardware

Bob And Katherine Behrens

Sturgis, South Dakota

Sporting Goods

Paint

General Hardware

Phone 347-5313

Otis Candy Sales

First In Quality
Fairest In Price

Distributors Of

Old Dutch Potato Chips

Phone 578-1874

606 Main Street

Deadwood, South Dakota

Red Owl Garage

David Shaw
Red Owl, South Dakota

General Repairs, Welding,
Parts, And Accessories

Standard Oil Products

Matkins Motor

STURGIS SOUTH DAKOTA

Ford

BEST WISHES TO

OUR FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS OF

CENTRAL MEADE COUNTY

We Recommend

Rx Walgreen

Products
Your Friendly Walgreen Agency

McKay Drug

Sturgis, South Dakota

George W. Malcolm

General Agent
National Reserve Life Insurance

Phone 342-9528

4035 W. Main
Rapid City, South Dakota

Urton Rexall Drug

Prescription Specialists

Rexall

Sturgis, South Dakota

Key City Rambler

Sturgis

Owens Interstate

Peter Healy - 1910

1909

Horse and buggy - 1910

FATHER HEALY

The first point to be considered, regards my decision to come to the U.S.A. and the circumstances surrounding my arrival in this country. I was born and reared in Co. Mayo, Ireland. During my youth, like so many of my countrymen, I heard many accounts of the wonders of America and the opportunities for a prosperous and useful life in a new country. Consequently I decided to leave my homeland. When I was eighteen years old I left Kiltimagh, April 27th, 1905, and landed in Boston May 9th. Conditions in the new world were not all rosy, I got a job in the Gilchrist store in Boston, a few days after landing. They paid three dollars a week, board and room took most of it. Since I had relatives in Nebraska, I decided to go west. The destination was Wayne. At that time, in addition to the necessary means of transportation, I had twenty-five cents and a package of Uneeda biscuits for the trip.

On labor day, in 1905, I set out from Boston via New York Central Railroad. I arrived in Chicago on Tuesday evening at 5 P.M. There I had to transfer to the North Western Railroad for the journey to Nebraska. The agent who checked my ticket noticed my destination and asked if I knew a man in Wayne, named Jim Finn. I told him he was my uncle. He said by a strange coincidence the man was his cousin. The Chicago man was my second cousin. He took me out for dinner, which I certainly enjoyed, and relished. It was the first meal since Monday morning. The in-between snacks were crackers and water. He asked me if I needed any money. I told him I thought I had enough to bring me through. I still had the quarter and half package of crackers left.

I arrived in Blair, Nebraska on Wednesday evening. I had to stay over night, there. Slept in at the station that night; next day, Thursday, I got on the train for Wayne. I stayed there a few days and got a job on a farm at Carroll about eight miles northwest of Wayne. I worked around there on different farms during the summer months and went to school every winter. The going wage was twenty-five dollars per month with board and room. Despite the small wages, I saved two hundred dollars a year.

When I had passed my twenty-first year, I heard about the rush to South Dakota to take up homesteads. My cousins, Ed and Clare Coleman, who were school teachers, bought a team of horses, and a wagon, also cooking utensils, furniture, etc., for the three "mansions" we would be obliged to build after arriving in South Dakota.

We shipped our belongings from Wayne, Nebraska, to Wasta, South Dakota via the C. & N. W. Railroad. We arrived in Wasta, (I think it was on June 4th, 1909). We were delayed there for four days until the gumbo trails had dried up and the creeks we would have to ford had receded. Our destination was Stoneville. We had heard that there was land still vacant in that vicinity.

It took two days to travel as far as Huddleston, crossing over the Belle Fourche river. The next day we reached White Owl and expected to arrive in Stoneville a day later, but we lost the trail and went to Tama instead. We stayed there over night and returned to White Owl the next evening. We picked up the right trail the next day and arrived at Stoneville at about five in the afternoon. At that time Mr. Rounds had the store and post office.

After a few days, we were located on three adjoining quarter sections, three miles west of Chalkbutte, where Mr. H. Brooks ran a store, and was postmaster. There we set up housekeeping. Clare Coleman used the covered wagon as a residence. Ed Coleman and I occupied the tent. After a few days rest, like gypsies, we set out for Rapid City to file on our claims, the trip took nearly a week. We hired Mr. Darb to haul a few loads of lumber and tin roofing for our three shacks. The shacks were ten by fourteen feet, composed of two by four boards on the outside and a board floor and a sheeted roof with paper and tin roofing. To provide for our comfort, we built a sod wall outside the boards and covered the roof with sod. In my shack I used a laundry stove for heat and cooking. The fuel used was prairie grass wood which we hauled from the creeks or river, and lignite coal.

Our reason for coming to South Dakota to homestead was our wish to own property. We expected to find land as good as at Wayne, Nebraska. Had we known at the time the difference in the two regions, we would probably have remained in Nebraska.

When my house was completed, it was as you see in the inclosed picture. What a lovely "mansion" it was. My five hundred dollars was just about exhausted. I plowed fourteen acres of my land as was required by law. The next summer (1910) I worked for Frank Doud, who owned a large sheep ranch northwest of my homestead on Coyote Creek. Frank Doud, was an excellent gentleman, I liked him and found him both generous and just.

Later, I worked in a lignite mine operated by Mr. Higgins. The mine was located about a mile east of Fairpoint. My brother Peter, Tom Finn and I worked there for two months. We quit on December 24th at noon. That afternoon we walked fifteen miles to Tom Finn's"castle." Tom's house was not quite finished and when we woke up in the morning on Christmas day, the floor was covered with about three inches of snow. As hard a task as it was we finally got up and swept the snow outside. To stop the snow from blowing in, we used newspapers and anything else we could find. Then we had a very good breakfast of pancakes and bacon with coffee. That afternoon we walked over to Walter Kaiser's place, where we were invited to a nice Christmas dinner. There were seven of us at the table, the host, Walter Kaiser, his two sisters, Martin Hoffman, Tom Finn, my brother Peter, and myself.

We spent the rest of the winter hunting rabbits, grouse, and other game, attending dances, boxing matches, and so on. Ed Coleman and Clare had proved up and left for Wayne in August, 1910. I proved up in June, 1911, I went to work for the Homestake Mine in Lead. On August 14th, 1912 I left the mine and went to Rudolph, Wisconsin to study. After three years there, I went to Conception, Missouri and from there to St. Viator's College at Chamberlain, South Dakota. Later that college was transferred to Sioux Falls. After finishing the philosophy course at Chamberlain, I went to St. Mary's Seminary in Baltimore, Maryland. On May 26th 1921, I was ordained to the priesthood, and on my return to South Dakota, I was sent back to Fairpoint as the pastor of St. Anthony's church. My missions were Red Owl, where we built a new church, and Mud Butte where we also built a church. We built a rectory in Fairpoint. The church in Fairpoint had been built by Father Klein, who was pastor at Newell with Fairpoint as a mission.

My first Sunday as pastor of Fairpoint was the Sunday after July fourth. I do not remember the exact date. On July fourth I visited my old friend and neighbor of homestead days, Ben Heuer. My first residence in Fairpoint was an abandoned store north of Sevarieds. I stayed there a month and then moved to a garage south of Sevareid. Then we began building the rectory. The Sevareids were not members of the Catholic Church, but no Catholic family could ever be kinder to me than they were. My old friend, Frank Doud had left the country at that time and I believe he was later sheriff of Butte County.

After two and a half years at Fairpoint, I was transferred to Faith, where I spent two years and four months. Very many of the Catholic people had moved away from Fairpoint, so the church was sold and the rectory was moved to Red Owl, where it still stands. Before I finish with Fairpoint, I want to answer the question: "What did you think of the homestead days?" My answer is, that I loved them. I do not know why. Had we Honyockers taken the advice of the old timers we would know much better than the government, that it would be impossible to make a living out of one hundred and sixty acres of land. We just came in and spoiled the country for those who were there before us and we lost money on the deal. Still, the experience and the hardships endured, made up for the loss. To me it was worth more than three years of college. In those days western hospitality was unsurpassed. The people were wonderful, God bless them.

After spending two years and four months at

T. W. Healy, at 77.

Faith, I was sent to Timber Lake, where I spent twenty-seven years as pastor. I am sure that the homestead days helped me there. My predecessor, Father Kipp, was the first pastor of Timber Lake, having come there from Isabel in 1914. He built a rectory and a new school. The church was two blocks away. Times changed with crop failures and depression. When Father Kipp left in 1926, I took over in August of that year. That fall the parishioners and I had the church moved next to the rectory. We doubled its size. I went east and collected sufficient funds to pay for the improvements and also to pay off $30,000 on the school. I was obliged to continue collecting from outside sources for the up-keep of the property during the depression. When, at last the time arrived for the parish to be self-supporting a catastrophe occurred. On Easter Sunday at 11:00 P.M. a tornado hit and destroyed the Catholic and Lutheran churches, "Man proposed, God disposes."

In 1946, conditions were improving. Crops were better and prices higher. The parishioners wanted a new church, so we decided to build one. The church was to cost $80,000 including furnishings. We had $16,000 on hand from the insurance. I promised to collect $32,000 from outside sources and the people pledged the rest. On September 14th, 1949, the new church was dedicated and free from debt.

We were again ready to carry on in what we thought would be comfort. On January 14th (I believe that was the date), fire completely destroyed the school. In November, 1952, our new school was dedicated and paid for, (if I remember rightly) with the $8,000 left in the church treasury.

On January 15th, 1953, I was appointed pastor of St. Patrick's parish in Lead, the place I left for study forty-one years before. Since coming here eleven years ago this coming January, we have renovated all the parish buildings, school, rectory, church, and convent. Were it not for my homestead experiences and training to meet difficulties, I am sure I would have become discouraged many times.

This is the story of an Irish immigrant from County Mayo, one who always loved South Dakota and its people.

Josephine (Grandma) Garner

JOSEPHINE AND ABE GARNER

By Ella Ramsey

Abe Garner came to the west in 1905, locating on a homestead in central Meade County, what is now known as the Chalkbutte community. In 1908, Mrs. Josephine Garner and the family came to make their home. Mrs. Garner, known to all as "Grandma Garner" worked as a midwife, helping care for the sick, bringing many babies into the world. In the early days, Grandma Garner drove by buggy and team, day or night, and in rain or snow.

Besides raising her own family, she raised three grandchildren, Roy, Irene and Everette. Everette still lives in the Chalkbutte community.

Grandma Garner moved to Sturgis in 1936, she lived in one of the pioneer homes made of sod from the Dakota prairie. She passed away in Sturgis in 1939.

Eugene Paklin, Sr.

The Shepherd & his flock.

The shepherd and his flock.

EUGENE I. PAKLIN

Material by son Eugene
by Adelaide Speed

Eugene I. Paklin came from France to Canada in the year 1900, and in 1901 arrived in the Black Hills, working mostly in the timber country.

A friend Germaine (Red) Pellegrin made the trip part way from France to America with Gene, both boys settling later in Central Meade County.

In 1907 Gene homesteaded near White Owl, S. Dak., later filing on a desert claim in Central Meade County approximately 5 miles south east of Chalkbutte, the present home site where his son now lives. In the early years Gene, herded sheep and in exchange for wages, took sheep until he finally had a sizable flock of his own.

In 1915 Gene married Ruth Belshan, a young girl living with her aunt, Mrs. Erickson. To this couple four children were born, and today are: Marie Derby, Lead, S. Dak.; Eugene, Union Center, S. Dak.; Eunice Moreland, Salem, Oregon; and Mildred Shinost, Enning, S. Dak.

One hot day in the summer of 1926, Gene was out caring for his sheep when clouds gathered, rain began to fall, and before the sheep could be moved an 8 ft. wall of water was boiling down "Bull Creek," causing it to overflow taking trees, fences, sheep and sheep dog in its path. Gene lost some 250 head of sheep.

Gene worked hard and as time progressed, again had a sizable flock of sheep. He always did all his own shearing and had the first hand power-driven shearing machine to be used in this community. This was quite an advancement from the crude "blade" of the past years. This machine was powered by a crank usually turned by the older children.

Floods, fires and blizzards plagued the homesteaders, along with the many other hardships.

In the year 1931 a blizzard came without much warning. Gene was out caring for his sheep about a mile from the house and could not get the sheep gathered together in time to corral them, so decided to stay behind the sheep as they drifted with the storm. The blizzard came with such intensity and with the darkening sky and the blinding snow, within a few hours he lost his sense of direction, and just kept on walking. He walked with the blizzard all night and into the daylight hours of the morning, the storm having abated but continuing bitter cold, when he arrived in Cottonwood, S. Dak., a distance of some 100 miles. Part of this time he walked in a state of shock, suffering considerable from cold, fatigue and anxiety.

It was while walking on the railroad tracks that Gene re-gained consciousness and realized he was miles away from home. Gene then went into a business place, asked where he was, and was given the answer, "Cottonwood." No one there realized the plight that he had encountered, and so no help was offered. Gene then set out again on foot for home. It was while walking past the Oscar Deering home, that the Deerings saw a man walking, it being the custom of the Deerings to open their home to all. They called to the man walking to come in for a cup of coffee. Gene was then given his first meal and upon discovering who he was, word was sent out of his whereabouts.

During the meantime at home, word had gotten around that Gene was missing since the storm of the day before and immediately a search party was organized. Neighbors set out to find what they feared would be the frozen body of Gene. They searched up and down the creek, prodding with long poles through the drifted snow only to find one sheep after another. Sheep were found as far as the Ward Estes place, a distance of some 5 or 6 miles.

It was late afternoon when word was received that the Deerings had Gene in their home, suffering from cold and exposure. As soon as a road could be made passable, the minister from Union Center, Rev. Clark drove by car to the Deering home and returned Gene to his home.

This too was a big hardship and backset for the Paklins but Gene didn't give up and again set out to re-build his sheep flock.

Gene was an ardent believer in education and the times were hard, his children were given an opportunity to attend Brookings Agricultural school.

Gene served as a member of the local school board for a good many years.

His son Eugene Paklin and family live on the home place and are active in community, church and school affairs.

Gene's honest, sincere hard working integrity was honored by all, and his death in 1944 came as a personal loss to his many friends.

W.H. SHRADER FAMILY

By Gussie S. Ribordy

W.H. Shrader family, better known to people of the Chalkbutte area as Billy and Florence with their children, Henry and Vivian moved to Meade County in 1906 from Cass County, Nebraska. Billy came in the spring of 1906 to look over the country, returning to file on a claim and build a sod house in September.

At that time Billy shipped an immigrant car to Rapid City, as there was no Farmingdale, Wasta, or New Underwood then. The Shraders brought their belongings from Rapid City by team and wagon. It took from four to five days for a round trip. Their things had been stored in a shed belonging to Duhamel and Ackerman of Rapid City. At this time Rapid City business district was about one block square.

Mrs. Shrader and the children made their entrance to the new sod house on Thanksgiving day, November 1906. The only decoration was a cottontail white puff hanging over the door.

Road travel was difficult, just trails to follow, rivers to ford - no bridges at this time, and few fences. People could get lost easily in blizzard weather. In two years time nearly all the land was settled with someone on every forty, eighty or one hundred sixty acres. Most any evening you could count from twenty-five to forty lights of homestead neighbors. In the dry year 1911 many people became discouraged and the settlers began to leave.

The Shrader children attended the first school in this district held in a tent; later a sod house on the former Joe Apsher place. Still later a frame school house was built which is still in use. The Shraders first got their mail at old Stoneville until Chalkbutte was established in 1908 by Jim Brooks, later run by Mrs. A. M. Gaffin for a number of years.

Some of the old bridges that still stand between Sturgis and Faith were freighted with team and wagon by Billy Shrader. He also did other freighting besides bridge lumber. Many of the wells in the early days were dug by Billy with a horse well machine. Some of the wells are still in use. He also did blacksmith work in this community for a number of years. Both Billy and Florence were active in community affairs.

One nice February morning in 1907, Billy decided to get a load of wood some then miles away. As he was leaving he saw three gray wolves, which he was not able to shoot as they ran off into the hills, so he continued after his wood. Later the wolves returned to the buildings, bit a mare and colt which died a short time later. This was quite a loss for pioneers in those days. Billy had his wood snaked upon a hill ready to load by about eleven o'clock when a bad blizzard developed. He threw on a few logs and headed for home. The storm got so bad he could scarcely see his team. Bill says "thanks to my team that I ever got home at all." Letting the team pick their own way, about three-thirty in the afternoon the team drew up by their sod house. He recognized his tracks a couple of times where the wind blew snow from the tracks he had made earlier. This is a typical experience of hardships and adventures which I've heard my parents tell about, and there were others, too.

Lumber for the Ladies' Aid hall. FIRST WAGON: Billy Shrader and John Wynn, Baptist minister. SECOND: Rube Tifft. THIRD: Carl Jorgenson. Hauling donated.

Some years later another child, Gussie, was born to the Shraders. During the twenties Vivian was married to Lloyd Reed of Sturgis, and lived on the Shrader homestead, Henry married Bernice Huglin of Herford and took their turn on the place. In the forties Gussie and her husband Louis Ribordy of Colby, Kansas took over the ranch and are the present owners.

Timbers hauled from Rapid City to move the B. Shrader house. These two timbers made a load for one wagon.

Billy Shrader standing on the well drilling machine, Guy Dobbs leaning on it.

WM. H. (BILLY) SHRADER FAMILY
BY Vivian Reed and Henry E. Shrader

In the fall of 1905, Billy and his father were farming and feeding cattle in Cass County, Nebraska, about 40 miles south of Omaha. They went up to Omaha to purchase some replacement steers for their feed lots. While at the Omaha stock yards, Billy met two ranchers from Meade County, S. Dak. These men, Jack and Joe Porter were quite definitely the influencing factor, or I should say provided the influence, that caused Billy to move to Meade County. Jack and Joe Porter run quite a spread of both cattle and horses, with their headquarters on Bull Creek, about a mile south and a mile east of the present location of Union Center. This place was later known as the Roy King place, I think one of the Strongs live there now. They told Billy of the wonderful country available to homesteaders and the miles of prairie grass where stock could be run without interference from anybody. All open country, government land. This sounded to Billie like it would be a great place to carve out a home for his family. After he went home and talked it over with his wife, Florence, they decided that they would move to Dakota the next year.

In 1906, Billy sold his interests in the farming and feeder business and got ready for their new adventure. His father, Joe Shrader came out with him to Rapid City. They hired a livery team and drove out to the Porter ranch. Joe Porter drove them over the country and showed them various streams, valleys etc. Billy decided to locate on the head of White Owl Creek, and filed on section 23, township 8, range 12. He bought a team and wagon and borrowed a walking plow. He built his sod claim shanty on the spot where Louis and Gussie (Shrader) Ribordy now live. Every time it was necessary to go to town for supplies, he would bring back lumber, posts, wire etc. to further stake down his claim.

After the sod house was built, his father went back to his home in Nebraska. Bill went along and loaded an immigrant car with machinery, household equipment, some poultry, and over a thousand quarts of canned vegetables, fruits etc. that Florence had canned in preparation for moving to this new land. She knew nothing of that kind would be available until they could plow the land and raise a crop. Billy came back with the immigrant car. They stored their freight in a large building owned by Duhamel and Ackerman in Rapid City. He made another trip to the homestead to finish any uncompleted items of building the house. He sent for his wife, Florence and the two children, Vivian, age 6 and Henry age 4, to come by passenger train to Rapid City.

On a crisp day in late November he met his family in Rapid City, loaded up a load of the most necessary items, rolled out some bedding on top of that for us two children to ride on, and then a big canvas over kids and all. He tied down the corners and we started for the claim 75 miles to the northeast. After you crossed the railroad tracks in Rapid

City at about what is now 4th and 5th Street, you were out in the prairie. The first stop for a night was the Tarrant ranch, about 6 miles north of the present Viewfield. The next night at the Porter ranch. There were no other buildings on the route and fences were non-existent. An extra day was spent at the Porter ranch to rest up and clean up. Aunt Esther Porter, as everybody called her, was a wonderful cook and a very friendly and helpful neighbor. The next day, Thanksgiving Day of 1906 we drove to our sod shanty home on the plains.

There were very few neighbors that lived within 6 or 8 miles. The Dave Browns lived three miles north, Tandy Hale family - four miles west and the George Maxwell place 3 miles south and the Porter ranch on south of there. Our first post office was White Owl which was 15 miles southeast; or Stoneville, 15 miles northwest. We were lucky to get mail once a month in those first years.

We lived in the sod house until 1916, when our folks bought a three bed-room two story frame house. They hired a house mover from Rapid City to come out and move the house. Another daughter was born that spring. This was Gussie, who later married Louis Ribordy and they now own and live on the place.

In the fall of 1907, or spring of 1908 we had a severe three day blizzard. Sheep owned by neighbor, Dave Brown was scattered over miles of prairie. Our father, Billy, went to help gather up what sheep they could find. This took about a week. A man named Bill Brown, no relation of Dave Browns, was helping on the ranch as herder and he also helped gather the sheep.

The next few years saw many new people come in. Among those that came and stayed and made a home were Allen and Addie Rhoden and family, Florence Shrader's parents. The two older Rhoden boys, Bob and Grover filed on claims nearby and John Rhoden acquired land adjacent to the old Porter ranch. Other old time neighbors were the Bremmers, Tom Fitzgeralds, Hugh Chowen, Ramsays, Joe Apsher, Frank Nickelson, Lew Wolffs, Lew Smiths, (this was later owned by the John Hattenburg). There was also the Jim Brooks, Horace Gaffins, Jack Everetts (who later was county commissioner and states attorney of Meade County). Other neighbors were the Erick Nelson family, the Yahrs, George Fords, Henry-Clarence and Joe Britton and many others whose names we cannot recall at this time.

School was soon a problem as could be expected. The neighbors decided to donate money and labor and get a school house built. The question of location was as great at that time as it has been ever since. It was finally agreed to chain off the distance and locate the school house halfway. This brought the location in the bottom of a dry draw that would have considerable water in the rainy periods and spring run off. Tom Fitzgerald agreed to give enough land to place the school on a good location out of the creek. The school building is still being used, although it has been moved for several years. At one time we can remember when we had over 40 pupils in this school.

Those were rugged days and only the most rugged individuals stayed with the land, and established a permanent home.

We could recite many incidents which come to mind, but will mention only one or two--such as the time when Mother Shrader was home with the two children when the gray wolves drove the three horses right up to the buildings. She left the two children in the house, and went out on the cellar and hammered tin pans together to scare the wolves away.

Another time a few years later, coyotes came and took baby pigs right out of the pig pens.

Even though times were rugged, neighbors were neighbors, and everybody knew their neighbors for miles in any direction. Florence Shrader died in 1943 in Oakley, Kansas. Billy died in Rapid City in 1957. Vivian (Shrader) Reed lives at 824 N. 7th St. in Rapid City; Henry at 406 E. Jackson St. in Rapid City; and Gussie on the old homestead.

Pete Row and Clarence Britton homesteaders near Chalkbutte gathering prairie fuel.

Allen Rhoden ranch, 1914. Bob and Grover Rhoden by the door, Mr. and Mrs. Rhoden to the left, John Rhoden and Carl Freeman, Carl Rhoden and his calf.

Bob and Dorothy Rhoden's homestead. Bob holding son Frank, Daisy and Virgil standing beside their mother.

THE RHODEN FAMILY

By Robert Rhoden and Bessie York

In February of 1907 Mr. and Mrs Allen Rhoden and family consisting of three sons and two daughters, Robert (Bob), Bessie, John, Lillie and Carl arrived by rail in Rapid City, S. Dak. Bob coming in a stock car with horses, furniture etc. A goodly supply of barrels of good Nebraska fruits and jams. They moved out near what later was Chalkbutte and built a sod house on the homestead. Mrs. William Shrader, (Florence), another daughter, and family had moved out to Meade County the year before, as well as Grover Rhoden, an older son. Those were trying times, the building of homes, school houses and other buildings, and all materials freighted from Rapid City and Sturgis by teams, breaking up sod, getting grain and gardens growing, different seasons to contend with and learning pioneer methods. It has been said it takes one span of pioneering to open up the country for those who come after.

The old timers (scissor-bills the new comers dubbed them) who run large bunches of horses, mules and cattle, felt the newcomers, (honyockers, as they called them) were encroaching on their domain.

Eventually difficulties were overcome and families were grown up and married.

The mail was brought out by stagecoach, six horse outfits, until buggies and cars replaced them. New stores and post offices sprang up to sell needed food stuff. Many family men freighted groceries to help provide needed food for their families. Sunday Schools were started and finally a church built at Chalkbutte. Shortly after that a Ladies' Aid hall was also built at Chalkbutte. Billy Shrader and Rube Tifft, sons-in-law of Allen Rhoden, donated the hauling of three loads of lumber to build the Ladies' Aid hall.

Coyotes and wolves were numerous and took their toll of livestock and poultry, which the newcomers needed.

People gathered together as often as they could. The Sumner family giving dances which were attended by people coming from near and far. Parents going with children for visiting and recreation enjoyed the get-togethers as well.

In the spring of 1907 many came in to homestead on upper White Owl. The Henry Bremers, Tom Fitzgeralds, Austin Smith, Dvoraks, Joe Apsher and others were among those who homesteaded there.

It was a hard, rugged life compared to what we now have. We, however, adjusted to the conditions and found satisfaction and happiness.

It was hard to get children to town for higher education, but we did the best we could. Time and prayers made many changes. Good roads, schools and modern comforts came and finally R.E.A. really brightened things up.

ALLEN R. RHODEN

by John L. Rhoden

Allen R. Rhoden moved from Greenwood, Nebraska in March, 1908 with his wife, Sarah, and seven children. Mr. Rhoden filed on a homestead near what is known now as the Chalkbutte community. That summer the Rhodens built a three room sod house and a sod barn. They did not build their house of lumber, because all lumber had to be hauled from Sturgis. It took from four to five days to make a trip into Sturgis, and back again for a load of freight. If you were caught in a rain storm on the way it took much longer as the wet gumbo rolled up on the wagon wheels and you were unable to proceed.

A three month school term was furnished the children of the community. When the three month period had almost expired Sarah Rhoden and some other women in the neighborhood convinced the people that the children needed more than a three month school term. The settlers held dances and box socials. In that way they were able to obtain enough money to pay a teacher an additional month.

Of the children--only five are left: Frank Rhoden lives in Omaha, Nebr., Robert Rhoden in Sturgis, S. Dak.; Bessie, Mrs. D. York, also in Sturgis; and John Rhoden still lives in the Union Center community; Lillian resides in Los Angeles, Calif.

Allen Rhoden passed away in May, 1915. His wife, Sarah Adeline, passed away in Dec. 1942, and are buried at Red Owl cemetery.

Pearl Sumner in 1911, she married Ray King and moved to Canada.

THE SUMNER FAMILY
by Robert Rhoden and Bessie York

In the spring of 1907 the Charles Sumner family came to what was later the Chalkbutte country, filing on a homestead and starting a home. They built a fairly large house for that time. The lumber was hauled from Sturgis. He was a carpenter, and his two daughters, Dorothy and Pearl, were handy with saws and hammer and assisted him when needed. They had many dances and get togethers. Charley was the violinist and Dorothy and Pearl and Bessie Rhoden accompanied him at the organ. Dancing continued until daylight and many ate breakfast before leaving for home as daylight was needed by many who came so far.

On January 1, 1908 Bob Rhoden and Dorothy Sumner were married and Bob filed on a homestead near them. He helped Sumner dig wells and they broke sod together in 1/2 mile strips.

Clair Butler, who worked for Jim Brooks, general merchant, also helped in digging wells, as did an old timer, Bill Brown, a Texan.

In the spring of 1913, the Sumner and Bob Rhoden families left for Alberta, Canada. In 1917 the Rhodens came back but the Sumners remained in Canada. The Rhodens worked in the neighborhood and bought property, later running the Jack Everett's place for 16 years.

Jack and family moved to Washington, D.C., and finally settled in Los Angeles, Calif., where Jack passed away in or near 1954. His widow still resides in Los Angeles. She was back in Sturgis around 1960 visiting friends.

Later Bob and Dorothy Rhoden worked in Omaha, Nebraska for some years after their family married and were gone. They finally sold their property in the country. They then purchased a home in Sturgis, where Bob still lives.

Dorothy passed away February 1, 1960.

Mrs. Sumner passed away in the 50's and Charley lived until the 60's and passed away at the ripe old age of 95 or 96.

LEFT TO RIGHT: Grandma Smith, Lew Smith, Grandpa Smith, Mary Smith, Elsie (Smith) Bowels, holding her son Bob.

MR. AND MRS. JOEL SMITH
By Mrs. Ed Lovegren

Mr. and Mrs. Joel Smith, (Grandpa and Grandma) came to Meade County in the early days. Their son Lew, his wife and family came along. They lived on the same place but had separate sod houses. Their daughter Elsie Smith Bowels and her small son lived with them part of the time. She later married Andrew Lovegren.

Grandpa and Grandma passed away several years ago and they were both missed very much in the community. Lew's wife, Mary passed away several years ago. His children live in N. Dak., Montana, Washington, and Oregon. Lew passed away March 16, 1961 at the home of his daughter in Oregon.

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Mr. and Mrs. Yahr on their claim in May, 1910.

HERMAN YAHR PASSES AWAY

From an old newspaper clipping.

Herman Robert Yahr, 77, died at the family home near Chalkbutte Tuesday night, following a lingering illness of long duration.

The remains were taken to Sturgis where they were prepared for burial, and accompanied by his wife, Mrs. Augusta Yahr, left Wednesday evening for Watertown, Wisc., where funeral services will be held and burial made.

Mr. Yahr was born in Germany, March 3, 1860, coming to this country with his parents and one brother when 21 years of age, locating at Milwaukee, Wisc., where he assisted another brother who had already come to this country, in the bakery business. A few years later the deceased with his parents moved to Watertown, Wisc. where they opened a bakery of their own.

At the age of 28 he was united in marriage to Augusta Kramar, at Watertown, Wisc. To this union six children were born, twins who died in infancy, Arthur A. Yahr, who preceded his father March 8, 1937, two sons, Ernest and Herman D., and one daughter Mrs. Clyde H. Gaffin, all residing at Chalkbutte.

In 1898 the family moved to Deadwood, S.D., where Mr Yahr engaged in the bakery business later moving to Sturgis, where they resided for several years and in 1910 the family located on a homestead near Chalkbutte, where they have since resided.

Besides the immediate family, deceased leaves one brother, Emil Yahr, Portland, Ore., four grandchildren and a host of friends to mourn his death.

The passing of Mr. Yahr takes from our midst another old timer, who was held in high esteem by his fellow men. He will be missed in the community.

TOP ROW: Chas. Van Demark, Chas. Hackett, Pearl Garner, holding Russel Hackett, Ludie Garner. CENTER ROW: Martha Hackett and Irene, Mrs. Garner, Lola Van Demark. BOTTOM ROW: Roy Garner, Ray Young, Roy Young, Walter Judd.

CHARLES VAN DEMARK

by Laura Lovegren

Charles Van Demark came from Michigan in the early days and homesteaded in the Chalkbutte community. His wife Lola homesteaded next to him. She came from Michigan, also. They were married in Meade County.

Charles was a carpenter by trade. Times were hard and in order for them to live, Charles got a job at Fort Meade doing carpenter work. He would walk to Fort Meade on Monday mornings and walk home Saturday nights, a distance of 50 miles.

Charles helped build a lot of the buildings in the community including homes, schoolhouses, and the Chalkbutte Baptist Church. He had a large barn on his ranch which was used for all the neighborhood gatherings such as school programs, dances, and basket socials. The barn was moved to the Paul Ferguson ranch south of Enning and is now being used.

They were a happy family, always ready to help in time of need. They all worked in church, Sunday School, and Mission Circle work. The Van Demarks had 2 children; George who lives with his family in Florida and Margaret Felton in Dansville, Michigan.

They left the home place in 1939 and returned to Michigan. There Lola passed away several years ago.

The land is now owned by Edgar Lovegren.

Hughie Chowen with team, Lyman Owen and Gordy Ramsay on horses, Roy Day and Pete Thompson in buggy.

AMOS HUGH CHOWEN

by Adelaide Speed

The fall of 1907, and at the age of 23, my father, Hughie Chowen, came from Waubay, S. Dak. and filed on a claim in Central Meade County.

Many of the young homesteaders found it necessary to take employment wherever jobs could be found in order to make the necessary improvements and finance a home, once they had proved up on their homesteads.

In the year 1909 my father and Lowell Zink freighted by team and wagon, working for the Sturgis Lumber Company. They hauled lumber from Sturgis to Faith, hauling the first load of lumber into the town of Faith. The lumber business was good, as all homesteaders needed lumber for their claim houses and what necessary improvements they could finance.

The first post office was White Owl, S. D., and neighbors would take turns going by team and wagon after the mail. Mail was very important to the homesteaders since relatives, friends, and sweethearts were often left behind in this new adventure in the West.

In 1912 my parents were married, my mother, Mary Running, being a Waubay, S.D. girl, who by this time was a dressmaker and had her own shop in Lily, S.D.

The early homesteaders went through the good and the bad years, some years prices were good, other years prices were low. But always with the feeling that what you had to buy was higher than what what you had to sell.

The necessary groceries and clothing were bought but once a year. The trip to Sturgis was made by team and wagon and, with road conditions good, it could be made in three or four days.

The homesteaders seemed to develop a special bond of friendship, and this was true in times of sickness as well as in times of merriment. Dancing seemed to be the main form of entertainment, and my! oh my! how prefection went into some of the old square dances.

Coal for heating had to be hauled a long distance by team and wagon, and so the "prairie chips" were often used as a supplement for coal; chips were often picked by the wagon load and stored in an old shed, ready for use when the necessity came.

As time progressed a barb wire telephone was strung from neighbor to neighbor and a continual long ring by the crank on the telephone meant a neighbor was in distress. I remember one occasion when lightning struck a straw stack behind the barn, neighbors were alerted, and the barn and shed were saved.

As the time sped on, numerous other little towns sprang up and we could now buy groceries and good hardware at White Owl and Marcus. Banks were then established at White Owl, later at Marcus and Red Owl.

Labor was always exchanged among the homesteaders, and the more fortunate neighbors exchanged or loaned machinery and tools to their less fortunate neighbors. Some of the near homesteaders, having settled a year earlier than my father, were the Henry Bremer family, Gordie Ramsay, Allan Ramsay and family, and the James and Tom Fitzgerald families.

Another new homesteader at this time was Mable Ellstrom, who in 1909 married Lewis Wolff, and together they became one of our dearest and most thoughtful friends and remained that way throughout their life span.

My father, Hughie Chowen, raised some cattle and sheep and was a great lover of horses. In March of 1925 our mother was taken from us when giving birth to the seventh child, which lived only a few hours. Mother and the baby were buried together in the community cemetery at Red Owl, S. Dak. Our father, from the year 1925 on, had to be both mother and father to his six living children. Through years of trials and tribulations he carried on and has been able to see us all grow to adulthood and in homes of our own. This credit he gives to his many good friends, his relatives and to the Good Lord.

His six children are: Bernice Grant, Vale, S. Dak.; Charles and James, Manson, Wash.; Martha Grant, and Mildred Keeney, Wenatchee, Wash.; and Adelaide Speed of Union Center, S. Dak.

My father was a member of the Modern Woodmen Lodge and served several terms on the school board.

Much love, honor, and respect has been given to Grandma Garner who I believe, delivered all of us children, as well as many of the community children, into the world, often receiving not a cent of money for her good services.

In 1938 my father moved to the state of Washington, and has for the past 17 years owned and operated an apple orchard. He is now 79 years of age and in comparatively good health and doing some of the orchard work.

ALLAN RAMSAY
By Mollie Moreland

Allan Ramsay and family moved to their homestead on White Owl Creek, in November of 1907, having filed in 1906.

"Al" and "Et," as they were known and called by their many friends, worked with true pioneer spirit. "Al" helped get a school established, our first schoolhouse still stands, it was a little red tin covered claim shack. Mabel Wolff was our first teacher.

The brakes north of and along the Belle River, southeast of Enning and White Owl, then government land, and was heavily timbered with mostly cedar. Al cut and hauled many loads of posts and firewood out of there, not only for our own use, but he sold posts and wood to a great many homesteaders, hauling it by team and wagon, thirty and forty miles.

We used to go to those same brakes in season and pick lots of wild fruit. To us kids, sisters Edna and Alla, my brother Wilbur and myself, it was all a big adventure, and though it was hard at times, we did enjoy it all.

Riding our horses was our great pastime.

Our claim shack didn't even have a floor for several years, but Mother could always make something out of nothing, and we managed to get along with what we had. She made the very best homemade bread.

She was always willing to help any one in need, so many times she was called to help where there was sickness or death. She often had to take the place of nurse or doctor when some one had a baby and was very proud of her pictures of my babies as she called them.

Prairie fires were something we all dreaded, and we saw a lot of them, in those early days. One time a big fire burned on both sides of our claim shack. But thanks to a lot of hard work on the part of everyone and help of the neighboring homesteaders who had came for miles, they finally got it out. By then it was dark, and they came in and had coffee and big hunks of mother's bread and butter. Then they went on to fight a fire blazing against the sky a few miles farther east of us. As a kid remembering it, it seemed the shack was full of men, just standing and eating and drinking coffee. Tired and dirty from smoke and fire, but still laughing and kidding, and so thankful only the grass had burned. Then they went on to help save other homesteaders few belongings. No doubt that was all the supper many of them had that night.

One incident I remember, was when an elderly man died, he had been living with his niece about two miles from us. We got word to his brother, about twelve miles away, by horseback. So he came with his team and a spring wagon. As it was summer time, and quite warm, they had to take the body to Sturgis, while it was cool. So Pa and the dead man's brother drove all night arriving in Sturgis early the next morning. Pa was a carpenter so he helped build quite a few houses in the neighborhood, and on several occasions was called upon to make coffins. These were covered and trimmed with cloth and fixed up to look very good, the women did this part of it.

Every thing had to be hauled out from Sturgis and later from Faith, by team and wagons. It took four days to make the trip. Some times, when the men went to town, the neighbor ladies and the bachelor girl homesteaders would come to our place. We had a lot of fun visiting and popping corn. Some would stay over night with us. They used to call Mother, "Mother Ramsay."

The Jim Brooks family came from the same community we did, in Eastern Dakota.

Mrs. Brooks started the first Sunday School in about 1909. They met in sod claim shack not far from where the Chalkbutte post office was later. The children from all the surrounding community attended. Mrs. Brooks was the Sunday School teacher, and Mrs. Hiram Kellog, a homesteader's wife, led the singing, she was a lovely Christian lady, and we loved to hear her sing the old familiar hymns, especially, "Blessed Assurance."

Another I would like to mention was brother Winn. They called him the cowboy preacher, as he rode horseback, on a white horse to the meetings. He spent much time riding and preaching in the Chalkbutte communities. His work was organizing Sunday schools and churches. He was responsible for the Chalkbutte Baptist Church which has since been moved to Union Center.

Pa passed away in May of 1933 and Mother in March of 1936.

Those early homestead days are stamped in the minds and hearts of those who participated in them, never to be forgotten, many happy, and some sad, but all a great adventure for those who had a part.

W.G. RAMSAY
By Mollie Ramsay

Allan Ramsay and son, Gorda came out from eastern S. Dak. with team and covered wagon, in June of 1907, to establish homes on homesteads, having filed in June of 1906.

They built a 10 by 12 shack, and a sod barn on Gorda's homestead.

He held down his homestead and worked for ranchers in the community. He worked for Jim Brooks, Charles Strong, George Maxwell and Dave Brown.

Dave Brown ran a big sheep ranch on his place, later Tom Shaw had this place. George Maxwell had another big sheep outfit, north of Highway 34. The old Maxwell house still stands, as a land mark of those days, along Highway 34, between Enning and Union Center.

After making final proof on his homestead, he worked much of the time in the Hills, logging for the Homestake Company, coming home quite often to make improvements on his ranch. He had bought adjoining homesteads and land round about, until he runs a good sized ranch, with considerable creek bottom lands, seeded to alfalfa.

He has built a larger house, a nice barn, and corrals. He still lives on his place, runs over 100 head of cattle and does most of his own work.

Eric Nelson, W. G. Ramsay and Bob Smith hauling D. J. Brown's wool to Sturgis, 1908.

ALFRED ROBINSON

by Myrtle McDaniels

Alfred Robinson came from Beresford, S. Dak. with his wife and family, living in the Sturgis vicinity for two years. In 1908 he homesteaded on upper Elm Creek, near Clough, S. Dak. He built a frame house with lumber hauled with teams from Sturgis.

Mrs. Robinson cooked and provided shelter for the men and their horses. Freighting was done between Sturgis and the little prairie towns. The Robinson's had two more children while living on this homestead.

In 1914, they moved by covered wagon to Winsor, N. Dak. where he farmed until 1917, moving into the Black Hills of S. Dak. at that time.

Mr. Robinson came back to the Stoneville country in 1945 and lived with his daughter and family, the Leslie McDaniels on the old Herman Yahr ranch until 1960. He moved with them to Piedmont, S.Dak. where he passed away in January 1963.

Roy Day and Raymond Reasoner

The water wagon on the claim, 1908.

Oscar and Nora Evans

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Healey, 1909

JOSEPHINE AND ALBERT HEALEY
By Helen Evelth

Josephine Mae Young was born October 16, 1889 in Long Pine, Nebraska and as a young lady she left her clerking job in Draper, South Dakota, and came to Butte County and filed on a claim close to the town of Newell, South Dakota, the third day of December, 1909.

Albert John Healey was born in Dubuque, Iowa June 25, 1882, and as a young man filed on a claim near Draper, South Dakota, and he then ran a dray line and a water wagon until 1909.

December 23, 1909 Josephine Young and Albert Healey were married and went to Dubuque, Iowa on their honeymoon and remained there until March of 1910, when they moved to Newell, South Dakota, where Albert started freighting by team and wagon from Sturgis to Newell hauling in the lumber that built the first hotel in Newell and several other business places. Mrs. Healey waited tables in the first hotel in Newell that was owned and operated by Mr. and Mrs. George Smith. In July 1910 the Healeys moved out to the claim and proved up and then in 1911 they left the homestead and moved to Newell where Mr. Healey and Jim Clancy ran a livery stable, and Albert also ran the water wagon that supplied the town of Newell with water.

In 1911 Albert Healey carried mail for several years using a four horse team and taking two days to make a round trip, often having as many as three or four passengers, as well as carrying the mail. In 1915 the Healeys moved out to a ranch six miles south of Newell and then in 1923 Albert again took the mail carrying job from Newell to Govert, South Dakota. This time by truck, carrying mail for years. They then moved to a ranch in Bear Butte Valley, then near Chalkbutte, South Dakota, and ranched until in 1949 when ill health forced them to leave the ranch and they moved to Sturgis, South Dakota, and then in 1955 Mr. Healey passed away.

The Healeys have nine children, all living, Mattie Tomsha, Denver, Colorado - Edwin Healey, Union Center, South Dakota - Harold Healey, Fairfield, Calif. - Donald Healey, Portland, Ore.- Dorothy Ramsay, Newell, South Dakota - Alberta Dalzell, Lemmon, South Dakota - Clifford Healey, Belle Fourche, South Dakota - Vera Mailloux, Sturgis, South Dakota - Helen Eveleth, Union Center, South Dakota.

Josephine Healey still owns the ranch north of Union Center, South Dakota, and her oldest son Edwin Healey resides on it. Josephine Healey lives with her daughter Helen Eveleth at Union Center, S. D. helping clerk in the store and with the duties of the home.

John Dvorak and Harvey Fitzgerald

JOHN J. AND JOSIE DVORAK
by Dorothy Garner

My father, John J. Dvorak, came to central Meade county, some forty miles southeast of Newell, in the fall of 1908 and filed on our homestead, then he went back to the eastern part of the state, twenty miles south of Kimball, S. D. where we were living. In the spring of 1909 he moved out here with our horses, machinery, grain, household furniture and etc. which he shipped by railroad to Farmingdale, S. D. He built a storehouse on the ground owned by the Hammerquist brothers who owned a livery barn there. He then came out here but wasn't here very long when he took sick. The doctor sent for my mother, who was still in the eastern part of the state with her children. Mother came at once. My uncle, Herman Pipal, mother's brother, went back east and shipped out here our sixty head of cattle.

That spring, my older sister, Beatrice, was school age, but there wasn't a school house. The school board hired a teacher to teach school in a privately owned homesteader shack. The owner decided to use it himself, so they couldn't hold school there any longer. Parents of children set up a tent and had school in it. My sister's first school out here was in that tent. I wasn't old enough to go to school then.

During that summer a school building was started. We had school only in the fall and spring which was only about six months to a term. There wasn't school during the winter months. The same school house is still being used in our district.

My father built several buildings and fenced some of our land that year. In the spring of 1910, my little sister Ruth was born. It wasn't a bad year for the folks, but in January of 1911, a friend came to visit us; he had a sore throat when he came and the next day he was sick and stayed 11 days. We all caught it from him. It was diphtheria. The folks didn't know it until they called the doctor. My little brother, Samuel, died and my baby sister, Ruth, 9 months old, who was never well after that, died in September 1911.

It was a dry year until August when the rain came, so the feed was scarce. On December 1, 1911, the Meade County Bank at Sturgis, where my folks had their money, went broke. My parents lost the money they had saved for winter fuel and food, so it was a hard winter for them.

In February of 1912, my sister, Rachel, was born. As years went by some were good and some were not so good. During the good years, the folks bought more land. In 1920, the folks were among the first to join the Baptist Church of Chalkbutte, which was started at that time. My father hauled the first load of sand for the church foundation. As years went by, things were not so bad after all.

My father died the fall of 1935 and my mother stayed on the farm with the help she hired and my sister and myself. She died in the winter of 1948.

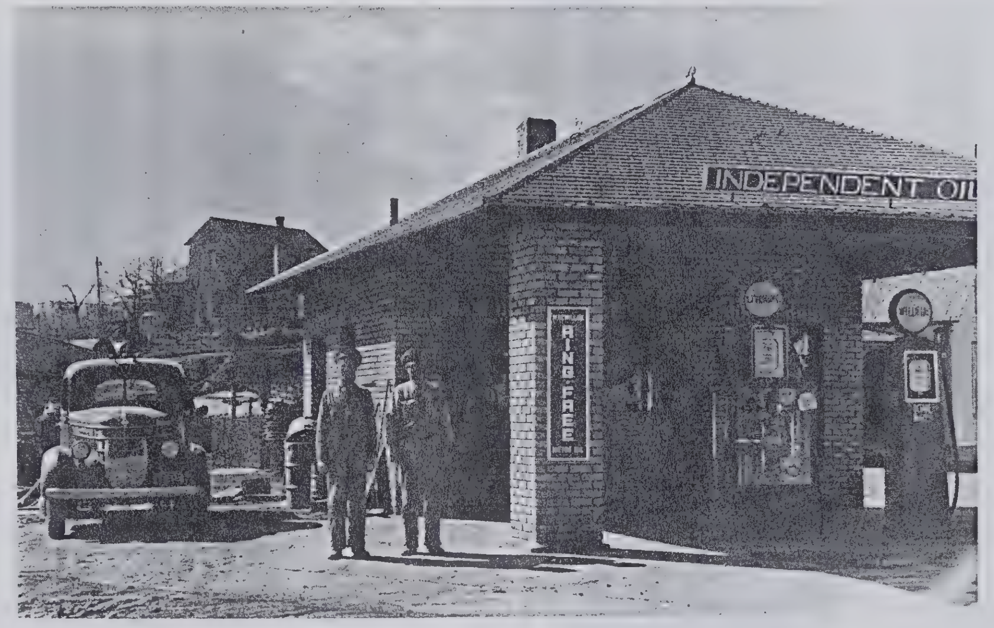
My husband, Everett Garner and our son, Joe, and myself are still on the farm.

Carl Swenson's threshing rig

Jessie, Eugene, Johanna, Cora and Marie Smith, 1918.

Mrs. J. H. Brooks

John and Helen Hatenberg



The Independent Oil Company was opened on Christmas day in 1927, by Alphonse John Bachand, (A. J.).

He was the son of the first settlers in Dakota, he was born and raised on a farm on Spring Creek, 14 miles east of Sturgis, in the Bear Butte Valley. He attended high school in Sturgis and homesteaded on the Belle Fourche River, northeast of Sturgis. In October 1906, he was married to Elsie Isabella Sellers, one of the first triplets born in the Black Hills. The couple operated their farm until the fall of 1927, when they moved into Sturgis for higher education for their three sons, Alfred James (Jack), Otto and Warren.

Jack worked for his father after school and weekends until 1930, when he started working full time. Father and son were formal partners from 1941 until March, 1953, when A. J. retired and Jack became sole manager. A. J. died in 1959.

For 36 years, the Independent Oil Company had depended mainly on local patronage. From a one-man operation it now employs four men full-time, a bookkeeper and part-time help. With two owners who never allowed themselves the 40-hour-week, holidays, or yearly vacations, until they had both spent 20 years of their lives serving the public, it has survived through 'dry spells' and depressions and prospered in good years with its customers.

JACK BACHAND

INDEPENDENT OIL COMPANY

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STURGIS, SOUTH DAKOTA
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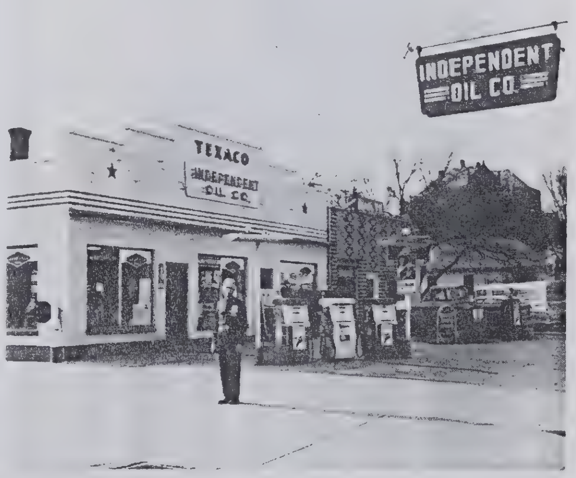


MEMORIES OF THE LITTLE HOUSE "OUT BACK"

When memory keeps me company.
  And moves to smiles or tears.
A weather beaten object looms
  Through the mist of years.
Its artitecture was a type
  Of simple classic art.
Yet in the tragedy of life.
  It played a leading part.

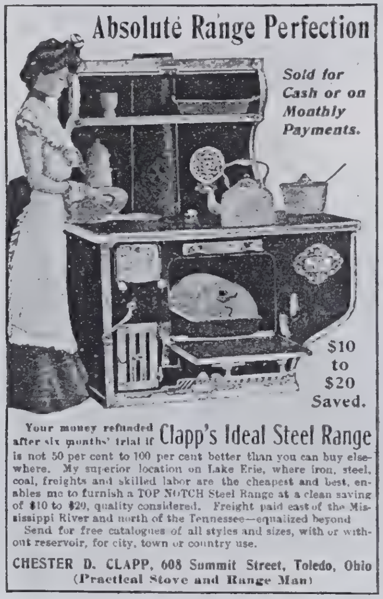
Hurrying feet a path had made.
  Straight to its swinging door.
Behind the house it seemed
  A half a mile or more.
Here the spiders spun their webs.
  To catch the buzzing flies
That flitted to and from the house
  Where Ma was baking pies.

Once a nest of hornets bold.
  Built their palace there.
And stung my unsuspecting Aunt
  I dare not tell you where.
There in Summer mornings.
  All cares left behind.
We'd read the mail order
  Catalogue hung upon a twine.

On lazy August afternoons.
  It made a little bower
Delightful, where my grandsire
  Sat and whiled away an hour.
When the crust was on the snow.
  And sullen skies were grey.
In sooth, the building was no place
  One would care to stay.
When Grandpa had to "go out back"
  To make his "morning call."
We'd bundle up the dear old man
  With a muffler, and a shawl.

I know the hole which Grandpa used.
  It was wide and large around.
When once I dared to sit there.
  'Twas way too big, I found.
As I jack-knifed there to stay.
  They had to come and pull me out
Or I would have passed away.

Father said: "Ambition is a
  Thing that boys should shun.
You should use the children's hole
  Till childhood days are done.
I ween the old familiar sight.
  'Twill sooth my faded soul.
I'm now a man, but none the less
  I'll try the children's hole.
E'er I die, I wish to eat the fruit
  Of trees I robbed in days of yore.
Then seek the shanty where my
  Name is carved upon the door.



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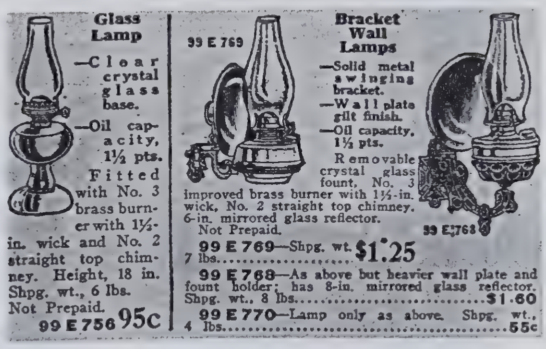

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—Clear crystal glass base.

—Oil capacity, 1½ pts.

Fitted with No. 3 brass burner with 1½-in. wick and No. 2 straight top chimney. Height, 18 in. Shpg. wt., 6 lbs. Not Prepaid.

99 E 756 95c

Bracket Wall Lamps

99 E 769

—Solid metal swinging bracket.

—Wall plate gilt finish.

—Oil capacity, 1⅓ pts.

Removable crystal glass fount, No. 3 improved brass burner with 1½-in. wick, No. 2 straight top chimney. 6-in. mirrored glass reflector. Not Prepaid.

99 E 768

99 E 769—Shpg. wt. 7 lbs.........................$1.25

99 E 768—As above but heavier wall plate and fount holder; has 8-in. mirrored glass reflector. Shpg. wt., 8 lbs.................................$1.60

99 E 770—Lamp only as above. Shpg. wt., 4 lbs...55c

THE LIGHTS OF OLD
by Bruce Wilson

When the early settlers wanted light they had no switch to snap or chain to pull.

As the shadows of night began to lengthen, you got out the lamps. The first thing was to dismantle your lamp; then fill the bowl with kerosene, screw the burner back on, trim the wick, wash the chimney. All the former was a daily chore. When this was all accomplished, you touched a lit match to the wick, put on the chimney and there was light.

The only portable light one had to do chores with was a more or less wind proof device called a lantern and it required almost the same daily procedure as the lamp.

For a night light the lamp was placed on the dresser or stand with the wick turned down low and a post card placed between one of the prongs that held the chimney on and the chimney itself. This card shaded the light of the lamp from one's eyes.

If you ran out of kerosene or the only lamp globe slipped from your hand and broke, one would light some tallow candles or pour some melted lard or tallow in a saucer. Then you'd place a narrow piece of cloth in the lard and light the end that hung over the edge. This type of light was called a tallow dip.

All these early lights cast eerie shadows and left some darkened areas. These places are where ghosts and goblins lived in the imaginative minds of small children.

One thing can be said in favor of the old lamps. They served long and they served well. And the heat that rose from the top of the chimney was a fine place to toast marshmallows.

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Old Timers.

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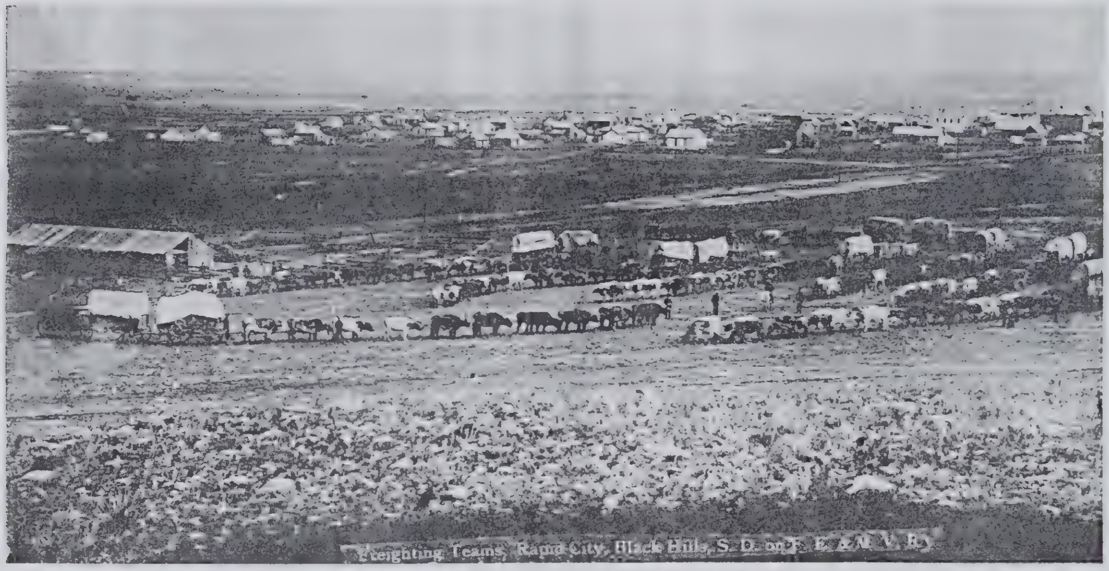
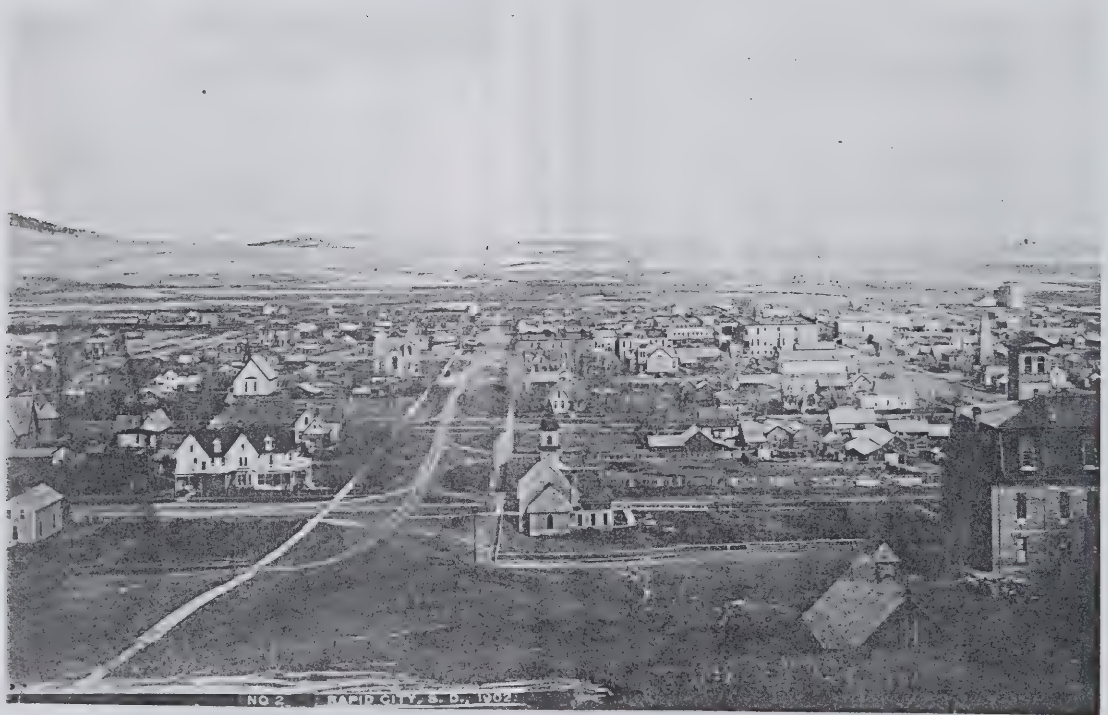

Freighting Teams, Rapid City, Black Hills, S. D. on F. E. & M. V. Ry.

RAPID CITY, S. DAK.

Above: Freighting teams in the early days in Rapid City.

Rapid City in 1902


NO 2 RAPID CITY, S. D., 1902

Sturgis in about 1912

C274 Sturgis "Black Hills," S. Dak. as seen from North West

Clathorne, S. Dak. 1911

Fox Ridge Post Office - 1910

Acme Store - 1911

ROAD HOUSE
GROCERY STORE
This is my grocery store here
at Dunnebecke So Dak

Dunnebecke, S. Dak.

Clover Post Office

Watkins

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Phone 347-5620

Red Owl

Red OWl Post offic

1909

1910

RED OWL SOUTH DAKOTA.

1914

1918

RED OWL

As in many other communities in the early days, Red Owl was started so the homesteaders would have a more convenient place to get their mail and supplies. The W. A. Thurstons were the first to have a store at Red Owl, located on their claim one-half mile up the creek from its present location in 1908. It received its name from the creek on which the Thurstons lived, the Red Owl Creek. Besides groceries, the store also stocked hardware, lumber, dry goods and machinery.

Gene Winchell bought the store in 1922 and was the proprietor until 1928 when it was sold to the R. W. Kovariks. While Winchells had the store, Mrs. Don Montgomery had the post office in another building. Rud Kovarik was the postmaster until 1962, when he retired and they moved to their home in Spearfish. The Vern Simons have the store at Red Owl now with Rosalie as the postmistress.

The years have seen many changes in this community, as at one time there were several other businesses at Red Owl. A. B. Ryan operated a stockyards at one time with Kemp Gentry as a hog buyer. Sam and Ada Simons had a cream station.

There was a bank from about 1918 until 1933. It was a branch of the Marcus Bank. Anyone that had $10,000 could get a charter for a bank. Henry Bremer, Joe Prevost, Reese Douglas, George Horlocker and Eb Shoun were the first directors.

A garage and blacksmith shop was owned by Frank Dapp, then L. Sherman had it from 1922 until 1926, when the Murphy brothers bought it. Julian sold out to Roy in 1928, and Roy operated it alone until 1947 when David Shaw became the mechanic. Roy did the blacksmith work and he and Violet trucked until 1952 when Roy passed away. The trucks were sold to Walt and Harold Cobb. David still operates the garage.

The International Company had an implement shop for a time run by Forest Thompson from Dupree.

There is a little cemetery just south of Red Owl which was started January 18, 1917. The land was purchased from Richard Phillips for $50.00. Mrs. Ray Gleason, O.W. Thurston, and J.F. Prevost were the first directors. Violet Murphy is the secretary-treasurer at the present time. Services are held there every Memorial Day.

A Congregational Parsonage was built here in 1923. Now there is just the Catholic Church. They have had a church here for over 35 years. The parsonage was once located at Fairpoint.

The Modern Woodmen Lodge was organized in 1925, and a hall built. Thomas Shaw, Phil Schuster, Jesse McRoberts, Rip VanSickle, and Charles Strong were the founders. The hall was remodeled and electric heat installed in the spring of 1963.

The Royal Neighbors had an active lodge for a number of years. Their hall was located just south of the present garage. In recent years the Catholic Church bought the hall and moved it near their church and parsonage.

A W.P.A. dam was built in 1936 with Jim Warren as foreman. The work was done by horses, and now the dam furnishes a good fishing place in the summer and skating in the winter.

The entertainment offered in the early days were dances, horse races, rodeos and music from the band and orchestra. A dance orchestra was organized around 1920, with Bill Michels, Blanche McRoberts, Mrs. Doran and Kenneth McRoberts as the original members. A band had been organized before that with Ray Gleason, Bill Michels, Cecil Williamson, Billy Montgomery, Don Montgomery, Fred Stallbaum, Hal Doran, Jesse McRoberts and B. Warsinske and En Herrick as some of the members.

Red Owl School in 1920, teacher, Sedona Bremer. Pupils, Blanche Broberg, Bessie Broberg, Vivian White, Beth Philip, Hazel Montgomery, Gertrude White, Edward Montgomery, Merle Reber, David Phillip, Merle Dopp, Wilbur Stalbaum, Fern Stalbaum, Herman Stalbaum.

Famingo boy, Albert Montgomery, Clarence and George Montgomery, Gladys Shaw, Verona Chaney, Esther Pock, Louis Chaney, McRoberts girl, Wyvern McRoberts, Kenneth McRoberts, unknown and Mrs. Jess McRoberts. - 1910

NOTES ON THE RED OWL SCHOOLS

By Arlene Kolbu

In 1913 and 1914 John Famingo was the treasurer, Walter Tarun, the clerk, and A.G. Frame the chairman. They levied 7 mills that year, and bought some new blackboards. Wood and coal was used for fuel. The teachers for that year were Jessie Davidson, who taught the first half of the year, and Mable Judson taught the last half. Their salary was forty-five dollars a month. The total amount spent that year was $396.99.

In 1914 and 15 had the same board members, except that Warren McRoberts was the clerk. They must have had three teachers that year, Mabel Judson started, then Jessie Davidson replaced her, and finally M.R.Mervin finished the term. Their salary was even less, as they received forty dollars a month. At that time the board members received five dollars a year for their services.

The next year, 1915 and 1916 Jesse McRoberts took John Famingo's place as treasurer, the other two served again. Fred Michel was the teacher, and his salary was $58 a month. Billy Simons moved the school house that year, for $12, and Eb Shoun received $15 for furnishing the engine. There is no record where the schoolhouse was moved, or where it had been located.

1916 and 1917 George Horlocker was elected chairman and Genevive Christenson was the teacher.

Maggie Moreland was the teacher for 1917 and 1918, and her salary was $63 per month, wages seemed to be coming up. The telephone lines were put up that year, around this area. George Horlocker, Harry White and Jesse McRoberts were the board members.

1918 and '19 Mabel Dapp taught and received a salary of $58 a month. 1919 and 20 the school was taught by Helma Lehto, and now the wages had risen to $90 a month. The next year Sedona Bremer Smith was the teacher, and again the wages had been increased to $121.50.

1929 and 30 tells the story of our economy at that time, as our teachers only received $44.55 a month, and our teachers that year were H. Stallbaum and Gertrude Kovarik. In 1933 Herman Stallbaum and Dorothy Iserman taught, and wages had come up to $45, then we really hit an all time low, as when Ethel Crowser and Anna Mikudik taught they received $25 a month, then Muriel Barry and Ruth Garhart taught for $20, and the year of 1936 Martha Morrell and Muriel Barry received $21 a month. And although that amount was very small for wages it still was about all the money one could get, many districts issued warrants, and the teacher had to hold them or sell them until the district received enough money in the treasury to pay the wages.

After that it wasn't too long until our country came out of the slump of the depression, and teachers began to get better wages, and today the average is around $300 a month, for twelve month period.

Most of this information came from the school boards records. For awhile there were two schools operating in the Red Owl area, at this time there is only one.

THE RED OWL CHURCH

Rev. Wynn began holding services at Red Owl Nov. 14, 1919. He went around the country on his saddle horse organizing Sunday schools. The Thurston Memorial Baptist Church was organized June 17, 1921 and one and one-half acres of land was given by Mrs. Thurston, and on August 25, 1921 she gave a deed to the church for this land.

Freddie and Eldo Singpiel, Lula Miskey Hale, Geneva Miskey Marsh, Hazel Miskey Hale, Teacher-Ada Riddlesbarger, Rufas Riddlesbarger and Archie Simons on his lap.

Father Healy with his first communion class at Red Owl.

The rectory constructed at Fairpoint in 1921, and now located in Red Owl.

Father O'Rourke and Father Healy

Picnic in 1910

Ladies' Aid at W. A. Thurston home, Mrs. Raffensparger, Mrs. Blair Lowder, Mrs. W. Thurston, Jean Riddlesbarger, Miss Pearl Bruner, Mrs. Frame, Mrs. Meisky, Mrs. Zelinda Thurston and others.

THE W.A. THURSTONS

by Mrs. Thurston

We came to Meade County from Plover, Wis. In the spring of 1908 we filed on a homestead, and there were others from Wisconsin that also came that spring. Everyone went to White Owl for their mail, which was 12 miles away. When one would go horse back they would take a grain sack and bring back the mail for everyone. This community called themselves the Wisconsin Colony. They asked my husband and me if we would consider caring for a post office, so we consented. They got up a petition with many signers and sent it to the Postmaster General, and Will Thurston was appointed postmaster and I was assistant postmaster. There weren't any stage routes established, so Mr. Thurston met the stage at Stoneville with a horse and a two wheel cart for six months, three times a week, free gratis. By that time there was a stage route established into Red Owl and on to Chalkbutte. Then the people in that vicinity felt we should have a store in connection with the postoffice. That same fall we opened a general store, which in time handled a little of everything, groceries, hardware, dry goods, lumber and machinery. We named the post office and town, Red Owl, as the Red Owl Creek was on our homestead.

In addition to this, they later published a weekly newspaper called the Meade County Messenger from the years 1910 to 1920.

There were about 12 other families from Wisconsin that came the same year. They were Mrs. M. F. Thurston, her brother, Enoch Herrick, Will Warsinske, Ole Fortney, Mr. and Mrs. O.W. Thurston and their son, Eugene Thurston and family and others.

Will Thurston did his own freighting for the store with 4 horses and a wagon from Sturgis. Later when the railroad came to Faith, he freighted from there with a Ford truck. In 1922 we sold the store to Mr. Winchell and son, Bud, and moved to Sturgis where we made our home. Mr. Thurston was a Representative for 3 terms, also dealt in real estate until his health failed. He passed away in Nov. 1960.

I have an antique shop in my home at 1516 Junction Ave., and am always pleased to see old friends.

EARLY HISTORY OF RED OWL CREEK

The following newspaper clipping by Mrs. Roy Palmer

As I was the first white child to be born on Red Owl Creek, I think I am well qualified to tell some of its history. This isn't a complete history as time and space are too short.

When this land was surveyed for filing on homesteads, my father, David R. Murphy, along with his brother Isaac Murphy, filed on this land. David R., where we now live and Isaac Murphy, where Bud Winchell now lives.

At that time, this was a rather wild country with coyotes, gray wolves, rattlesnakes and prairie dogs. All of the creek bottoms were lined with what they called prairie dog towns, and no hay or grass could grow on them as the dogs grazed the grass off for miles around. This was 58 or 59 years ago. All of the ranchers carried revolvers and rifles in order to kill any of those varmints they might meet. There are big cattle and horse ranches on Red Owl Creek.

I will name some of the old timers, starting at Red Owl, only there wasn't a store at Red Owl, at that time. They were: Harry White, George Horlocker, Montgomerys, Jeneld and Pete Lowder, Al Vance, Jack Currier, John Alexander, the N.S.S. ranch, Harry Sturgis, three Patterson brothers, Jim Bullis, the Ensors, the Howies and the Campbells.

On Elm Creek was Garfield Shoun, Alvin and Jesse Moreland and Blake Crowser. Quinns ran the Tama store on Sulphur Creek. The Quinns, Rebers, Stewarts, Ashtons, Thompsons, Bishops, Whitmans, Prices, Heberlings, John Gallenger, Mahaffys, Collens, Babcocks and Pharises.

On Pine Creek were Pete Culbertsons, Clayton Phillips and Shrulls. On Beaver Dam were Hales, Wards, Petersons, Burtons, Palmers, Harts, Walkers, Chaffees, Widow Reed (a famous character) and Turners.

On White Owl Creek were the Ramsays, Grotzkes, Dave Summers, Coxes, Charlie Strong, Pellegrin, Richters, Montgomerys and Shaws. Orsendorphs first ran the White Owl store. They sold out to John Spaw, who ran the store, postoffice and a dance hall. Others were Hugh Vance, George Howie, Hartles, Billie Simons, Sr., Ed

Pressler and Joe Timmons. Pardon me if I have left out some of the ranchers on the hillside.

The beavers took care of Beaver Dam Creek and kept it dammed up. Sulphur Creek had too much fall to hold a dam. When it came up it spread all over the flats by itself. Red Owl and White Owl Creeks each had a good many dams. There were no bridges anyplace. We had to ford the river.

The first thing that had to be done was to get rid of the prairie dogs so they could raise some hay for the cattle, so Dave and Isaac Murphy built three dams with horses, plow and scraper. They built them in the bend of the creek so when the water was high it would spread all over the hay bottoms. They built one dam where they could ditch the water out and got it surveyed and built an irrigation ditch about five feet wide and about two and a half feet deep on the north side of the creek, and it carried a big head of water and could irrigate all the low land that the waters didn't overflow.

Then the next thing was to kill the dogs. David took a shovel when the water was all over the flat and ditched the water into the dog holes, drowned them out and killed them with a spade. Then he built a larger dam, and built ditches so he could put the out on the south side of the creek and cover that whole flat with water. Then he drowned the dogs out on that side. He poisoned some oats and put down the holes for the dogs that were too high to be drowned.

He had the most beautiful wheat grass on those bottoms, and he plowed some of it up and planted oats, wheat and corn--enough for feed. It took a lot of feed for the horses as everything was done with horses.

This irrigation ditch went full length of this place and about a half mile into Bud Winchell's place on the north side of the creek.

At first David and Isaac summered the cattle out here, then they trailed the cattle back to their father's ranch on Rapid Creek, five miles east of Rapid City. As soon as they raise feed enough they kept the cattle here and wintered them.

At that time Dave kept several hired men. Some of them were Kemp Gentry, Tom Shaw, George Howie, Stacy Gentry, Worley Whisman, Fred Skibinsky, Bill Hicks and Austin Shoun.

They deep tilled the ground and sowed it to alfalfa. Nearly all of the bottom land was in alfalfa at one time. The dams went out one after the other. I don't know, I suppose it was neglect of repairs at the right time. Then along came the grasshoppers, the drouth and sand storms. All dams and creeks and most of the wells went dry, and we couldn't even raise weeds.

Everyone had to sell their cattle to the government and everybody went broke.

We, Roy and I, and family, moved here in 1938.

We have always had a manure spreader here all the time. All the manure is spread on the farm ground and alfalfa. Most of the ranchers do the same. The farm program paid the farmers and ranchers to build dams and spreader ditches so there are dams all over the country again.

R.L. Bland was the first one in this part of the country to get a sprinkler system. Since then we have all been able to raise all kinds of grain, alfalfa and alfalfa seed.

One could walk up on the hill north of the house in the spring of the year, when the snow melted off, and see a solid lake of water as far up and down the creek as we could see - a couple of miles each way.

These old time ranchers were here during the May blizzard that took such a toll of everybody's cattle.

Grace Alverda Palmer was born near Red Owl on July 1, 1899. The daughter of David and Pearl Murphy. She was married to Le Roy Palmer at Red Owl April 25, 1916. They made their first home on a ranch near Cooper, later moving to a ranch near Opal, S. Dak. They then moved back to the home ranch, where she was born, and continued living there until her passing.

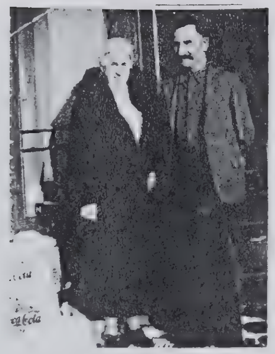
She is survived by her husband, four sons, Floyd of Phoeniz, Ariz.; Jim of Sturgis; Dave of Glen Rock, Wyoming; Glen of Kyle, S. Dak.; eight daughters, Mrs. Dorothy Ypparilla, Newell; Mrs. Alverda Wall of St. Paul, Minn.; Mrs. June Tennis, Mrs. Jean Vansickle, and Mrs. Darlene Keffeler of Sturgis; Mrs. Ellen Talley, Opal; Mrs. Lorraine Clem, Spearfish; and Mrs. Marjo Speakman of Red Owl.

KOVARIKS

by Margaret Kovarik

Rud and I were both born in Nebraska, about ninety miles apart. He at Howells, Nebraska and I in Omaha. Both of our families came to Meade County, South Dakota in 1908. His parents homesteaded at Plainview and mine at Marcus. He was the second of a family of eight children and I was the youngest of nine.

As children, we saw each other occasionally, as mass was said in both of our homes by priests who traveled by saddle horse or team from Faith, Rapid City or Deadwood. Our house was a large, one-room, sod house which had an upstairs. This house served as church, dance hall, and home. My father died in 1918 and my mother died in 1932. I taught school at Marcus for four years.



Grandma and Grandpa Kovarik

In the spring of 1926 Rud started a little store at Fox Ridge and ran the post office for Jim Ramsey. We were married in June of that year and I taught the Woods school the following winter. We enjoyed our year in Fox Ridge and gained a few life-long friends including the Charles Woods family.

During Christmas vacation we visited Ada and Sam Simons at Red Owl. They were running the cream station and trucking there. They told us that the store at Red Owl was for sale, In the spring of 1927, we bought the stock of goods from R.E. Winchell and rented the buildings from W. A. Thurston. Harry Smith was the banker at Red Owl at that time. Roy and Julian Murphy bought the garage that same spring. When Ada and Sam moved to their ranch near Marcus, we took over the cream station and trucking. Rud's brother, Ed, did the trucking and worked in the store and cream station. In 1928, Mrs. Montgomery left Red Owl and Rud became postmaster. In 1934 we built the present store building.

We raised our seven children in Red Owl. All went to grade school there and high school at St. Martin's Academy in Sturgis. We now have two teachers, Sister M. Carol of St. Martin's Convent and Mrs. Karen Patterson of Custer; two nurses, Mrs. Jeanne Saathoff and Mrs. Patricia Blote of Rapid City; and three doctors, Richard and Wenzel of Rapid City and Joe in urology research at Yale, New Haven, Connecticut.

Roy Murphy by the garage he built.

We spent thirty-five interesting and enjoyable years at Red Owl and reluctantly said good-bye in October 1962 when Rud retired from the post office and sold the store to Mr. and Mrs. Verne Simons. We are now enjoying ourselves in Spearfish. Rud is spending his time fishing and hunting and I am enjoying teaching my twenty-five fifth grade pupils.

ROY MURPHY

by Zola Shaw

Roy Murphy was born and grew to manhood on his father's ranch, now the Roy Palmer ranch. His father was David Murphy. He had two sisters, Mrs. Roy Palmer, Mrs. Clinton Thompson, and two brothers, Davy and Julian. He worked on his father's ranch.

Rud Kovarik and family

He married Violet Overland in March 10, 1920. They lived in Rapid City and Belle Fourche, then moved back to ranch one mile south of his father. They lived there until 1926 when Roy and his brother Julian bought the Red Owl Garage and moved to Red Owl. Roy bought his brother Julian's interest in a few years and operated the garage and blacksmith shop alone for several years. In the 30's he also went into the general trucking business.

He was one of the earlier members of "Highway 24 Association."

In 1948 he planned to build a new garage of cement blocks with the help of neighbors and his son-in-law, David Shaw who at this time was helping him run the garage while Roy devoted more of his time to his trucking. He added a second truck which his wife, Violet drove.

Roy passed away in 1952. The trucks were sold to Walt and Harold Cobb.

Violet Murphy, David and Zola Shaw, their two children, Connie and Roy Thomas, live at Red Owl. David runs the garage.

Mr. Dave Murphy, Verda, Roy, Mattie, Pearl holding Dave Jr. and Julian.

HISTORY OF DAVID MURPHY FAMILY

By Julian Murphy, Plaza, Wash.

My father, David R. Murphy was born 12 miles north of Denver, Colorado, Aug. 3, 1874.His father Francis M, and Sarah Jane, his mother, father's older brother, Isaac and sister, Mary left Colo. with two covered wagons loaded with supplies, an iron stove and a few pots and pans on Mar. 4, 1880, headed for Rapid City. It took 20 days traveling time and 4 days lay-over because of illness. The only book they had to read on the trip was the Bible and they knew every chapter by heart. They arrived at the Wm. Morris farm, relatives of my grandmother, on the 28th day of March. Grandfather and Grandmother homesteaded the farm 6 miles east of Rapid City which is now owned by my sister-in-law, Alice Murphy.

In 1895, my father and mother, Pearl Parrish were married. They lived with Grandpa and Grandma Murphy for 3 years, during which time my grandfather died with measles, and Roy and Mattie were born.

In 1898, my father homesteaded the land on Red Owl Creek where my brother-in-law, Roy Palmer lives and Uncle Isaac homesteaded the land now owned by Bud Winchell. The two men lived in a half dugout across the creek and 1/4 mile west of Bud's house the first winter, building the log house next year where Verda, Dave and myself were born with the help of Grandma Simons and Grandma Quinn. No doctors were available at this time.

Father's brand was the "cowhead" for many years, and is now used by Roy Palmer.

In 1907, when I was 5 years old, our whole family started for Sair, Okla. to visit Mother's folks. We drove to the Belle Fourche River and it was bank full, so we stayed all night near Hay Draw with a family whose kids were getting over the whooping cough. Next day we forded the river. We then boarded the train, and on arriving at Kansas City found 2 feet of water in the depot, and up to the 3rd step on the train, and the Call River was 3 miles wide. We wished to stay all night in Cheyenne, Okla., but there was a convention of some kind going on so every bed in every room was filled. We slept in hacks and wagons in the livery barn. The day we left for home all five of us kids came down with whooping cough. We were not at all popular on our trip home. Some trip! I think George and Martha Howie kept the home fires burning while we were gone.

Sometime later, Mother's parents, bought 23 acres 1/4 mile from our house and lived there for several years. Grandma was mid-wife for dozens of new babies and was called out at all times and in all kinds of weather.

We got out mail at White Owl for years, first Orsendorf's ran the store, and post office, then John Spaw. A prairie fire nearly wiped it out in 1910. Hugh Devine died from inhaling smoke. His wife was postmistress at that time. Later we changed our mail to Marcus, Wilson being the storekeeper at that time.

Between our place and Marcus were bachelors: Al Vance, Jack Curry, John Alexander, Bob and Al Patterson, and Jim Bullis.

The 4th of July was a big day. We always celebrated by having a picnic with Grandma and Grandpa Howie and the Ashtons.. Jim Howie married Mother's sister Flossie.

George and Martha Howie worked for my folks when they were courting. One time (I'll never forget) my mother, Martha, Davie and I drove a team to Rapid City and back. We were very small boys. On our way home we stayed over night at Tarrant's who lived on the south divide of the Belle Fourche River. Next morning we left at sun-up and there was an eclipse of the sun and objects appearing like large soap bubbles fell by the thousands. The horses shook and didn't want to go on.

We always ran a sizable bunch of cattle and some horses so there was work for many, such as haying, fencing and so on. Some of the old timers who helped out at the ranch while I was small were Walter Dennis, Tom Shaw, Bill Hicks, Clyde Weyer, Austin Shoun, George and Jim Howie, Kemp and Stacey Gentry and my uncle, Julian Parrish.

Father and other ranchers had to drive their beef cattle 110 miles to Brennon to ship them. They, as well as the horses were wild and even the smell of train smoke made them nervous. Once just as the gates were closed the train whistled and the cattle stampeded, laying the stockyards flat. Some of the cattle weren't found until the next spring.

Grandmother Murphy had several brothers, one who was Hattie Strongs father, Sam Morris.

My mother passed away Dec. 26, 1918 of the flu and in 1920 my father married Daisy McDonald. Father died March 16, 1944.

Roy married Violet Overland. They had one child, Zola. He died in 1952.

Matty married Clint Thompson, and had 5 children. She passed away Dec. 28, 1960.

Verda married Roy Palmer. From this union there are 12 children. She died in Mar. 1962.

Davey married Alice Simons and had two children. He passed away in May 1962.

I married Vivian White. We have 3 boys, and so although I am the only one of David R. Murphy's children left, the name will go on and on.

MEISEL AND DUFFS

by Vere Tifft Duff

Albert F. Meisel was born in Dakota Territory about twenty miles southeast of Watertown, S. Dak. in 1882. In October, 1908 he and his partner, Don Willet, arrived in the Red Owl Creek area to file on adjoining claims. At the same time Mrs. Susan (Grandma) Duff and her married son, Jess, arrived and filed on claims. Early the next year Jess's wife and children arrived. In the fall of 1909, Grandma Duff's widowed daughter-in-law, Mrs. Carrie Duff, and small son, Arthur, arrived to homestead on land. They were all located north and east, with some of the claims adjoining the well established Dave Murphy, Cow Head Ranch owned and operated now by Roy Palmer.

By 1910 nearly every quarter of land had people on and proving up on claims and these are some of the names of the neighbors who lived in a ten mile radius, some to become the developers of the country, others to sell out and leave as soon as the land became theirs; Bert Wulf, Frank Nichols, Nate and Ben Sherman, Leon Cutler, the Rollinger family, Jim Akens, Guy McCloud, Eb Shoun, Al Vance, Hank Wulf, Judd Norris, Merwin, an early day school master, the Lee family, Walter Sorenson's, Esthe Van Fossen and her father, a railroad man, Joe Prevost's, Ed Prestler's, the Borup family, Bud and John Fullingham's, Herman Hartyl's, Dwight Ensor's, the McRoberts, and probably others.

There were no game laws in those days. Gouse were plentiful and many an early day homesteader depended on grouse for a good share of their meat.

In 1911, after proving up on their respective claims, Albert Meisel and Mrs. Carrie Duff were married. A son, Harold, was born to them in 1912. Later on they moved to Sturgis, S. Dak. Their old claims, and many others, in that area, are now owned by Bud Winchell.

Joseph Lippold homestead - 1918

Arthur Duff and Vere Tifft of Union Center were married in 1929 in Deadwood, S. Dak. Vere Tifft is the daughter of Rube and Bessie Rhoden Tifft.

JOE LIPPOLD

My wife, Cora, her brother, George Spanial and myself left Parker, S. Dak. on June 24, 1908, arriving at New Underwood two days later. All of our belongings were shipped by freight, which consisted of 2 cows, 12 hens, 1 rooster, 4 horses, a pony, some machinery and grain and a few household articles.

We rested for awhile and fed the stock, then started for the homestead with lumber etc. to build our shacks. Two days later we reached Red Owl. Everything was fine with the exception of the pony. We had him tied to one of the wagons. He broke loose at night, and we never saw him again.

We built our shacks and moved in immediately. They were quite liveable, but we didn't get the windows or door in until fall.

We were thankful to have the cows and chickens, as they provided us with plenty of milk and eggs. The hardest part was the water situation. We hauled our water in cream cans from our neighbor, Jimmie Shaw. One night while we had gone for the cans of water, the chickens decided it was about time to find a place to roost. When we got home later, they had all settled themselves in the shack. The hens were roosting on chairs, the table and bed. The rooster, "believe it or not," was perched on the tea kettle on the stove.

We spent 34 years in the Red Owl country. We sold the farm to Alfred Rihanek in 1948. We moved to Sturgis in the fall of 1942 and built our house. Cora passed away on Oct. 29th 1951 at Rapid City. I still live at 1430, S. 4th Street in Sturgis.

Mable Wolff - 1909

MABLE AND LEWIS WOLFF

by Adelaide Speed

Mable E. Ellstrom was born February 8, 1885 at Parker, S. Dak. and taught school in the Parker community four years.

She came to central Meade county in 1907 and filed on a claim some 45 miles southeast of Newell, S. Dak., which is now known as the Red Owl community.

In 1908 when Mable was returning to her claim, she got off the train at Sturgis, S. Dak., bought herself a pinto pony and took the stage from Sturgis to Fairpoint, trailing her pony along the side of the stage. She and the pony spent the night at Fairpoint, S. Dak. In early morning with many spectators watching (to see the pretty teacher bucked off) Mable mounted the horse and, to the surprise of all, rode it over the hills and on to her claim.

Some time later Mable found out that this pony was a real "bucker," and it was only because he was tired from the long, long trip that he so obligingly carried Mable safely to her claim home.

Other homesteaders filing on claims at about this same time were Amanda Gamberg, Ruby Gamberg, Willard Johnson, Victor and Minnie Freburg, and Roy Liech.

Mable and some of the homestead girls of the community organized and had a girls' baseball team, calling themselves the "Bl--oomer Girls."

Mable taught school two years and was active in many community happenings.

On February 1, 1909, Mable married Lewis Wolff, also a homesteader, but from a different section of the country.

Mable and Lewis improved and expanded the homestead, doing some farming, and having a small herd of cattle.

Mable and Lew have three children. They are: Marvin--Whitewood, S. Dak.; Lorraine Alexander--Upton, Wyo.; and Paul--address unknown.

Lew was a member of the Modern Woodman of America, and served on the local school board. He passed away in 1943.

Mable continued to reside on the homestead, and along with the help from her good neighbors, was able to keep up her cattle herd and continue on with the ranch duties.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry White

Mable was very educational minded, taking seriously the duties of serving on the local school board for some 30 years.

Mable was one of the first charter members of the Royal Neighbors of America and continued active until her death. She passed away April 29, 1959 at the age of 74.

This loveable, honest and competent person was greatly missed by her many friends.

GERTIE'S RECOLLECTIONS

(This story comes from Mrs. Henry Rapp, the former Mrs. Harry White, who was the oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Billie Simons.)

Harry White on his claim - 1902

My parents, Mr. and Mrs. Billie Simons, were living in Wyoming at the time of my birth in 1888. When I was three years old they moved to the home place east of White Owl, where my brother, Guy, has lived since the death of my father and mother. My mother gave birth to seven more children, all without the aid of a doctor, but as was always true in those days the elder women were very capable and always ready to lend a hand, and most of the time it was Grandma Simons who got in on that.

This country was what you'd call quite unsettled that time and it was not unusual to have Indian callers. I recall many incidents such as: One day my mother jumped on a horse bareback and went to pick some wild fruit just south of the house. She left us kids at the house. She wasn't gone long, when all at once we heard a horse running and some one hollering and screaming. We ran out to see what all the commotion was about, and it was Mamma in the lead and four Indians behind her. It was awful, her hair was long, and was blowing straight out. Of course she was scared half to death, and so were we kids. But the Indians said they meant no harm. They just wanted to scare her. I was scared to death at the sight of one. I recall another time when my folks were gone, and my Aunt Betsy (King) was staying with us kids. About dark, here came three or four wagon loads of Indians, who camped right near our house. Aunt Betsy wasn't afraid of them (or anything else I guess). She stepped outside, and almost immediately came back running and screaming, threw herself on the bed and kicked and screamed some more. It was just one of her little jokes, she just wanted to scare us kids, which she mighty well did. Many times the Indians came to eat breakfast with us, and one time in particular, they all sat down to eat. One of their youngsters started to cough. Mama knew what that cough was, and she yelled "Oh, My God, they've got the whooping cough," and they did have, at least not long after that all of us kids had it.

Kids were about the same in those days as they are now I think. One day when my oldest brother and I were about six and seven years old, we took a notion to run away from home. We each had a stick horse and we headed south toward White Owl. We got half way to White Owl, which was two and a half miles when our neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Dave Butcher, who were on their way home picked us up and took us back home. My brother Archie, ran away when he was just a little shaver. The whole family ran up and down the creek for hours hunting him. We finally found the little devil and brought him back home, safe and sound.

I missed quite a bit of school because there was so much to do at home. Many a morning we got up at four o'clock and worked hard all day. I helped in the fields, cut corn, and also helped in the house. But we always had plenty to eat and clothes to wear. We managed to go dancing and visiting quite a bit. We went to lots of dances, mostly square dances, where Papa called. We always went before dark, sometimes for supper. Papa always put hay and blankets in the wagon box for us kids to sit on. Sometimes there would be 'horse-backs' going the same time we did, and would travel right along side of our wagon. There was one lady in particular. Her name was Bell Freeman, some of you may remember her. She always rode side saddle. She was tall and very pretty. Some of these dances were pretty wild. At White Owl where my Uncle Herman Orstendorf and his wife, Mattie, had the store and the postoffice, was the scene of many a wild and woolly time. Pete Culbertson, many of you knew him well, but for those who didn't, he was a white man, but for some reason or other he wanted to look and act like an Indian. He let his hair grow real long and braided it. One night at White Owl, he and one of his brothers, and some other fellows drank too much and got to feeling as if they wanted to tear up the town, Pete ran up to a window of the house where Grandma Simons lived, and looked in. Grandma was sitting there just minding her own business. Pete shook his fist at her and said, "I'm coming through that window after you." Grandma just shook her fist right back at him and said, "Come on in, I'm not afraid of you." One night they used the chicken house for a sort of a jail, to put men in who were unruly.

One thing we all did that we enjoyed very much was going out and eating dinner with the cowboys on the "Roundup" when they were close by. They had such good cooks, such as one by the name of Dave Dugdale. Speaking of cowboys, I married one. He was Harry A. White, whom I met at a house dance at Weyers which was a few miles east of White Owl. We were married on November 23, 1906. We settled on Red Owl Creek where Harry had filed a claim four years before. We had three children, two girls and a boy. The little boy was taken from us by scarlet fever in 1911. We lived in a two room log house for some fifteen years, then bought a two room frame house from John Spaw, built on two more rooms and have lived in it for some 30 years. In 1928 we took a little boy, Bob Smiley, to love and raise after his mother passed away. He is married now and has three children and lives here on the home place.

When we first settled here there weren't many people. Some of the early settlers included, George and Bill Horlocker, Harry and Charlie Strong, Blake Crowser, Jess and Alvin Moreland, Timmons, Cal Smith, Grant and Gary Simons, Tom Shaw, Browns, Dave Murphy, Kemp Gentry, Willie White, Ab and George Tarrant, Jess King, and the three Quinns, Ralph, Sheridan, and Jim. Many of these places have changed hands many times since then. For instance, the George Horlocker place, Ab Reber and his wife Susy, lived there several years after Horlockers were gone, then Louis Baldwin, Art Smiley, and now Edmund Tysdal, who bought the place several years ago.

Harry passed away in December of 1947. I was a widow for thirteen years, then I remarried, but that is another story.

SUSIE HORLOCKER REBER

Horlockers and Rebers were some of the really early day settlers. I am Susie Horlocker Reber, and one of the few left of our generation.

Susie, Ab and Merle Reber on their homestead - 1910

I first came from Wakonda, S. Dak. to this country in June 1900. At that time White Owl was the only store and post office for miles and miles. It was run by Herman Orsendorff, and also by John Spaw and family, later on.

I came to spend the summer with my sister, Mrs. Arthur Ward living on Beaver Dam Creek, and with my brother Bill Horlocker, who lived on Red Owl Creek.

They were still having the big round-ups in the country, and we were always glad when the cowboys came to visit, and we usually had a dance at some ranch house while they were near. We always made a visit out to where they were working, and had dinner with them, which sure tasted good. We had very few neighbors within twenty-five miles, and so we enjoyed visiting.

Merle, Ab, Roy Vansickle and Sue Reber, on their way to the first Belle Fourche Roundup.

Merle Reber and his first saddle horse.

I came back a few summers after that and wound up marrying one of those cowboys that I met. He was Ab Reber, and a very wonderful and good man. We were married March 20th, 1907 and we had one son, Merle.

We ranched out in the same country, first we had cattle, then went into sheep. We had wonderful neighbors, and had a lot of good times.

On March 24th, 1945, Ab passed away in the St. Joseph Hospital in Deadwood.

I left the ranch then and came to St. Joseph Hospital to work as a nurses' aid, and I am still here after eighteen years doing my work as best I can.

There are no more Horlockers or Rebers living out in the White Owl country. My early day girl friends out there were Clyde Timmons and Nettie Reed. Nettie passed away last year, and Clyde lives at Red Owl. We were very popular in those days, as girls were very scarce, and there were lots of boys.

Art Marsh and Wyvern McRoberts

Cutting alfalfa seed at Art Marsh's

HOMESTEAD LIFE

By Geneva Marsh

My first view of our homestead was an awesome sight, a fire had burned over the land, and it was black charred prairie, as far as one could see, I think this fire reached as far as the Cheyenne River.

My brother-in-law, (Blair Lowder), and brother, George had come to Wasta to meet our mother we three girls, sister Myrtle, and her three girls. We had stayed at Phillip with our aunts while the men were building the house, Dad and brother, Floyd, were at home digging a well. They could see the fire but had nothing to fight it with. All the horses were gone so they could not plow around the house. They took dirt from the well and spread it around the house, then went down in the well. The wind was blowing very hard when it got to the dirt it went around the house, so they were very glad to see the house there, when they came out of the well. A man on horseback was in the yard, it was Eb Shoun. He was surprised to see the fire split and go by as he thought he was trapped. He said, "What happened to that fire, and where did you guys come from?"

We got our mail at White Owl the first year or two, some times it would be five or six weeks, before any one made the trip. Who ever went would bring everyone's mail, it was like Christmas when that happened.

It was very easy to lose your sense of direction at night so if your horse didn't keep his, you were lost, but our pony never knew anything, as well as his way home. There was a shack on every 160, so one could always see a light to head for. It was a good thing there were no deep rivers to cross. Things loooked very different at night. We sat in the buggy until daylight one time, just a mile from home, and on the other side of the creek, where we hauled water from nearly every day, but it looked like the grand canyon that night.

It took five or six days to make the trip to Sturgis, and much longer if it rained. My mother was a worrier, so when the men were gone, we went out on a hill and listened for the wagons. Our dog would listen too, and when she heard them she would go into a happy fit, and jump on everyone, then we would hurry to the house and get food ready.

Each day we kids took the two milk cows for water to the creek where Howard and Leona Gleason now live. We would ride the cows, two or three kids on each cow. When the cows got near enough to smell water, they would run, and spill kids all over the prairie.

Art Marsh homesteaded in 1912. He and Arthur Duff started a garage at Enning, in 1946 he sold it to George Denker, and moved back on the homestead. Art and I were married in 1929, so I have lived seventeen years at Enning, and seventeen years on the ranch, and I liked the years on the ranch the best. It has been a rewarding experience seeing a country grow. I am very happy to have had that chance.

THE BLAIR LOWDER FAMILY

by Alice Wildberger

My parents, Mr. and Mrs. Blair Lowder, along with my mother's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Miesky, homesteaded three miles south of Red Owl, S. Dak. in 1908.

The men folks came to S. Dak. from Nebraska in the fall of 1908 to file claims and build shelters for their families. The families were moved to

Blair Lowder family in 1908

Blair Lowder home and children

the claims the following year. The Miesky's had five children, and there were three children in the Lowder family at the time they homesteaded. The other seven Lowder children were born after the Lowders moved to S. Dak.

My grandparents lived on their homestead, dedicating their lives to being good parents and neighbors, up to the time of their deaths. They were the parents of four daughters; Mrs. Blair Lowder, Mrs. Sandy Hale, Mrs. Arthur Marsh, Mrs. Frank Hale, and two sons, George and Floyd. Floyd was a veteran in World War 1.

My parents lived on their homestead until 1947 when they moved to Sturgis, S. Dak. Their oldest son, LeRoy and his wife, Ethel, still live on the homestead.

Blair and Myrtle Lowder, despite the fact they had ten children of their own, (Winifred, Alice, Berneice, LeRoy, Kenneth, Clinton, Othel, Grace, Madelene and Leland) were never too busy but what they always had time to help their neighbors and take an active part in helping to build a good community.

They must have had great faith and courage to always be able to face and overcome all the hardships, losses, and lean years of those early days. They were true pioneers. There's many a tale I could tell about; the great prairie fire in which my grandmother was badly burned, and everything except our house was destroyed, the many miles my Dad traveled freighting for the Red Owl Store, severe blizzards, the death of loved ones and many more.

THE MISKEY FAMILY

by Mrs. Sandy Hale

In November of 1907, my father and brother-in-law, Blair Lowder, two uncles, Sherman Weatherholt and Fred Zellmar, came to S. Dak. from Haskins, Neb. to file on claims. Fred located at Phillip, S. Dak. The rest took claims south of Red Owl. In March 1908, my father, two brothers and Blair Lowder loaded an immigrant car and shipped it to Wasta, S. Dak. They hauled from there to the claims by horses and wagons. They had to ford the Belle Fourche River. My brother, George took a claim south of my father's claim. Grandpa Gleason joined us on the east.

My mother, two younger sisters, myself, and another sister, Myrtle Lowder, and her three little girls came by train to Phillip. We stayed there for three weeks, then came by train to Wasta, and on to the claims on the wagon load of goods.

As we got within sight of our home, we saw burned prairie all around the house. The prairie fire came for the southeast and burned over all the claims. Another fire, Nov. 5, 1912, started from lignite coal ashes on the Dennis place northwest of us. The whole section burned, except a small area in the southeast corner. My mother was very badly burned.

My father passed away in July 1917; my mother in Sept. 1928; Mrs. Lowder in May 1954, her husband and two daughters had preceded her in death, My brother, George, passed away in Dec. 1955. My brother Floyd, lives in Calif. and sisters, Lula in Whitewood, and Geneva north of Red Owl.

I filed on a claim north of Red Owl in August, 1914. I was married to Sandy Hale Dec. 20, 1916, we lived on the homestead until 1918, when we moved south of Chalkbutte where we are still living on our farm. We had 7 children, the oldest little girl only lived six weeks. Our four girls and two boys are all married and have families. We have thirteen grandchildren.

George Meiskey and sod claim shack

Mr. and Mrs. George Meisky - 1917

Hauling freight from Faith, George Meisky and Louis Vermelia.

George Meisky family

Hazel Meisky Hale, on her claim

Christmas at the Henry Dennis home, Dec. 25, 1915, the Dennis family, Timmons family, Swensons and Findleys.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dennis, Roy and Harry.

Mrs. Henry Dennis

Walter and Edwin Dennis, 1907-08

MR. AND MRS. HENRY DENNIS
by Mrs. Fred Dillabaugh

Henry Dennis was born in Ohio in 1844. He was a wagoner in the Civil War at the age of 17. After the war he married Margaret Bray at Prophetstown, Illinois in 1867.

They lived in several different states and had seven children. Three children died in infancy, but Ona, Walter, Edwin, and Ina (Mrs. Robert Findley) all came to S. Dak. to make their homes.

After their children had gone, Mr. and Mrs. Dennis decided to make the trip themselves. They homesteaded west of Red Owl, and lived there until Henry died in 1916. For a time Maggie lived in her little house which she moved near the house of her son, Walter. Her house burned and she moved to Sturgis where she bought a home. She was eligible for the State Soldiers' Home at Hot Springs and finally went there to live.

In her last years she returned to Sturgis to live with her daughter, Ona Timmons, until her death in 1940 at the age of 89.

WALTER DENNIS AND FAMILY
By Dorothy and Roy Dennis

Walter Dennis came from Villisca, Iowa to western South Dakota about 1900. For eight years he worked for several cattle and sheep outfits. M. J. Smiley, George Maxwells, Dave Brown and Dave Murphy were men who employed him.

In about 1903 Henry Clay Dennis and Maggie Dennis came from Villisca, Iowa to homestead. They were Walter's parents. They had a log house and the neighbors used to gather there, for dances. Charles Strong was one of the musicians and some gay times were had. Henry Clay Dennis was a Civil War Veteran and is buried at Red Owl, as is his wife Maggie.

In 1907 Walter homesteaded near Red Owl on land joining his father's place.

In 1908 Elizabeth and Eva Bauer came from Harmon, Illinois to Fairpoint where they took up a claim.

Walter Dennis and Elizabeth Bauer were married in Sturgis by Father Columban April 27, 1911. They ranched at Red Owl for about 40 years. They had three boys, Harry, who lives at Whitewood, Wayne, living at Rapid City, and Roy, who has operated the ranch since 1951. Roy and Dorothy owned a cafe in Newell in 1940 and 41, known as the Dennis Cafe.

Walter served on the school board about 20 years, and was an assessor for several years. He belonged to the Woodman Lodge at Red Owl. He enjoyed sports and played on the baseball team. With his brother Edwin, he owned one of the first threshing machines. It was a hand fed machine, with no blower, operated by horsepower. It was sold to Pete Bauer of Fairpoint, who operated it many years.

Elizabeth was an active member of her community. She was organist for St. Anthony's Church for many years. She belonged to the Royal Neighbors, and the St. Anthony's guild. Her home was a friendly place where many enjoyed visiting.

Walter and Elizabeth moved to Sturgis in 1951. Walter passed away at the Community Memorial Hospital in Sturgis November 23rd, 1958. Elizabeth passed away in March, 1963.

Jess and Mollie Moreland - 1927

JESS MORELAND
By Mollie Moreland

Jess Moreland was born in Tennessee, and when he was about twelve years old, his family and he moved to Kansas. From there he went to Oregon, when he was in his late teens, and worked on ranches breaking horses.

Jess came to western South Dakota and filed on a homestead on Elm Creek, northeast of Red Owl, in 1908. While holding down his claim he worked on different ranches here and in the Viewfield area.

Jess bought and shipped horses by freight car loads to Minnesota, Wisconsin, and New York. Most of the horses were green broncs, which he broke to work, and a good many he broke to ride, and sold them as saddle horses.

Jess rode in the local rodeos at Tama, Red Owl, and White Owl. He took first in bronc riding in Rapid City in 1913. I was just a kid, when I read that Jess Moreland took first in Rapid City and I said "that's my man." It was a good thing he didn't know that, as I finally caught up with him, and we were married in 1927. He and I, the former Mollie Ramsay, still live on Jess's homestead.

He continued to break and sell horses for awhile after we were married. He usually got some man to help him while breaking out a car load. Jess didn't like what they call a W to break them with, so he used a trip rope on one front foot of the bronc, and when they got to going too fast, they would pull hard enough on the rope to take the horse's foot, and they didn't run far on three feet. I never did get brave enough to ride in the wagon and usually stayed close enough to the house so I could run for shelter when they started my way. Anyone who has never seen horses broke that way, has missed a lot.

We raised three children, the oldest girl, Dottie Mae, now Mrs. John Beckloff, lives at present in Nashville, Tennessee. The youngest, June, who is now Mrs. Clayton Overland, lives at Whitewood. Our son Jess Jr. and Carolyn his wife and two children live here on the home place.

There have been many changes through the years. We had a nice shiny new Model T Ford when we started out. We had to crank it to start it, and many times we had to do a lot of pushing, but one thing they were not heavy or hard to push.

We saw hard times through the depression of the thirty's. We always milked cows and sold cream, and at that time as low as ten and twelve cents a pound, for butter fat. We sold eggs for ten cents a dozen. I raised turkeys one year that only averaged one dollar each, it was not enough to pay for the feed they ate. One time we had twenty weaned pigs, pretty good sized, and a neighbor offered us a dollar each for them, but we thought if he could pay that for them, surely we could do better by feeding them out, and selling them ourselves. We lost three of the pigs, and when we sold the others they didn't even pay for the feed we had fed them. We, like many others, finally made it through the depression, and when we look back at what was hard then, we feel that it was all a great and worth while experience.

Jess Moreland

The Alvin Moreland family, and hay crop.

ALVIN MORELAND

I was raised seven miles southeast of Admire, Kansas, and came to this state in the fall of 1909. I filed on my homestead here, where I now live.

I married Margaret E. Judson of Viewfield, South Dakota, March 7th, 1917. We have four children, one son and three daughters.

We milked cows and sold the cream in Faith.

I remember the worst hail storm that I had ever seen. It hit us in the early 20's the 20th of July. Hail came down as large as a man's hand, and about twice as thick. It knocked all our windows out on the northwest side of the house, and tore the siding off and broke the panels in the doors. It even broke through the roof in places. I went to Faith with a team and bought glass, screen, and hail screen. Our house looked awful. We haven't had any like it since.

I have had a lot of rough times, and a lot of happy times. The best thing that happened to me, was the summer of '36, when I received Salvation, and I have been living a happy life ever since then. My advice to young folks raising a family, is to raise them for the Lord, and the Lord will bless you.

MARGARET JUDSON MORELAND

I was born in Meade County, South Dakota, July 2nd, 1889, the same year South Dakota became a state, to pioneer parents. They were Mary and Lucius Judson, who came to western South Dakota from the eastern part of the state in 1884, and settled on Elk Creek just south of Viewfield. They lived there until their deaths, one in 1925, and the other in 1926.

My father freighted with ox teams from Yankton to Deadwood, before he settled on Elk Creek.

Sometimes bands of Indians traveling through the country, would camp near our home, and we children enjoyed visiting their camps. One time one of their horses got stuck in the mud and my brother, Fred, helped them get it out. After getting it out, every man and woman in the camp came and shook hands with him to show their appreciation. We found the Indians a quiet, peace loving people who never bothered anything.

Later, I taught in rural schools in Meade County, for as low as $35. I never did receive more than $65 a month.

When I was married in 1917 to Alvin Moreland, I moved to our ranch north of Red Owl. It was the first and only time I ever moved and I have lived here ever since. I have seen both oceans, but I am for South Dakota first, last and always.

The first school I attended was in a shack about two miles from our home and was only a three-month term during the summer months. For several years we attended school held in different vacant houses wherever one could be found, until, finally, a schoolhouse was built about a mile from our home. We never had longer terms than six months a year.

As long as I remember, we always had Sunday School and church, first in our own home for years. After schoolhouses were built services were held in them, until a church was built near Viewfield.

I taught my first term of school in a little log cabin east of Elm Springs.

I taught one year on Sulphur Creek, near the present Wayne Palmer place, in a dugout with a dirt floor and two little windows. There was a long table with benches around it for the children to sit on. I had a sinking feeling in my heart when I saw the place the first time but I stayed that term and taught there the next year, only in a better schoolhouse.

One morning after a blizzard, we came to school to find the stairway into our dugout drifted full of snow. This had to be shoveled out before we could get into the schoolhouse.

I taught one school of 26 pupils, all grades and some almost as old as myself and much larger.

I rode four miles on horseback to that school.

In those days, teacher's Institutes were held for two weeks every year.

I taught the Red Owl School the first year we were married and rode horseback from home.

Alvin built our house and had it all nicely finished when we were married. He hauled all the material for building it from Faith with a four-horse team.

We have four children. Our first two went five miles to the Red Owl School all eight years. The third one went there two years. When our youngest was ready to go to school, Jesse Moreland had two children ready. The District said if we would furnish a room, they would hire a teacher if they could get one for what the transportation amounted to, which was forty-five dollars a month. So we had school here in our house. Our youngest child never did attend school in any other place until she went to high school.

I have a warm place in my heart for all old timers. Many of them used to stop at our ranch on Elk Creek on their way to Rapid City. The Wahls, Jake and Carl, spent many a cold, stormy night in our home. We always welcomed any of them as old friends whether we knew them or not. We soon did.

David Brown, Janet, and her daughter

DAVID BROWNS
by Zola Shaw

Mr. and Mrs. David Brown, he was a logger, came from Canada to Piedmont, then to Chalkbutte. They lived on the ranch that is now the Shaw-Ferguson ranch. They were one of the first people to move to this part of the country. He was a sheep rancher and lost a great many sheep in the May blizzard in 1905.

He had a location he dug for gold in Missoula, Montana. He would journey there and work during the summer months as it was in the mountains and inaccessible in the winter months.

The Browns had three daughters; Pearl now deceased, Janet now living in Seattle and who is a nurse by profession. She is married to Richard Christian and has two daughters. The third girl is Dolly. All three went to high school at St. Martins Academy.

Dolly married Tom Shaw in 1912 and they lived on the Brown ranch. David Brown had left the ranch to live in Montana after selling the ranch to Tom. They had two children, David and Regina Francis who passed away in infancy. Dolly was killed in a car accident in 1926, she was active in all community affairs.

Pearl Brown's claim shack

Grandma Brown and daughter Janet

BERNARD G. CARR

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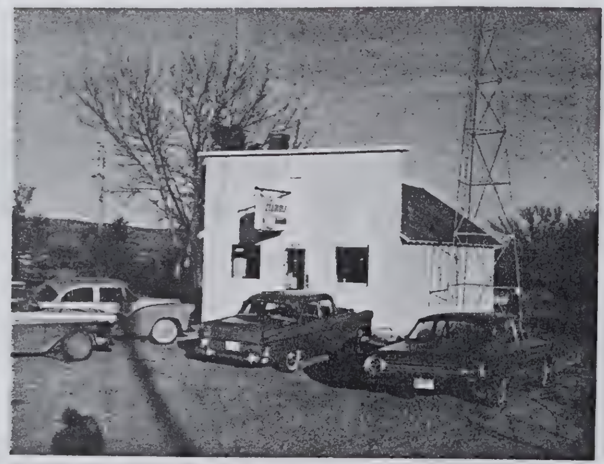
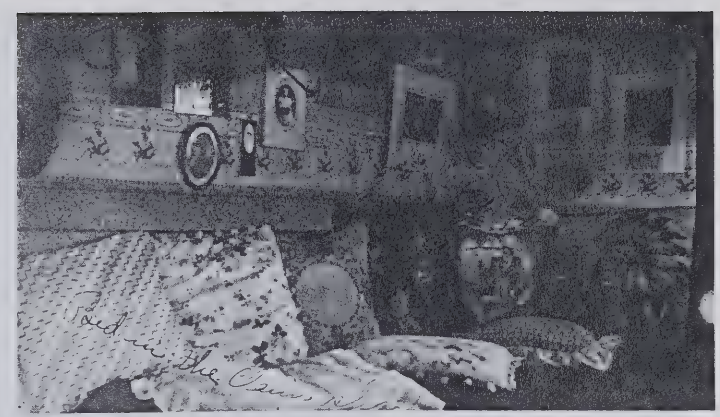


VERN AND ROSALIE SIMONS

RED OWL, SOUTH DAKOTA

Dolly Brown



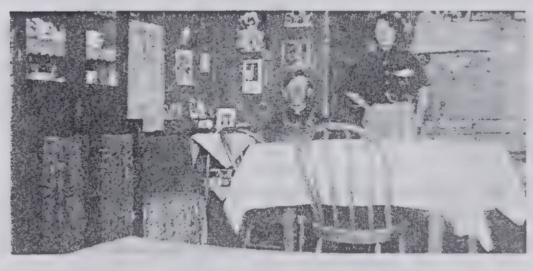
Bed in Dolly Brown's claim shack

Janet Brown's claim shack

David Shaw

Thomas Shaw and neighbor

David Brown ranch



Inside Joe Lippold's shack

Tom Shaw livery barn and hack

THOMAS SHAW

by Adelaide Speed

Dates and Material by Mrs. T. Shaw

Thomas Shaw along with his parents came to South Dakota in April, 1892 from Belfast, Ireland, locating near Waconda, S. Dak. In April 1897, the family moved to central Meade County.

Tom worked for the H.O., N-W-S, Flying V, and L7, cattle outfits as sort of representative between Cheyenne and Grand River from 1902 until 1907 when they closed out. He then rode for Eb Shoun and the Murphy brothers for a short time.

In 1908 he moved to Fairpoint, S. Dak. and built the livery stable which stands now at the same site. The Sevareid brothers repaired the old barn leaving the old office in its original location. The well which Tom dug in 1908 is still being used.

Tom ran a stage line from Sturgis to Faith, via Tama. He cared for as many as twenty-six head of horses. Oliver Jewett and Pat Patterson worked for him.

In 1909 he bought one of the first cars in Meade County, this he used in helping to locate people on their claims. He headquartered in Sturgis at the Fruth Hotel, his meals were 25¢ and lodging free.

Carfare from Sturgis to Faith was $70.00. On one occasion when loading passengers, the famous "Poker Alice" asked, "How much to ride the thing to Faith?" On being told, she said, "I don't want to buy the damn thing, just ride on it."

The drought of 1911 caused many homestead families to move away.

In 1912, Tom bought the J. D. Brown ranch and married Dolly Brown. They had two children, one passed away in infancy. The son, David operates the Red Owl garage. Dolly Shaw passed away in the year 1926 as a result of a car accident.

In 1932, Tom married Marvel Osier. Tom and Marvel had one daughter, Yvonne who with her husband, Wiley Ferguson operate the ranch.

Tom Shaw passed away at the Community Hospital in Sturgis Sept. 23, 1961.

GARFIELD SHOUN

by Marge Shoun

A. Garfield Shoun was born Nov. 22, 1880 at Mountain City, Tenn. His parents were Mr. and Mrs. Isaac A. (Eb) Shoun, and he spent his early boyhood in the timber surrounding his mountain home. His mother died when he was six years old and his father headed west, leaving him with his grandparents.

When Garfield Shoun was 18 years old he joined a group of Tennessee youths who decided to seek jobs in Oregon. There were 16 in the group that took the train headed for Oregon.

At Chadron, Neb. he learned that his ticket was for Rapid City instead, so he was forced to

Garfield Shoun, on Elm Creek in 1905. The horse he is leading, a three year old, cost $1500. The bridle on the horse he is riding is made of horse hair and cost $100.

switch trains and his friends continued on toward Oregon. He arrived in Rapid City with 25 cents in his pocket, but he soon found work with a wood crew. His co-workers thought he was a tenderfoot, until they saw him tackle the trees with the dexterity of a Tennessee mountain man.

Garfield learned that his father was living at White Owl, now Red Owl, but he was miffed at him for leaving him behind in Tenn. so he made no effort to contact him. His father's sister, Mrs. E. B. Miller was living at Viewfield and he went there to work. The following summer his father stopped by enroute from White Owl to Rapid City and learned that his son was there. Garfield's father wanted him to return to White Owl with him, but he refused, but he finally agreed to go the following year. He said, "You left me in Tenn. and never once helped me, if I go home with you I'll want to be paid $45 a month for the work I'll be doing. That's what they're paying me here."

After working with his father for a few years, he went to work for the HO outfit, owned by Gene Holcomb of Rapid City, and the foreman, Manuel Coy, sent him as a "rep" to the Flying V under Sam Sheffield the foreman there. The job of this representative was to round up the cattle on other ranges which were owned by the outfits he represented. He also "repped" for a group of White Owl ranchers too, including his father, the Timmons, Vances and others. He later went to the Cheyenne reservation where he "repped" on the NSS spread owned by Narcisse Narcelle, a large scale cattleman. Narcelle's father, Paul, an old American Fur Co. trader, is credited with being the first bonafide cattleman in S. Dak.

Garfield Shoun decided to take out a homestead and ranch for himself in 1909. He married Maude Montgomery of Wakonda in Sturgis in 1910. His father also filed on a homestead on Red Owl Creek and died there in 1936.

His home was a 16x18 dug out for several years. His cattle wore the 7VA brand.

He recalls driving herds during "the strip," an area of land obtained by the railroad between the Cheyenne and Standing Rock agencies, to the shipping point at Evarts on the Missouri. He can remember seeing 3,000 head cross the river single file in one day on the pontoon bridge there. The railroad had acquired "the strip" to provide the ranchers with a route to the railhead at Evarts and the herds could get free grazing enroute there.

Garfield said the range country filled up "like a bunch of sheep" with honyockers in 1907-08, and that was the end of the free range. Gradually the big outfits pulled out.

Garfield Shoun was the first one to dehorn in this country. The next year he dehorned for his father, Carl and Jake Wahl and Horlockers. He was the first one to ship a carload of alfalfa seed out of Faith.

It's been an eventful life for an old cowboy-cattleman, and he never regretted the mistake that brought him to this part of the country.

The family moved to Sturgis in 1950 and he still lives there. Mrs. Shoun passed away April 20, 1963 at the Belle Fourche Hospital. She had suffered with arthritis for 28 years. There are three children; Mrs. Bernice Smith of Sturgis, Elbert and Orville who are ranching on portions of the old home place at Red Owl.

Garfield Shoun's homestead house built in 1899. IBACK ROW: Mr. and Mrs. O. Thurston, Clem Tremley. FRONT ROW: Garfield and Arthur Shoun.

Garfield Shoun's barn, built by J. O. Cammack, in 1916.

ALBERT J. STAGE

I was born in Smart, Tenn. but was raised in Lennox, S. Dak. When I was sixteen, I decided I wanted to live out west, so in the spring of 1912 I got on the train. I'll never forget that train ride from Mobridge to Faith. It had been a tough winter and a snow plow had bucked big drifts on both sides of the track. I counted 8 or 10 dead cattle that had died and been pushed up into the drifts. On the way the brakeman spotted a coyote and signalled the engineer, who stopped the train so they could take a shot at it. A little farther on, we came to a small lake where there was a bunch of ducks. Again, the engineer stopped while the baggage-man and several others tried their luck at duck hunting. It took all day to get 120 miles.

When we reached Faith, I had $5.00 in my pocket, which I spent on a brand new Stetson. I didn't have a place to sleep, nor the price of a meal. I met Ed Cooper who gave me supper and took me out to his place where I worked fixing fence and helping put up a building.

That summer I worked for Jimmy Babcock and Homer Snoddy. I herded sheep and helped them catch up on their fall work. I got a job herding cattle for Dick Richardson. I'd never had much experience in that line and had to learn as I went along. One day, I roped a cow but when I got ready to turn her loose, I couldn't get the rope off her neck, so I untied one end from the saddle horn. I had to follow her around most of the day as I didn't want the boss to find a cow dragging a rope behind her. When she finally went down to drink, I slipped up and got the rope and tied it to the saddlehorn. I took off the other way as fast as the horse could go 'til the hondo broke, and I got my rope back. I worked there until the next summer.

In the fall of 1914, Ray Howie, Ike Isaacs, my brother Roy Stage and several others heard about a threshing job in N. Dak. We got up theretoo early to start threshing, but Jimmy Babcock had a team of mules and a team of horses and he let me drive his mules. He heard of a fellow who wanted a load of lumber hauled from up near the Canadian line, so Ike Isaacs and I went up there. We thought we'd get another job right away, so we pooled our money and spent our last 35¢ on a lunch of crackers and cheese. We didn't find any work right away, and didn't have anything to eat for two days, except corn and wheat. One night we found a cornfield and roasted a few ears in the husks, but they weren't very good.

We slept in haystacks and straw piles. We took the flynets off the horses to keep warm. We were beginning to be a little tired and homesick. One night, I started singing some sad songs and when I found out it bothered Ike, I'd break out every now and then and sing:

"I wonder how the old folks are at home,
Wonder if they miss me while I roam,
I wonder if they pray,
For their boy who went away,
And left his kind old parents all alone."

Pigs had tunneled into the stack, and after a couple hours, Ike gathered up his fly net and went around to the other side where he found another tunnel, and couldn't hear me. It was cold, and before long I promised him I'd keep still if he would come back and bring his fly net. The next morning we found a bachelor who cooked up a big breakfast for us and promised a regular job of shocking grain 'til we could get on with the threshing crew which paid $7.00 for a 12-14 hour day.

While we were in N. Dak. we heard about Germany declaring war. We came back here until 1918 when I went into the army. When we came home after the war, Pete Borup and I got a contract stacking hay up and down Red Owl Creek. We worked for Al Vance, Frank Timmons, John Timmons and quite a few others. We had 2 teams and two stackers that followed up 3 mowers and a couple rakes. We worked for $1.00 a ton.

In the summer I'd work out on a place, but would take a job in the mines in Lead in the winter. When I'd come out in the spring, it would take me about a month to get back into shape. One spring Ed Pressler sent Eddy Pressler and me into Faith with a couple of wagons. I sat there nearly frozen one day, and sunburned my face the next. Eddy was used to it and hardly noticed the weather.

I also worked for A. C. Campbell for several summers. I'd heard of one-man horses, but had never seen one until several of us roped one of his horses in the corral by mistake. Every time we tried to take the rope off, "Old Satan" would put us up on the fence. Since we weren't having much luck, we flipped a coin to see who would go up and tell Campbell. I lost, so had to explain what had happened. He acted real surprised, walked up to the horse and led him out of the corral.

In 1926, I married Clyde Ashton, and we lived on the Wulf place until 1927. Then we moved over to a place I'd bought from a school teacher named Merwin. We lived there 'till 1959, then moved to Red Owl where we are now living.

CLYDE D. STAGE

I was born in Viewfield, S. Dak. in 1887. I was named after a family friend, and my parents were presented with a layette because I was so named.

I grew up on a ranch on Rock Creek, Frank Gale owns the place now. I learned to ride almost as soon as I could walk. At a very tender age, my brother, Spike, and I were delegated to herd horses and cattle respectively. We would sit together on Rock Creek Butte, herding cattle on one side and horses on the other.

At that time there was a den of swifts on the east side of the butte. They seemed to have disappeared, but they were very like a fox in appearance except for their size. They were much smaller, and moved very quickly. We spent many hours watching them.

The Indians were mostly on reservations, but occasionally there would be an Indian "scare."

We knew one Indian quite well. His name was Blue Shale. He tried to teach us to speak Indian, but he died before we learned very much.

Wolves were a very real menace to livestock, so the ranchers waged a constant war on them.

One episode I remember very clearly, was the time my father, Joe and my uncle, Cash Timmons, and Eb Shoun were digging out a den to get the pups. They dug quite awhile, then decided I was small enough to crawl into the hole and bring them out. To make a long story short--I crawled in, and fairly exploded coming out--the 'she-wolf' was at home. I think they smoked her out later, but I didn't go back.

I must have been a bit of a 'brat,' because my grandmother, Granny Shoun, used to call me "little h'imp of misery" occasionally. She came from England so she added or subtracted "h's" as she saw fit.

I married Will Ashton when I was seventeen. We had two children, Elmer (Bones) of Faith and Alice, Mrs. Norman Jensen of Tilamook, Oregon. After several years we separated.

During this time, I helped Mrs. Sid Ayres run a hotel in Marcus. I could write a book about the sad and funny times, and things bordering on the ridiculous that happened during this time.

One of our neighbors was quite troublesome. To get even, we baited fish hooks with corn and fished for her hens. We had noodles and chicken quite often.

One time, Peter Norbeck, who was Governor at that time, was scheduled to stop at the hotel. We cooked and cleaned until the place fairly shone, and donned our best clothes, put on our company manners----but the Governor never came. Next day we ground the left-overs for hash--you've guessed it--the Governor came that day. The last time I saw Mrs. Ayres she laughed about the time we "hashed for the Governor."

I also worked for my brother, Frank Timmons, and cooked for Al Vance's haying crew.

Now there is no need for these things, but in those days, when someone died, a neighbor "layed out" the dead and sat up with them until after the funeral. I have "layed out" quite a few people, as did lots of others in the early days.

During World War I, I sang for Red Cross benefits. Some of the songs that were popular then are: Beautiful K-Katy, Over There, Leave Me With A Smile, and Among My Souvenirs.

If there was a dance, people for miles around would come in buggies, lumber wagons or horseback. They were usually held in someone's house.

Some of the dances we did then were the 'Lame Duck' and the 'Black Bottom'. These were as popular then as the 'Twist' is now, along with the schottische, 7 step, waltz, etc.

In 1926, I married Al Stage. We have two daughters, Arlene Kolbu and Ardis Smiley. The depression came, and we struggled along until 1940, living in a one room sod house. The drouth broke, and we bought a piece of land here and another there until we had a ranch big enough to live on.

In 1959, we retired and sold the ranch to Ray and Florence Wicks. We moved to Red Owl and moved a house in and modernized it, planted trees, and settled down to enjoy ourselves. Our friends and family are near us.

I don't think I would change much of my life even if I could. There were good and bad times, but nothing too big to be overcome, and the good mostly outweighed the bad in the long run.

Kemp and May Gentry

KEMP GENTRYS
by May Gentry

Kemp Gentry was born in 1883 at Mountain City, Tenn. As a young man he came to S. Dak. and rode on roundups and worked and rode for ranchers at White Owl and Marcus.

I, May Kelly Gentry, was born in 1883 at Denison, Iowa. I came to S. Dak. in 1909 and took a homestead about three and a half miles south of Red Owl.

Kemp and I were married in 1911, and spent most of our married life on the homestead, 1911 was the driest year ever. The grass didn't even start, creeks were dry and even the Belle Fourche River was practically dry. However in August we had a big rain, and the corn, oats, and garden planted in the spring came up. There was no fresh fruits or vegetables in the stores. I don't think anyone could buy them.

We seldom heard of anyone being sick. We were all young and never thought the years would slip up on us as they have.

During the first years we were married, Kemp freighted for the stores. Once during a blizzard, he was forced to unhitch his horses, turn them loose and leave his wagons. He was about four miles from home, so he hung onto one of the horses tails and reached home safely. He surely must have had lots of confidence in that horse.

In 1919 a Catholic Church was built at Red Owl. Everyone around helped. Mrs. Ella Thurston donated the land for the church. Before that, mass was offered at our home or the Royal Neighbors Hall. Father Healy was our first pastor. Congregational services were also held at the Royal Neighbors Hall.

In the thirties we had several dry years and dust storms. Many people sold out and left. I remember well of Walter Dennis saying, "Kemp, if we are the only ones left, we'll have to stay--all we know is a horse or a cow."

In later years, Kemp developed a heart condition and on Jan. 28, 1958 he passed away. I am now living in Sturgis. Benny Long bought our ranch in 1959 and he and his family are living there now.

We had the best neighbors ever, in fact, the best people in the world live in Western S. Dak. and you never forget them.

Kemp and his coon dogs

Bert and Nellie Kolbu

I. T. KOLBU

After corresponding with a Mr. McCarthy at Fairpoint, and others in N. Dak., Mont, and Canada, my brother, Ole and I arrived in Sturgis on the train the first part of May in 1909. We wanted to go west and get some of Uncle Sam's free land.

The next morning I inquired about a way to get out to Fairpoint and soon found Thomas Shaw who was driving a stage between Sturgis and Fairpoint. There were about 6 of us riding out with him. One fellow had a bottle of whiskey with him. He said it was for snake bites as he had heard there were a lot of rattlesnakes.

After we had roamed around for a couple of days, we rode east about 12 miles and Shaw showed us some relinquishments we decided to file on. We dug a well and built a sod shack on my claim, and after a couple months I went back to Iowa to work and Ole stayed there alone. I came back in the fall, also my brother Christ that had filed close by. Most of the good land was taken up by then.

Here were old maids and school teachers, barbers, and butchers. People who intended to make homes here and others who were speculating.

The Taruns had come the year before, so had Thurstons and McRoberts. W. A. Thurston had a post office and little store down on Red Owl Creek. The Moreland brothers settled on Elm Creek in 1909 and they are still there.

George Horlocker and Harry White were old timers on this creek at Red Owl. They settled before the homestead rush. The Horlocker place was a stopping place for many homesteaders. The Horlockers were kindhearted and helped many poor people out.

Some of the others that were among the first to settle here were Thomas Shaw, who came here with his father, James Shaw in 1897 and he, Tom, worked for cattle companies from 1902 until 1908 when he built a barn in Fairpoint and ran a stage from Sturgis to Fairpoint. He was caught in the blizzard the 2,3,4, and 5th of May in 1905. He was an assessor here from 1939 until 1951.

Eb Shoun came to Rock Creek in 1889 where Joe Timmons had come 2 years before. He and Timmons ranched together for about 15 years. When their herds increased, Eb moved east on Elm Creek with some cattle. But when the homesteaders began to come in he homesteaded down on Red Owl Creek where he lived until his death in 1936.

Garfield and Arthur Shoun came with their father in 1899. After some years, Garfield filed on a homestead 5 miles northeast from Red Owl and Arthur filed on Red Owl Creek.

Before Joe Timmons came to Rock Creek in 1887, he helped freight the first equipment to the Homestake Mining Co. from Chadron, Neb. He freighted with oxen. Mrs. Timmons had a post office called Pine Tree where Underwood is now. In the days before ready made clothes could be bought, she used to sew clothes for the freighters.

Walter Dennis came here in 1899 and filed on a homestead south of Red Owl Creek in 1907. Mr. Dennis was familiar with the killing of Puck and Ostrander by an Indian. The crime was committed on Puck's homestead right west of the Red Owl dam. The Indian was hung in Sturgis.

Another old timer here was Manuel S. Coy. I drove his chuck wagon for him in 1920 through '24, when he was trailing cattle to Faith and Underwood. I had a saddle horse along, but except for night herding he always wanted me to drive the wagon.

I made a trip to Sturgis in October in 1921 with a small load of chickens, some alfalfa seed, etc. It took two days to get there and the third day I stayed in town, and started home early the fourth day. Driving east on the road by Frank Keffeler's a tire came off the wagon wheel, I had forgotten to have fixed. So I took the wheel and trailed it back to Keffelers. He said there was a man west of there doing blacksmith work, so I drove the horses west with the wheel behind. Coming there he wouldn't fix it that day, and the next day was Sunday, and he would be going to church. So I drove back and south to the Schummer farm where I stayed until the next morning and then borrowed a buggy there and drove back to Sturgis to get the wheel fixed. That took two more days. The sixth day I came out to Elm Creek and camped there for the night. In the morning I laid a suit I had paid $20.00 for, together with other things on top of the load of fence posts. Driving a little ways the package with the suit of clothes had tumbled off. I met a Ford with two men shortly before and when I drove back a ways I found nothing. That trip took me a week.

Before 1920 we hauled everything we needed with horses. I hauled the lumber for our house out from Faith in 1916 and 1917. We traded with Anderson Lbr. Co., Potter Lbr. Co., and Morrow Lbr. Co. We generally drove to Overackers, called the 10 mile house, the first day and then up to Faith and load up the next day, and then drive back to the ten mile house, and started out for home the third day. We had to drive fast to make it in 3 days.

The 11th of October, 1919 Fred Stallbaum, Walter Tarun, Clarence Montgonery and I started to drive three carloads of cattle to Faith to be shipped to Chicago. We camped on Pine Creek for the first night and the next day was a very warm day and we came to Walters by Avance at dark. We could have corraled the cattle there then, but someone thought since it was so nice we could keep them in the section line, so we did. In the night a fierce northwest storm came up and the cattle began to drift. We decided we better get them into Walters, so we roused him up, but he said it was too late. So we drove the cattle east to the bend in the road below a bluff. There we walked around in overcoats for 2 hours until the other two took their turn. That was the way we changed till morning when everything was frozen hard. That day we walked more than we rode, When we got over towards Faith we found out that we couldn't get cars. We were lucky enough to get the cattle placed on a farm 2 miles this side of Faith, where they had feed and water there on a creek. After we had held the cattle there for a week, we finally got cars. We loaded the cattle and I went with them to Chicago, riding in the caboose together with Mr. Peck, Mr. Lang and others from north of Faith. I was gone about two weeks and when I came back, it was full winter.

I was married to Nellie Stainbrook, who passed away early in life. We had two sons, Orville who has the homestead ranch, and John who lives in California.

Bert and Ole Kolbu

Ole Kolbu

OLE KOLBU

In the spring of 1909, I filed on a homestead in central Meade county--located as N.E. 19-9-13.

Besides my two brothers, Crist and I. T. Kolbu, some of my nearest neighbors were Joe and Tom Housten, Kelly Doufen, John Bettinger, Krist Larsen, Tarun brothers, Dick Phillips, Virgil Pock family and the Chaney family.

In midsummer of the same year after building my sod shack, I wanted to work for awhile to earn some money. I heard that the railroad was building a line into Faith, and I went there to work. I started out one morning on foot and got as far as old Cooper, about twenty miles away. There I was told that the railroad was yet a long distance from Faith and that it was doubtful if I could get work there, so I decided to go to the eastern part of the state and get a job as a harvest hand. From Cooper, I started walking again, this time towards White Owl. I walked the rest of the day. In all I must have walked about forty miles. I spent the night with a farmer, just a few miles from town. The next morning, I walked on into White Owl for breakfast, and took the stage from there to Wasta. There I took the train to Huron. I worked in this vicinity for three or four months. In late fall, I came back by train to Wasta, and started on foot again. This time I slept in a haystack near White Owl and got home the next day.

This was one of my many experiences in the early days. From this small beginning I accumulated a large ranch with many fine Hereford cattle.

I retired from the ranch in 1954, and Orville Kolbu now has the place.

RICHARD PHILLIPS

I graduated from the School of Agriculture at the University of Minnesota in 1907, and worked on the University farm the same year. I decided I wanted a farm of my own, so I filed on several pieces of land north of Dickenson, N. Dak., then got word back that others had filed ahead of me.

I read in a Minneapolis paper about Meade County land, so went to S. Dak. Tom Shaw met us with 4 lively horses. When we got to Fairpoint, I was amused at Nels Sevareid, he was just a small boy but he was all western. Tom Shaw located us on the claims. Later I had a load of lumber brought out, but there were no roads or stakes, so the lumber was placed on the wrong quarter. I built the house out of sod except for the roof. I put a shingle roof on it and plastered the inside with certain soil, and it looked real cozy. I had a cave join the house, and I could go into the cave from the house. The cave and house was warm in the winter, and cool during the hot weather--don't remember that it ever froze. I had a sod barn with a tin roof on it.

The fall of 1909 I helped James Shaw, Tom Shaw's father. He was a real old-timer, as he was in the Red Owl country long before the homesteaders came. While I was at Shaw's, he went to Rapid City with a heavy wagon. It took over a week to make the trip. He had a fine team of roan horses, like the horses you see on a beer wagon. He was a lover of horses, and on the trip to Rapid City, I don't think he let them go faster than a fast walk. While Mr. Shaw was gone, the first threshing machine came to the Red Owl country. It was powered by horses. Shaws had good oats, and when they were threshed, I put them in a big log house he had. He was building a fine house on White Owl Creek.

During the early days before we had good roads, Mr. Blair Lowder had a wagon load of hogs to send to Sturgis, S. Dak. and I had a wagon load, so he took two wagons and four head of horses. It took him about a week to make the trip. It started raining, and the roads got so bad he had to pull one wagon a mile and go back and get the other and pull it a mile.

During the early days a party got away with a small bunch of my cattle. I found them 15 miles from home with a fresh brand that was not recorded. I got them all back but one fat calf. Most of the homesteaders were honest, hard-working people.

Many of us worked on the main irrigation ditch close to Newell, during the dry years we had while homesteading. A few of us took a contract and lost big money. The dirt was about the hardest on earth to move. When it was dry, it was like a rock, and when it was wet it couldn't be moved. The big contractors lost money on the project, too.

In spite of hard luck, the boys were full of fun. They told me if I would ride a certain horse, they would take me to the big-dam. The horse bucked so hard, he broke the saddle cinch, so the saddle, bridle and I landed in a patch of cactus. I was sore for a week. The boys got another saddle and I rode the horse to Newell.

My wife homesteaded, but was not very interested for she never was on a farm or ranch before, but she did very well. She wanted me to quit ranching so the children could have good schooling. I was too interested in stock to quit, so when Keith finished grade school, she joined her sister in schooling the children. She died in California with leukemia.

Keith, my youngest boy, was second in command of the Bull Head submarine that went down in the Java Sea as the war was over. I was on the radio when the Government made the announcement. When David was in the service, he was connected with radar. He worked for the Federal Land Bank of Omaha, and the Mutual Insurance Co. of Omaha. He died in San Francisco of heart failure. Beth and her husband are both M.D. doctors. Beth does a great deal of work with children.

I was the first one in the Red Owl country to have running water in the house. It was a system I invented myself, and it worked fine and I used it until the Government project came to Red Owl.

During the awful snow we had, I came very near losing two horses from going through deep snow in a sled to get help for a sick neighbor. For over a week, the only traffic you would see, would be those big bombers from Rapid City, hauling hay for cattle and food for people. I turned cattle to hay stacks, but had an awful time to get water, as the Red Owl creek was full of snow. I did have plenty of water at the house, but the feed wasn't there.

One spring I lost over 100 little pigs in a few days time. I had bought wheat badly damaged from black rust and had it well soaked with water. The little pigs' mother's milk was poisoned from the rust.

Beth, our only daughter, had over two miles to school, so she rode a horse, carrying lunch and drinking water. Something broke on the saddle, she fell and as she fell the water bottle hit her on the head and she was unconscious for several days. The Rapid City doctor got a specialist from the east to operate on her. She was all right in a short time.

Many people thought the homesteaders had a good thing--they surely didn't; fifty miles from a railroad, without roads and buildings, and places without water. In most cases, homesteaders should have had 640 acres instead of 160, every move or development cost so much money.

In 1958, I decided too much hard work was not good for a person of my age, so I sold my ranch to Clinton Tysdals the last of June, in 1958. I have lived in Calif. doing light work for a doctor in his private park.

I am thankful to have good health and have time to study the problems of the world. I hope the younger generation learns how to take the responsibility of living instead of destroying.

SAMUEL SHUCK & FAMILY

by Marilla Hanzlik

Samuel Claude Shuck and family came by train from Harvard, Nebraska, to Wasta in February, 1910. A storm of several days had piled snow feet deep all over the prairie. They had to stay in Wasta nearly 2 weeks waiting for wagons and teams to come from Red Owl country to take them on to their destination.

Claude came out here after the death of his father, Z. T. Shuck, who had a homestead east of Red Owl, to care for his holdings, settle the estate, and care for a younger brother Calvin who was 15 at the time of his father's death.

The trip by wagons was a long hard trip from Wasta. Wagons were loaded with supplies and personal belongings of the family.

Many times one wagon was pulled by all the horses being hooked ahead of each other for a mile. Then the men would take the horses back and hook onto the other wagon and pull it for awhile. This was because the snow was so deep one team could not pull a wagon alone. Everyone walked to make it that much easier and also to keep warm.

It took a week to make the trip. We lived in grandfather's house which was 16 x 20 that winter and then built a sod room onto it.

Claude worked for Ebb Shoun quite a bit of the time. He also made many freighting trips to Wasta for the Spaws at White Owl Store and also for Thurston who ran the store at Red Owl.

There were homesteaders on every corner it seemed. They were mostly bachelors and often came to our place for supper or dinner. Mother was a good cook and these bachelors at home lived mostly on sour dough bread and beans.

Mother baked bread for many of them. They came each week for what they had ordered. Few of them had any way of traveling except to walk.

There were very few women close to us. Many of these bachelors left in a few months or a year.

The long nights in the winter were often spent visiting and playing cards as often travelers would stop for the night or for a storm period and there wasn't room for them to go to bed so they kept busy to keep awake.

Neighbors would come over often in the evenings playing cards until the wee hours. There was no other entertainment and that way news was exchanged also.

In a few years Claude filed on a homestead of his own a short distance from his father's.

Times were hard and he had to go away from home to work at something else to make a living. Finally they moved to Sturgis to send the children to school. They would come back to the place only occasionally. Eventually they made their home in Sturgis.

Claude did quite a bit of blacksmith work in the early days. He and Hank Sharff were in partnership at one time, and were quite busy, as there were many plow lays to sharpen, wagon wheels to set, etc.

Those were times we'll never forget. People were friendlier, more neighborly, visited back and forth, had community get-togethers that were more fun than anything they do now and cost practically nothing. We had surprise parties, house dances, parties at the schoolhouses, etc.

Claude worked for many of the ranchers in the community. He was a fair carpenter and good at cement work. There was always something of that sort to do if it wasn't too far away.

Claude helped build the stone barn at Ebb Shouns and also at Garfield Shouns. These were considered some very fine barns at that time.

He also had cattle and a few sheep at one time. But the place was too small to take care of enough to make a living on.

ALONZO ROSS

Alonzo Ross, or Lon Ross, as he is familiarly known, came to South Dakota in 1902, at the age of 17 years. He was born in Texas and at an early age worked at the stock yards at Hereford, Texas where they loaded out cattle by the train load to be sent to the Dakotas for grazing.

One day the manager at the loading docks said, "Kid, you are too good a worker to be here loading cattle. I'll get you a job of taking care of a train load of cattle going north to Belle Fourche, South Dakota."

In that day they paid the men in gold coin, so he was given $65.00 in gold to take the train load of cattle north for the 3V cattle company. The cattle had to be unloaded three times for feed and water and reloaded on the train.

When we arrived at Belle Fourche and the cattle were unloaded, Jimmie Craig, the banker asked, "Who came up with these cattle?" Lon Ross, a stripling of a boy seventeen years old, six feet tall and weighing 135 or 140 pounds, spoke up and said, "I did." Mr. Craig pulled his glasses off his nose and said, "You are pretty young fry for such a job."

Lon Ross got his first job with the 3V cattle outfit. He also worked for the Mill Iron outfit and the C Y cattle company, and for Currington and Hines.

In 1914 he was married to Miss Annice Cross, who had come from Grand Rapids, Michigan and taken up a homestead and taught the Ball School seven miles from Sulphur, South Dakota.

When they went to Belle Fourche to be married, Lon Ross drove a pair of broncs from the Arnold brothers ranch. It took three or four men to harness them and get them hooked to the wagon with the spring seat on it. They had tied their tails together so they could not turn around and face the wagon, and there was a choke rope on one broncho so Lon could choke it down, if the occasion demanded.

In this way the bride and groom to be, drove to Belle Fourche, a distance of one hundred miles to be married.

They made their home in the Newell area until they bought the Wilson Quinn ranch at Red Owl where they lived for 20 years.

They are both getting up in years now and make their home in Imperial Beach, Calif.

Billy Scoffield --- 1910

Warren McRoberts claim shack

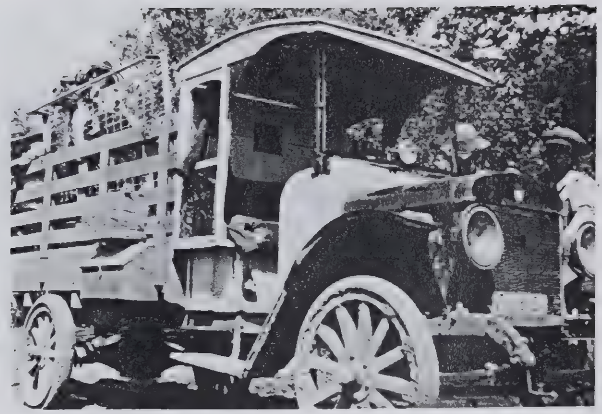
Grandpa and Grandma Gleason. Ray and Mary Gleason and children.

GLEASONS

by Mrs. Ray Gleason

We came to South Dakota in 1911 to homestead. We had a rough time the first year. Then my husband started up an orchestra. It was the first one around Red Owl. In 1914 he formed a band so there was a band in the country.

We had three boys: Howard at Red Owl, Harley at Hermosa, and Harold in California.



McRoberts truck

E. C. Herrick and his claim shack

Kenneth McRoberts, Jim Lessard and Wyvern McRoberts

Joe and Bessie Prevost - 1910

HANK IS MOVING NOV. 20TH 09

Hank Reber is moving - Nov. 20th 1909

Art Marsh's barn, Mrs. O. Thurston in buggy, Harry West & Art Marsh.

Ladies' Aid Bazaar at Red Owl

Red Owl Cemetery

RED OWL BAND STANDING: Cecil Williamson, Bill Michel, Ray Gleason, Fred Michel, Fred Stallbaum. CENTER: Tom Montgomery, Unknown, Unknown, Billy Montgomery. FRONT ROW: Clifford Gleason, Clarence Montgomery, Don Montgomery, Jess McRoberts and Will Thurston.

Picnic at the Horlockers place, now Tysdale's

Red Owl ball team, June 20, 1912

Red Owl, July 4, 1913

Union Center

UNION CENTER

Union Center was established by the Meade County Farmers Union in 1926. Shares were sold to members to finance the project. A board of directors was appointed to get the project started, the board composed of five members, Mrs. John Hinrichs, Stoneville; Mrs. E. C. Morrison and Frank Morrison, Boneita Springs; J.O. Johnson, Clough; and L. L. Day of Chalkbutte. They chose the location as it was in the center of Meade County. Mrs. E. C. Morrison proposed the name of "Union Center" as it was a Union project in the center of Meade County. Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Schwab were hired by the Farmers Union to manage the store. There were two buildings, a store and cream station together and a dwelling house for the Schwabs.

One year later, November 1927, the Union Center post office was established by the U. S. government. Jessie Schwab was appointed as postmistress.

They operated the store for the Farmers Union for about five years. The Union then sold their interest to Curtis Schwab, who owned and operated the store until his death in 1945.

The Baptist Parsonage was built in 1928 and 1929. Other buildings added were a shop operated by Al Koontz and then by Leon Lovegren. He built the Union Center hall in 1936, and was used for all community entertainment.

The house where Mrs. Agnes Raymond now lives was moved to its present sight for Mr. and Mrs. Frank Schwab (Curtis's father and stepmother). The house now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Ed Kovarik was moved to its present site by Mr. and Mrs. John Speed where they lived for 5 years. Mr. and Mrs. Leon Lovegren had their first home located there. The church was moved from Chalkbutte and located beside the parsonage in 1951.

Curtis passed away in 1945 and in January, 1946, Jessie sold the store to John and Adelaide Speed. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Schwab moved to Sturgis. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Raymond bought their house and lived there for several years.

John and Adelaide sold the store to John Skuba (a son-in-law of Carl Wahl) in 1951. In 1954 he sold to Bernard Eveleth, who is still the owner. Ronald Anders and his family located there in 1956. The Farmers Union Oil Cooperative was built there in 1958.

The population of Union Center today is 20.

Union Center ---- 1963

THE STRONG FAMILY

by Floyd and Jo Strong

Mr. and Mrs. James Strong and family, three boys and three girls, came from Indiana County, Strongstown, Penn., in 1885, settling about 10 miles southeast of Rapid City, where the family got their education.

In 1899 their three sons, Harry, William and Charles came north and located on what was known as Bull Creek Springs, which is now 4 miles south and a mile east of Union Center. On their journey here they encountered many hardships. On reaching the Belle Fourche River in May, they found it too high to cross. They, with their herd of cattle, had to wait until July to bring them over. Wm. and Harry went back to Rapid valley. Charles and the hired hand, White River John (John Roberts), pitched their tent and stayed with the cattle. Here they encountered their first twister, which took the tent and most of their clothes.

On arriving here they found their only neighbors were Ed Wesgate and George Maxwell. The old Wesgate place is now our home.

Their post office was at White Owl, fifteen miles away.

The homesteaders came in about 1907 and 1908, therefore new post offices and stores were started at Wrightsonville and Boneita Springs. There were no churches in these early days, but later when school houses were built services were held occasionally in them.

WILLIAM STRONG

by Floyd and Jo Strong

William was born in Sept. 1867. While a young man, before coming north, he rode and was cook for some of the round-up outfits; also he freighted ammunition for the Battle of Wounded Knee and freighted with an ox team from Pierre.

In 1906 William filed on land southeast of the springs.

He was married to Lillian Hayes in 1897, before coming north. To this family were born four children, two sons, Ralph and Fay, and two daughters, Mrs. Bertha Willard and Mrs. Helen Larson.

In 1910 and 1911 the family lived here while proving up. Fay and Bertha attended school near Maxwell's during the two years they were here. Only three months of school were held.

Their permanent home was in Rapid Valley, which was used as wintering quarters for some of the cattle, which were trailed in, in the fall and back in the spring, a distance of about sixty miles one way.

Later years more land was accumulated and the cattle were kept at home. In 1937 the partnership of William and Harry was dissolved. Fay and Ralph, sons of William, now own and operate their father's share of the original holdings.

William passed away in 1935; Lillian in Dec., 1960.

Fay, Bertha and Ralph Strong taken inside of claim shack in 1910.

Mr. and Mrs. William Strong and family in 1910.

LANCASTER AND SWENSON

By Edna Swenson

My father homesteaded in 1908. My twin sisters and I were born and raised there. The twins lived here until 1913, then they moved to Iowa.

I married Carl Swenson in 1913, and lived on my father's homestead until 1945, when we moved to Custer.

Lancaster homestead in 1909

John Swenson homestead in 1909, Carl, John and a neighbor.

John Swenson and claim shack in 1908

Our home in 1914, Carl and Edna Swenson and son. Mrs. Lancaster and twin girls. Mr. and Mrs. Ward Estes and son, Harvey Fitzgerald.

Bill Warren, Jim Cross, Anna and Harry Strong. Harry Strong homestead shack in 1911.

HARRY STRONG

by Floyd and Jo Strong

On this land at Bull Creek Springs, Harry Strong, my father, filed in 1901. He was born in 1878.

The first winter the men spent here in 1899, Jim Cross came to work for them; he later homesteaded on the quarter joining Harry's to the north. Here he worked until his death.

This place was the only one on the freight road between White Owl and Bob Shouns, on the Belle Fourche River.

From 1900 to 1905, Harry rode on the roundup, mostly for the 3V.

In 1908, Anna Newell, born Aug. 10, 1888, with her sister Jane, came from Pukwanna and homesteaded about three miles southeast of the home place. Anna later married Harry Strong in 1911.

Harry was a charter member of the Elks Lodge in Rapid City. He served on the local school board for about twenty-five years. In 1921, a telephone line was built from Underwood north. Our phone was at the end of the line. He also was a stockholder in the Rochdale company at Underwood.

Harry was the village blacksmith for his many neighbors, near and far, setting their wagon tires, and sharpening plowshares. He also helped many of them locate on their new claims.

Four children--Margaret, Floyd, Robert and Everette--were born to Harry and Anna Strong. In 1929 they found it necessary to buy a house in Sturgis, where Anna moved to educate their family.

Harry passed away in 1943, Anna in 1953.

Everette is on the home place, Floyd operates a ranch joining this, Margaret has a trailer court at the air base, and Robert, living in Sturgis, is in the construction business.

PAUL WILDBERGER

Material by Henry Wildberger-by Adelaide Speed

Paul Wildberger, born in Germany in 1887, came to the United States in 1891 settling in Iowa. While still very young he joined the army and fought in the Spanish American War. When he returned from the service, he moved to Sioux Falls, where he met and married Anna Lauck. In the spring of 1909 they moved to the Hay Draw community, where they lived until they both passed away. Anna in 1928 and Paul in 1942.

They had four children: Henry who married Laura Eveleth and lives in Boulder Canyon, Clifford who married Alice Lowder and lives in Sturgis, August (Bud) who married Julia Larson and lives in Rapid City, Lavern who married Francis Ricard.

Paul had a large barn on his ranch where many neighborhood dances were held.

EARL KELLOGG

I was born July 29, 1885 at Dows, Iowa. When I was 9 years old the family moved to Alden, Iowa. In 1906 I could not see any way to get a start, so I hitched my team to the buggy and started northwest. Putting in the winter in northwest Iowa, the next summer I started out once more, arriving at Mitchel where my brother was. We decided to go out to Meade County and file on a claim. So once again my team was hitched to the buggy. After a five day trip we arrived where we wanted to file our claims. After we had filed we went back to Mitchel only to return in the spring of 1908 when we built our claim shanties. I got several jobs doing carpenter work building claim shanties.

During part of 1908 and 1909 I carried mail from Wrightsonville to Elm Springs. I used two horses, I tied the mail sacks to one and rode the other.

Money was scarce, so I worked awhile in 1909 at the saw mill in Rapid City. In 1910 I did some work in Bear Butte Valley.

I got a leave of absence in 1911 and with four head of horses, went back east to make some extra money, coming back in 1912. Later that year I joined a group as a cook, and went to N. D. and worked thru harvest.

During that first year I was out here, I remember one day we had some letters to mail so I started to ride to Wasta horseback. When I reached the river I couldn't get my horse to even wet his feet. So I rode down to a fellows place and he went back with me to the crossing and said "ride out aways" so I did. Before I had gone very far he called to come back, lucky for me I did, as the water was too high to cross and could very easily have washed us away. Needless to say the letters never got mailed.

In 1913, I married Amelia Grupe, and to this union seven children were born they are: Alva (Scott) in Idaho, Arlene at home, Viola (Delbridge) of Howes, Raymond (deceased), Warren in Riverton, Wyoming, Velma of Spearfish, Leona (Kurly) of Broadus, Montana. After Mrs. Kellogg's death I raised the family alone.

My brother sold his homestead to Joe Cotter for $1500. I rented from Joe for several years. After Joe passed away, his widow came out and wanted to sell it so I bought it for $800.

I found the homesteaders very friendly and sociable.

Home at Sunset Ridge

John, Ida and Kathyrn Denker, fall of 1911

Robert, Ruth, Lillian (in arms), Mr. Denker, Kathyrn, George, Mrs. Denker, Mary Ella, and Henry (1925)

MY LIFE IN MEADE COUNTY
by John Denker

When I was a young man of 22, I decided I'd try it on my own. I first registered for a homestead claim in Tripp County, but my name was never drawn. Then I heard about Meade County from some friends and so I decided to go and have a look at it.

So in May of 1909, I left Gregory County and came west. August Recling and I came on the train as far as New Underwood, where we met the man who located us. His name was George Griffin. The three of us and another man, Earl Barber, came out here in a buggy. The land I located on at that time was 4 miles south of Union Center.

I returned home to Gregory County after I had filed a contest on my claim. The claim had to be cleared as some one else had filed on it before. Then after it was taken to court and cleared, I had to establish residence within 6 months or lose it. That was the reason for coming back to Meade County that fall.

There was a young girl back there who was very dear to me. My dad asked me what I'd tell this girl about leaving. I said, "I'd take her with me if she'd go."

So on Oct. 29, 1909, Ida Spitzenberger and I were married at Ida's folk's home near Bonesteel, S. Dak.

The next day my young bride of 17, and myself left our friends and our families. We started on a long journey across the country in a covered wagon. We arrived at Bob Shouns near the Belle Fourche River on the night of Nov. 13th. It had started to blizzard and was dark. We almost ran into the river, but by going slow we kept coming north until we ran into a fence. Then I walked from there towards the house lights we saw. Isaac Barry was at Shouns, and he came and guided us to the house. We stayed there until the 17th of Nov. when we came on to live in a neighbor's vacant one room tar paper shack until March, when we bought a shack to put on our own homestead.

We stayed there until next fall. Then Ida and I went back to Bonesteel to make a little money. I picked corn until I came back to Meade County in December, but Ida stayed there and our oldest daughter Kathryn was born Dec. 13, 1910. Ida and the baby came back to New Underwood by train in February. Then on out here in a lumber wagon.

There were hard times, many of them. Sometimes we wondered where our next meal would come from, and good water was scarce. Everyone in the community hauled water from Harry Strongs, as he had a spring with good drinking water.

I plowed the land. Almost gave up at times, but we kept on working and planning. God was good to us though. Seven children were born to us. Robert in 1912, Henry in 1914, Mary Ella in 1916, Ruth in 1918, George in 1920, Lillian in 1925, and Fern in 1930.

We did most of our trading in New Underwood. Later in Wasta. We got our first car in 1925, and this made traveling so much easier. Another thing which made our lives so much easier was the R.E.A. which came through in Feb. 1953.

My wife, Ida passed away May 30, 1952. My youngest daughter Fern O'Conner and her husband lived with me for awhile until they moved to Sturgis. For a few years I lived alone.

In 1957, my grandson, Richard Harwood and his family moved on my place and have been taking care of it for me.

The land where my buildings are today was Jay Williams homestead, I also still own my own homestead which is one-half mile north of my present home.

THE TIFFT FAMILY

by Bessie Rhoden Tifft York

Bessie Rhoden came to S. Dak. in the spring of 1907 and resided with her family, the Allon Rhodens, living about a mile and a half south of what used to be Chalkbutte. Rube Tifft, came to the country in the fall of 1907, and filed on his claim near what is now Union Center. Bessie Rhoden and Rube Tifft, from Ethan, S. Dak., were married in January of 1909. The Fort Pierre road went just north of our homestead.

The mode of travel in those days was done by wagon or horseback as neighbors were far apart. Some of the old neighbors and friends were Joe and Jack Porter and George Maxwell on well established ranches. Harry, Bill and Charley Strong were also some of the old timers. Other newcomers were George McDonald, John Heftes, several Ness families, John Sibley, Roy and Carl Freeman, Carl and John Swenson, Winney Lancaster, and others, that time has since erased from my memory. In 1909 and 1910 many other homesteaders came.

My family was composed of one daughter, Vere, and four sons; Robert, Paul, Glenn, and Kenneth. My husband, Rube, passed away February 1, 1938.

Though times were hard and we had many shortages, we could still gather together for an evening's dance, which was the only recreation we had and which, I sometimes think, was more enjoyable than present day recreation.

There were many hard and trying situations which we met, many times more collectively than alone. Our families had a humble life, both joys and what accomplishments we could manage.

A pioneer life has many drawbacks and many things hard to meet but it brings a satisfaction of doing the best we could. They say, "necessity is the mother of invention" so we worked and sang and trusted in "Him" who gave us peace and comfort.

THE UNION CENTER CHURCH

The Union Center Church was organized July 14, 1927 and was called the Sunshine Baptist Church. Rev. E. H. Clark was the first pastor. There were 11 charter members. Church and Sunday school was held in the school house which was two miles north and one mile west of Union Center. The pastors serving at this time were Reverends E. H. Clark and Ole Olson. By this time most of the families had moved away so the school house was moved to its present location on the corner just east of Union Center. Rev. Roy Weigand, Sandy Cleveland and Rev. Peterson were serving the church at this time.

On April 20, 1947 the members of the Chalkbutte and Union Center Churches met together for a fellowship dinner. The purpose of the meeting was to see if the two churches should unite. Each one voted to disband and were joined together as one church. Nineteen members signed the charter. The Rev. Peterson was called here Dec. 1947 and left here Sept. 26, 1950.

Rev. Calleson came April 29, 1951 and with his help and effort the Chalkbutte Church was moved to Union Center. He had a heart condition and had to go to another climate. His son Bob, took over until he decided to go back to school. Since then Rev. Theodore Sparks, Rev. Vern Ekerholm and Rev. Earl Gladder have served this church. Reverend Arnold Kramer is the pastor at the present time.

Union Center Church and parsonage - 1963

Union Center W P A Dam

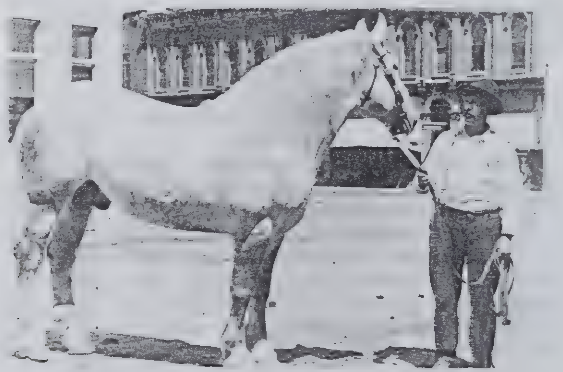
Farming in 1911

E. C. Redfearns ranch

Jim Anderson's homestead 1910

Jew peddler, Jim Cross, Bill Warner, 1900 - Jim Cross homestead

Paul Wildberger homestead



Harry Strong holding registered Percheron stallion

Wm. Strong freight wagons - 1911

Moonlight scene of Charley Ericson

May 17 - 1910 - Bessie Young - Teacher

Maxwell School - Sedona Bremer, Teacher, 1913-14

Union Center Store

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Enning

Enning was named for Anna Enning Outka who owned the land where the school was started. Findley started the store in about 1924, soon after Highway 24 was built, which is now Highway 34.

Findley had a creamery with the store and bought cream everyday. Mrs. Brooks started the post office in another building east of the store. Later Funks had the store for a time then sold it to Mrs. Pellegren. At the present time Gene Pellegren is postmaster.

Enning Garage - 1929

PELLEGRINS

By Mrs. G. E. Pellegrin

G. E. (Red) Pellegrin was born in Marcell, France. Coming to Canada in 1897 and to the United States in 1900. He took up a homestead near what is now Enning in 1907.

I, Lydia Cox was born and raised in Bridlecreek, Virginia. My father homesteaded in 1908, a short distance from Pellegrins. Red and I were married Sept. 8, 1909 in Rapid City. We returned to our home in a buggy following two freight teams with our household goods. We lived in a 12x12 shack for a week until our new home was finished.

I didn't like staying alone when Red was gone to town, so the first year I had a girl from Mitchell stay with me.

I remember one time Red had gone for freight and was caught in a storm and had to stay for three days at the Hefner road house, now owned by LeRoy Outka. He then unloaded and came home to see how I had made out.

We were blessed with four children, Warren in Las Vegas, Nevada; Gewn Simons of Howes, Wanda Tetrault of Spearfish and Gene of Enning.

We resided on the homestead until 1945 when we moved to town.

Charles Strong homestead in 1907

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Strong in 1907

CHARLES STRONG

by Floyd and Jo Strong

Charles was born January 11, 1882. He left Bull Creek Springs to file on a claim near White Owl in 1904.

During the May blizzard in 1905, they suffered a great loss of horses and cattle, as did their neighbors. Many of the old timers regard this as the worst blizzard in history.

In the spring of 1901, Charles worked for Alec Duhamel, trailing a herd from Belle Fourche, northwest to the Little Missouri.

From 1902 until 1905, he rode for the OHO and NSS.

Charles was married in 1907 to Hattie Morris. He has always been very active in civic duties, serving many years on the school board, also as president of the Meade County Stockgrowers.

Charles, Mike and Miles Carney provided the music for many house parties. The neighbors relied on Charley for their barber work, which he was very capable of doing.

He joined the Masonic Lodge at Faith in 1924, later transferring to Sturgis. In 1931 he became a Shriner.

Charles was active in the building of hospitals at New Underwood, Faith, Sturgis, and Hot Springs.

He was elected and served in the legislature as Representative from Meade County for six successive terms, from 1945-57.

Charles and Hattie still live on and operate their ranch that they homesteaded on sixty years ago.

LIFE STORY OF MRS. CHARLES STRONG

I was born, Hattie Morris, on March 21, 1886, and lived with my parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Morris, who were early day settlers southeast of Rapid City.

My father and his brother came to Rapid City in 1876 and helped to lay out the town.

I went to school in Rapid Valley with my 4 brothers and 3 sisters.

In 1906, when I was a young lady I accompanied Isaac Murphys on a cattle drive. They were moving their cattle from Rapid Valley to the Dave Murphy ranch on Red Owl. We camped in the Haydraw brakes during a rain storm that lasted 3 days. The third night the riders had to let the herd go, as they were unable to hold them. The next morning the May blizzard of 1905 had started. We were close to Phil Miller's place so managed to get there. All of the draws were running full. Here we stayed till the storm was over. There was a terrible livestock loss during the storm.

In 1907 I was married to Charley Strong who had a homestead on White Owl Creek. We have lived on this ranch for 56 years.

Mrs. Hammonds claim shack in 1910

EARLY DAYS OF ADA OUTKA
by Ada Outka

My folks came to Meade County in 1910. My father H. G. Green, or better known as Hod Green, and Emmett Hayes came out here from Sandborn County, South Dakota in the fall of 1909, decided on their land and filed on it at the land office at Rapid City.

They moved out here in March, 1910. Everything was shipped to Wasta, then hauled out here by wagon as there were no roads. You just went off across the country. (Wasta to Boneita was about 40 miles.)

Dad rented a shack about 1/2 mile from where he was to build. We lived there until he could get a house built. It was a one-room house, and a little bigger than most, as it was 12 x 20. Most of them were only 10 x 12. They added a lean-to on for a kitchen a year later, and then got another shack and put it on the other side for a bedroom.

There were no bridges across the Belle Fourche River. You did not go to town when you wanted to, only about 2 or 3 times a year when you had to. You had to know how the river was, and hope it would not come up for a few days until you could get back. There were a few people that started to cross but never made it. It was a wonder there were not more.

My father could doctor horses and pull their teeth and file and trim their hooves.

One day in June, 1912, he went down to Dalzell with the horse and buggy. He crossed the river at Arnesons about 9 o'clock in the morning, and came back to Pete Richards about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. In the morning the river was about 6 or 8 inches deep. At 3 in the afternoon he swam across. He had a good big strong horse or he would never have made it.

The bridge across the river was put in, in 1920-1921.

The Elk Creek bridge south of Elm Springs was put in a year or so before. It took 3 or 4 days to go to Wasta.

There were small stores around the country. They freighted all of their supplies from Wasta, and were on the road most of the time.

Frenchs started a store 1 mile north, and 1 1/2 miles east, from where the Boneita Church is now. They had the store until the fall of 1910. Then they sold it to Jenny Limbo and she moved it a mile south. She had the store and started the post office. Then in March, 1912, it burned down and she did not start it up again. Arney, from Owanka, took the post office and built the store and started it as the Boneita Store. He moved it 1 1/2 miles west from Limbo's, where the Boneita Church is now. He had it about a year and then sold it to Lucas Baker. He started a paper and printed it once a week. It was called "The Boneita Reporter." In the spring of 1921 he sold to Harvey Fitzgerald. In the fall of 1924, Chance Fitzgerald, his brother, took it over. He ran it, and the post office until the fall of 1939 and sold it to Glenn Ferguson. They had it a year or so and sold it.

It burned down in the fall of 1943 and never was rebuilt. Boneita is not on the map any more.

There were no churches and schools anywhere in the country. Rev. Baker lived 1/2 mile south of the store. Morrisons had the largest house in the country with 3 rooms, so they had church and Sunday School. They lived 1/2 mile north of Boneita. In the spring of 1911, they built a shed with a brush roof. They put in board benches and had church in this shed all summer, until it got too cold in the fall.

I do not know where the money came from from or how it was obtained, but in the spring of 1913 they built the Boneita Church with Rev. Baker as pastor. In the spring of 1924 he passed away. They had several other ministers there for a few years, but the church is closed now. The first church burned down January 30, 1928 and was rebuilt a year later. After the store and post office burned, the post office was dropped. Many of the people then received their mail from Enning which was 9 miles north.

Enning was started about 1924, just after Highway 24 was built, which is now know as Highway 34.

Finnley started the store and had a creamery so he bought cream every day. Mrs. Brooks started the post office in a building east of the store. He sold the store to Mrs. Funk. It was later sold to Mrs. Pellegrin and has been in the Pellegrin name ever since.

Anna Enning Outka owned the land where the school was started so they named the school the Enning School. Mr. Finnely named the store the same so that is the Enning School District now.

In the early days of 1910-1911 it was very dry. In 1911 the grass in the spring never got green. We did not have any rain at all, until the first part of August, when the corn came up. Some had 2 or 3 acres planted. But, oh, the winter of 1911-1912! It started to snow in November, and that snow did not go off until in May. There was no feed so most of the people sold their cows to Nels Fish and left. He bought cows for about $10.00 a head. Those that had a team drove out, or those that did not have a horse, walked out. One man did not have any horse or cow. He walked to the store and got 50¢ worth of beans, gave the beans to his wife and left. If she had not had some good neighbors about 2 or 3 miles away she would have starved.

Everyone sent to Sears and got a good supply of groceries, and supplies to last all winter. They came by freight to Wasta. Two or three in the neighborhood would send at the same time, and then one would go and get all the freight.

There was a stage line from Wasta to Dalzell. They would change horses there and go on to White Owl. They would go up one day and back the next.

I, Cox and son Tom had the mail route for 8 years. Our mail came up twice a week from Wasta to Boneita on to Haydraw. For a few years Mr. Barry had the mail route. Then it was changed and taken to Enning and on to Red Owl.

We had no telephones and of course that was before radios were heard of.

There were dances once in a while if someone had a large enough room. They would move everything out and have a dance. Everyone went in the afternoon and stayed until it got light the next morning. Hoping it would not rain, they put the kids all asleep on the bed outside beside the house, out of the wind.

There was very little sickness but I do recall in the spring of 1912 of Dr. Jackson from Rapid City coming out and my father going with him to the neighbors. That was my father's first car ride.

My folks and neighbors hauled wood from the river for days in the fall for the winter wood. There was no coal or stoves to burn anything but wood.

In the early days the freighters stopped at the roadhouses to stay all night and feed the teams, usually 4-horses. Most of the lumber to build Faith was freighted across from Rapid City, that was before the railroad came into Faith. Mike Hafner's was a stopping place. Their place was 4 miles southwest of where Enning is now. Then there were Greys and Tarrants north of Viewfield, Deerings north of Wasta, and Asheims in Elm Springs.

As I remember at that time sugar was about $5.00 per 100 lbs., coffee about 25¢ per lb., 6 bars of soap for 25¢, and 6 cakes of yeast for 15¢. We had eggs only once in a while in the summer time. Some people had about a couple dozen hens. When they got more eggs than they could use, they sold them for about 10 or 12¢ per dozen. I was nearly grown up before I knew that you could get oranges in the winter time.

JOHN ARENDS

by Barney Arends

My dad, John Arends, came to South Dakota from Butte, Nebraska, in 1908. He took a homestead 9 miles southwest of White Owl on the head of Killdeer Creek, then returned to Nebraska.

In the spring of 1909, Dad returned to South Dakota and brought Mother and the 2 oldest children, John and Frances, back with him. The livestock and belongings were shipped to Wasta by immigrant car. They loaded their possessions on the wagon and drove the horses and cows 40 miles to their homestead.

They stayed with neighbors while they were building a sod house. The house was built near a spring, which they used for water and as a refrigerator to keep milk and cream cool.

There were many hardships for the homesteaders due to dry years. Dad cut cedar posts in the breaks and sold them to the homesteaders to fence their claims. In the spring of the year he used to hunt coyote dens and dig out the pups. He got as many as 60 one year.

Mother also did her share to add to the income by churning butter and taking it to the White Owl Store to sell. She also raised a large garden and cured meat for summer use.

After the homesteaders started to farm the land, there was no way to thresh the grain so they went together and bought a community threshing machine. Dad was hired to run the machine for many years.

Once a year Dad took a wagon load of wheat to town and brought back flour, sugar, coffee and other supplies for winter.

The family had also grown by now and another boy, 2 girls and 2 more boys finally made up the family of seven children. Four of the children live in this area: Marie (Mrs. Gale Funk at Enning), Frances (Mrs. Ed Selwinder in Rapid City), Barney, at Enning and John, living at Phillip.

Although the times were hard they still had some enjoyment. For entertainment the folks used to go to dances given in the homes, community celebrations, picnics, box socials and card parties. Some of their neighbors included the Ves Carneys, Mike Carneys and the Powers boys.

Both parents are gone now but the old original homestead is still in the family. There are many changes since homestead days but it will remain as fond memories.

John Arends & Family - 1909

The John Simons Homestead on Killdeer Creek

GARFIELD SIMONS

By Hazel Sorenson

Garfield Simons was born in Stewart, Neb. on April 17, 1881. The family moved to Wyoming for two years, and came back to Dalzell when the Indians and Big Foot were on the war path.

He came to the White Owl country in 1891 with his folks, and they settled on Killdeer Creek where Paul Ferguson lives. Garfield lives on the old Sam Fish ranch, 3 miles to the east.

Shortly after coming to White Owl, the Simons family had cut hay on the old Vance place below the White Owl Store. A big prairie fire came through west of White Owl, and burned all the pasture, so they had to haul the hay back to the home place to feed the cattle.

Herman and Mattie Ostendorf, brother-in-law of Gary, opened the first store and post office at White Owl, and his father hauled the mail from Smithville to White Owl. The Ostendorfs ran this store for a number of years.

Gary and his twin brother, Grant went to work for Jim Cox helping him with the cattle in the spring. They were long horn Texas cows, and on the first of May, we took these cows to a place where Wall is now. A bad blizzard came up, which lasted three days, and nights, and all the cattle drifted over the wall and died. This was a bad storm and lots of cattle and about two-thirds of the horses were lost.

Jim Cox went to Omaha and borrowed money to buy more cows, but never told the bankers his were all dead. He went back to Texas and bought twice as many as they gave him orders to buy. He shipped them up here and became a great cattleman. He later retired, moving to Pierre, where he bought a nice home and spent the rest of his days there.

In 1902 Gary went to work on the roundup for Pete Duhamel. We moved hundreds of steers to Chamberlain and on the way they got spooked on White River and the only way we could get them to water was to get in among them and sing and holler. To get them into Chamberlain, we had to cross on a pontoon bridge, and Gary was in charge of six head of horses to lead the cattle across the bridge. About every 100 head or so a rider was put in the herd to keep the cattle coming so they couldn't turn back. The cattle started running and stampeded on the bridge, and in order to get them stopped, I had to throw them into a mill. Then we loaded them on a boat called the "Jim Leighton" and the boat hauled them across the river to load them on the railroad. It was four o'clock the next morning before they were loaded.

Jesse King, Horatio Black and Gary went to the north end of the pasture on the Fish ranch and found a pack of 10 wolves after we discovered a dead cow. We took after them, and Gary roped one and drug it over to where Black was, and he jumped off to stab the wolf and stabbed himself in the leg. Jess and Gary finally got two apiece.

In the spring of the year usually in May, on Badland Creek, which is now my pasture, I found a den of wolves. Gary was alone so he went home and got Ves and Hugh Carney, who had some small boys. When we went down the next morning we saw 2 big grey wolves outside the den, and when I went to crawl into the den, there was a short bend in the hole, so I couldn't get through, so we sent one of the small Carney boys into the hole. He came out scared to death saying, "There is an old one in there." The boy was afraid to go back in, so I took a hatchet and cut out the hole so I could crawl back in where the pups were. I took my saddle rope and put it around one hind foot of the wolf. She was growling while I was putting it on. I crawled back out and three men couldn't get the wolf out because she had her free foot against the side of the hole. So I had to crawl back in and put the rope around the other hind foot. Then we pulled her out and I shot her as they drug her out of the hole. Then I went back in and got 10 pups. The Carneys were going to Sturgis the next day, so I skinned the pups and the old one and took them to Mike Carneys that night. They lived in a dugout house, and I laid the hides on the bank by the house, and as I went in I met a man coming out the door. We couldn't find the hides anyplace, when I got ready to leave, evidently they were stolen.

There were no dentists except in Sturgis and Rapid City so when anyone had a toothache they would come to Gary and he would pull the tooth. He had a pair of forceps and pulled teeth for many who came. He didn't pull teeth until the pain became unbearable.

Gary was one of twelve children, 5 boys and 7 girls. The girls were Matty Ostendorf, Betsy King, Wealthy Calloway, Mary Quinn, Laura Gorman, Angie Morgan and Lizi Allmen. These are their married names. The brothers were Billy, Jimmy, Johnny, Grant and Gary. The only ones still living are Wealthy, who lives in Lancaster, Wis., and Grant and Gary.

On April 17, 1912, Gary married May Preist, whose home was near Dalzell. They homesteaded out in the White Owl vicinity. They moved to their present home in 1917. They had 3 daughters Shirley Arends, June Bauer, and Vera Denker. They had one son, Virgil. They have been married 51 years, and have 13 grandchildren and 5 great-grandchildren.

MAY PRIEST SIMONS

May Priest Simons was born and raised around Dalzell. She had 8 sisters and 2 brothers. The girls married names are Edna Mears, Ethyl Griffen, Clysta Trainer, Zina Harwood, Margaret Hackney, Lillian Rasey. The brothers are Lloyd and Herb. Edna, Lloyd and Ethyl are deceased.

Their father, Monroe Priest came from Ohio to Dakota Territory during the Custer gold rush. After landing in Custer for a short time the entire party were turned back as treaties with the Indians were not completed and they were very dangerous. He went back to Ohio for a few years. Then he and his cousin, Andrew Priest came together to Deadwood. Here they did prospecting or placer mining, which didn't pay very well for them.

Monroe Priest married Bell Beamer in Silver City in 1883 and they lived in Bear Butte Valley for awhile. Later they came to the Dalzell country, taking a claim which is now owned by R. Burmeister. He bought a place on the Belle Fourche River near the Fish ranch, where the Simons live. There they raised 10 children.

Percherons

Monroe Priest served as Senator at Pierre, in 1896. He also went to Pierre once as head of the brand board. He was accidently killed in a well in 1903. The family continued to live on there after his death until Mrs. Priest passed away in 1914. The place was sold then.

Nels Fish ranch

Garfield Simons on Rowdy

Bob Speer with wolf and coyote hides

Enning Store

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Mr. and Mrs. Germaine (Red) Pellegrin

Roscoe Doyle, Chauncey and Harvey Fitzgerald, Charley Grotzke, John Arends. ROW TWO: Mrs. Roscoe Doyle, Mrs. C. Fitzgerald, Mrs. Bert Clute, Mrs. Tom Fitzgerald, and Mrs. J. Arends.

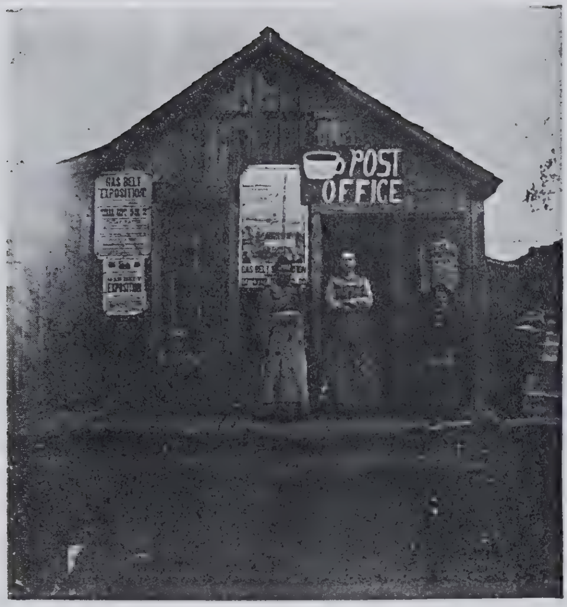
Edward and Howard Grotzke

Walter Hawks

Unknown

Unknown

White Owl



Very first post office in White Owl. People unknown.

WHITE OWL

by Hazel Sorenson

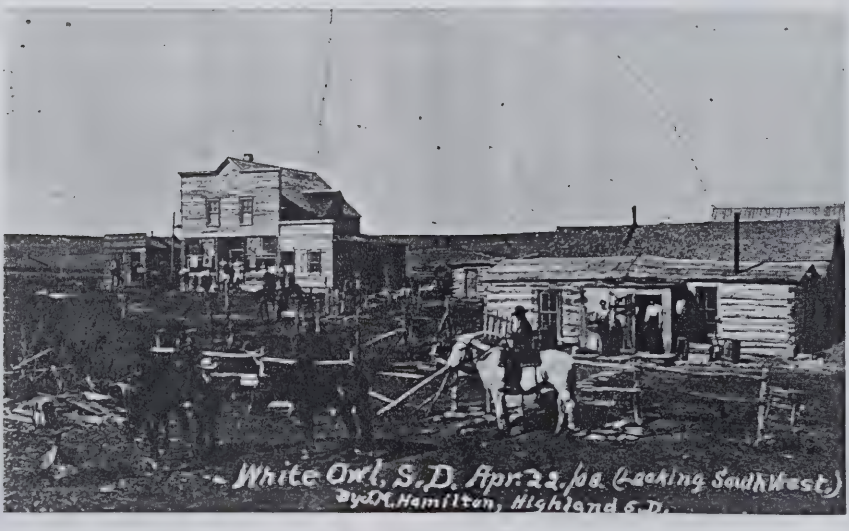
White Owl, South Dakota, is the very first establishment in central Meade County. The early settlers came for miles on horseback to get their mail.

It was started in the early 1890's by my dad's sister, Mattie, and husband, Herman Orsendorf. Grant and Gary Simons (my dad and uncle) carried mail here from Smithville, for nothing, to get a post office started here. It took a year of free "carrying mail" to get it established.

The building we live in now was built by my uncle and the lumber was brought here by wagon team. The stringers under the store, are made of hued cottonwood, and are still in good condition. It was built in about 1903 or 1904.

White Owl used to be quite a place. There was a livery barn, blacksmith shop, dance hall, small building, dwelling, store, bank, printing shop, land office, post office, and butcher shop. They had a fire that took several of the buildings but the old original store, small house, and dwelling are still here.

If this building could talk, I'd bet it could tell some real stories. There have been a lot of people that have lived here. Some of them were: Orsendorfs, Spaws, Fillinghams, Tarun brothers, Heckerts, and Sorensons. We have been here sixteen years. They have been very interesting and enjoyable years.


White Owl, S.D. Apr. 22./08. (Looking SouthWest)
By J.M. Hamilton, Highland S.D.

White Owl April 22, 1908

White Owl So. Dak
Dec 23/09

White Owl December 23, 1909. Livery barn, blacksmith shop, dance hall, store-postoffice, printing shop and bank.

White Owl Printing Office

White Owl printing office Sept. 7, 1909. Tom Johnson, Gertie Spaniol, Mae Kelly, Louis Farley, Bee Wilcox, George Johnson, Mr. Beste and Granny Spaw.

WHITE
LAND and

White Owl Land Office, people unknown.

A Round up of The First Beef

Beef roundup for the butcher shop

Bob Cox beside the mail stage

Weighing first beef for butcher shop

MR. AND MRS.
CHARLES H. SCHRECKENGHAUST
By Ellen Schreckenghaust

Charles H. Schreckenghaust was born near Greenbay, Wisconsin, and his wife was born in Iowa.

He came to the Black Hills from Iowa on a bicycle with a large wheel in front and a small wheel in the back. This was in 1900, and he made his home near Tilford. He sent for his family which consisted of six children and his wife Grace. Four of the children are Floyd, Ned, Kenneth, and Eunice S. Clink.

I came to the Black Hills in 1903. Floyd and I were married in 1905 and filed on our claim in Rapid City, in April, 1906. We lived on our claims, which were located one and one-half miles east, and one-fourth of a mile south of White Owl. We didn't live there steady until 1909.

One time in 1909 I drove a team and buggy from the Hills out to White Owl alone, and brought back a team and wagon.

When we filed on our claim Floyd's father Charles, and his brother Ned filed on a claim beside us.

Some of our nearest neighbors were the Joe Browns from Ohio, Biblers from Indiana, William Pence and Sid Ayres from Nebraska, a teacher, Miss Dilman from Ohio, and another teacher from Zion, Illinois. Jimmy Doroty homesteaded near us also. Mrs. Laura Adelia Simons, mother of Mrs. Grace Schreckenghaust, was born in Chillicothe, Ohio, homesteaded near there too. She traced her ancestry back to the Mayflower, and was related to the Adams, who were presidents of the United States.

My mother was born in England, and came over here to this country, when she was six or seven years old. She never lived here, she only visited us at White Owl.

Charles Schreckenghaust served on the school board and election board for a good many years. He was County Commissioner when he died suddenly in 1917, when he was only 56 years of age. His wife died in the fall of 1932, at the age of seventy years.

We had some very good times at dances in one room sod or frame houses, and everyone took something to eat.

Ministers came horseback to preach in the schoolhouses.

We hadn't been on our place very long, when a few cars were purchased and driven on the roads. At first the horses were scared of the cars and there were quite a few runaways.

When we homesteaded the grass was wonderful, so thick, just like a carpet, but the prairie fires took an awful toll, and too much stock grazing was hard on it, and then the drouth, grasshoppers, and too much farming helped to destroy much of our native grass, some of it never did make a comeback.

Floyd was elected sheriff of Meade County in 1936, we moved to Sturgis then. He served two terms.

Floyd passed away in 1946, and I still live in Sturgis.

And looking back, it seems odd to me that the things that happened to us in the early years didn't seem so bad, as they did later on, I guess it was because we were young.

STAGE BARN CANYON FLOOD
By Ralph Schreckenghaust

My parents, Floyd and Ellen Schreckenghaust, my Uncle Ned and Lucy his wife, Mr. Enders and his wife, all lived in Stage Barn Canyon. One afternoon my father and mother noticed a large, dark cloud in the west. A little later a wall of water came down the canyon.

My folks didn't have any small children at the time, as this was before I was born, so they made it far enough up the canyon wall to escape the water.

My Uncle Ned, his wife and baby girl were at home along with Mrs. Enders and her two children, a little boy and a baby girl. They all started to run for the canyon wall. Ned carried the little Enders boy, and Lucy carried their baby, and Mrs. Enders carried her little girl. Ned soon reached the canyon wall, and looked back to see how the women were faring. His wife was right behind him, and the water had started to push her down the stream. Mrs. Enders evidently lost control and stopped. Just as Ned looked the water took the house and Mrs. Enders along with her baby. Ned put the little boy down, and told him to run up the hill, and grabbed for Lucy and the baby, somehow he missed the baby but saved Lucy and the little Enders boy. So Mrs. Enders, her baby girl, and Ned's baby were lost in the flood.

After the flood had subsided, searchers found Mrs. Enders and Ned's and Lucy's baby, but as far as I know, they never found the Ender's baby.

Those large boulders that lay out in the valley at the mouth of Stage Barn Canyon were washed there at the time of the flood. Some were even farther east than the new Interstate 90.

AB TARRANT

When a boy 9 or 10 years old, I came with my folks from the west coast to Dakota Territory. We settled north of Viewfield where Dad filed on 160 acres that had a spring on it. It was where the Indians and soldiers both used to camp. Viewfield, at that time, had a church, a saloon, a hotel, a store and post office.

That fall I saw my first round-up wagon, Turkey Track, run by Mexican Joe. Dutch Charley was the cook. I remember that Bill Preslor and Johnnie Simons were with the outfit.

Ab Tarrant - 1907

They stopped at the store to get more grub. The cook got drunk and then started to go down to the river breaks. He upset the chuck wagon and scattered grub down the hill so the boss beat up the cook. Johnnie said the boys were about to mob the boss for that. I was with my dad at the river getting a load of wood and saw it all. We picked up what grub they left.

The cowboys were still wearing guns during my time. However, they didn't carry them around much.

By the age of 16, most boys were riding broncs and punching cows. In 1900 my brother, George, and I rode line north of our place for the Patent Livestock Co. That year was a drought. The country was overrun with Texas cattle and it broke a lot of the little outfits.

In 1902 there was a big round-up. The last big round-up was in 1905. They still had round-ups for several years afterwards. The last year I rode was in 1907 for John Dalzell.

I have seen some terrible blizzards like the one in 1896 and another one in 1898 when 2 sheepherders were frozen. The winter in 1905 was the worst winter I ever saw. Every storm got someone. There was a terrible loss in stock cattle and horses. They lay in piles after the storm in 1905.

On January 17, 1910, we were married and settled where we now live.

ARCHIE SIMONS

My parents lived in a dugout on the Belle Fourche River in the Dalzell area when I was born on April 5, 1893. My father, William M. Simons, was the first one to file on land in Meade County that I know of. He filed on the place where Guy Simons lives now. The men in those days had to be gone from the home place for weeks and sometimes months. My father went out to help with the 'round-up' and would be gone from 6 to 8 months. He went to Wyoming once with 2 or 3 horses, and it took 3 or 4 days to get there. The horses got away and came home in one day and night--there was nothing to stop them in those days as there were no fences.

The first school I went to was a log schoolhouse about a mile -- southwest of home. Mrs. John Timmons was my first teacher. Some of the other children in the school were Jennie, George, Ray and Earl Howie, Roy Murphy and I believe some of the Spaw children. I was one of the first ones to be 'licked'--I wouldn't talk, and I think it was a book she hit me with.

I trapped some muskrats, but there wasn't very much time for things like that, as there was always lots of work to do. The only fuel used in those days was wood, so my brother Elmer and I got a lot of old cottonwood trees in and cut them up.

My father and Jesse King, John Alexander and I went to Rapid City one time for a load of lumber. It took about a week to make the trip and we camped out wherever night overtook us, and we could get feed and water for the horses. As we were getting near home a rain storm came up. I was driving the horses, and as we started down this creek bank, J. Alexander fell off the wagon and was caught by a wheel. It was impossible to stop the wagon on that slippery bank, so he was drug 30 or 40 yards before we could stop. He wasn't hurt, and after being helped back on the wagon we went on home.

I had a horse return to me one time after being gone for 8 years. I had bought him from Harry White and then sold him to someone else. It had been to Dalzell, Wasta and all over when it decided to come back.

Indians used to go through my folk's place on their way to Montana--dragging their belongings back of their horses. There would be hundreds of them and they would form a line several miles long. One location they used quite often for their camp was still visible a few years back where they gathered big rocks to put inside their tents to sit on. They always wanted shells for their guns. My grandfather was afraid of them and hated to go against them. The Indians were feeding up his hay so my father stopped them.

Fred Berthold and another trapper stopped at an Indian's place one time, and the Indian asked them to come in for dinner. The Indian's wife said to him, "stir 'em up, John, pups in the bottom."

One year when it had been dry, my father and Grant Simons were hauling hay by wagon from about 20 miles from home. A gray wolf came up and followed the wagon and started to fight with the dogs. Grant had a gun along and shot the wolf. They were quite thick in those days.

I was down at the Joe Timmons place northeast of White Owl when the May 5th blizzard of 1905 came.

The creeks were full of snow and the storm lasted for three days. Everyone lost a lot of live-

Mr. and Mrs. Billie Simons

The Billie Simons Family - 1910

stock. There was a large herd of sheep down by Tepee Creek and everyone of them was lost. Some people tried to save some of the wool from the dead sheep, but they couldn't get much.

There were some bad prairie fires that often burned until they came to a river. One fire started from some lignite coal ashes near Red Owl, and this fire went clear to the Cheyenne River. It burned out White Owl and the Clyde Weyers place except a rock chicken house and his log house.

My father's brand was a DE on the left side with a second E to the right and lower on the thigh.

GRANT SIMONS

By Hazel Sorenson

Twin boys were born to Mr. and Mrs. John Simons at Stewart, Nebr.,. Holt County, in the spring of 1881, and they were Grant and Gary Simons.

They lived there for about two years, then moved to Wyoming for two years, near the Bear Lodge country. Then they moved to a place near Dalzell where they lived several years. While there Grant and Gary carried the mail for one year, twice a month, in order to have a post office at White Owl. They carried it from Smithville to White Owl in the early 1890's. People came from all around the country for miles on horseback to get their mail.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant Simons

From there they moved on the place where Paul Ferguson now lives, until he went to work south of the river for A. D. Merit Company with Tom Welch as boss. They had nothing but steers.

In 1900 we went up on the Grand River to winter the stock, then I and Grant went to work on the round-up for Pattersons: for many years. Hokem was wagon boss for awhile, then they hired Manuel Coy as wagon boss. I worked for Ed Lemmon all summer near Timber Lake. During this time two sheep herders froze to death during one of the big blizzards that we had, and my brother Jimmy started to take them to town for burial. It turned warm and started to thaw. Jimmy looked back and saw a hand moving and it nearly scared him to death, as he thought they were coming to life.

I worked for seven different roundup outfits. I first started when I was 15 or 16 years old. They worked the area between the Rivers and the Reservation. Some of them were L 7, Flying V, Sam Seffield run this one, and the 3 V company, there were four more companies.

We built a home for my mother to live in, where Billy Simons lived for so long and I homesteaded the place where I now live, and my mother came to live there too.

Grant Simons

Sid Ayres freight wagon

I married Lyda Weyer in 1907, and we are still living on my homestead. To this union eight children were born, six are still living. Beulah lives at Newell, Hazel and Douglass at White Owl, Mabel at Timber Lake, Helen at Scottsbluff, Nebraska, and Jean at Potlatch, Idaho.

We have seen a good many changes in the years. The prairie fires, drought, blizzards, and all the changes such as horses to tractors, telephones, radios and all the other changes, but have enjoyed our good fortune and trails over the years.

Lora and Sid Ayres, other unknown

SID AND LORA AYRE

by Adelaide Pond

Sid and Lora Ayre came to Meade County in 1907 from near Omaha, Nebr.

With the Homestead Act getting its second wind, they were among the first of the "Honyockers" to invade the cattle country. Their plow was not too welcomed by the old time cattlemen of that time.

They took a homestead three miles east of White Owl. White Owl was then operated by Mr. and Mrs. Spaw. The Federal Land Office was located in White Owl with Tom and Everett Johnston in charge. Sid took a job in connection with this office, helping new-comers to locate on desirable homesteads. He also run a freight line for the Spaw store between White Owl and Rapid City driving six horses hitched to a big freight wagon. The only newspaper was published in White Owl by the Johnston brothers. During this time Lora baked bread for many of the young bachelor homesteaders who were only "sticking-it-out" for 5 years, in tar paper or sod shacks, so they could claim deed for their 160 acres of free land.

As a young man, Sid, had some training as a mortician so through the years he was called on many times. He took a religious pride in doing this job well. The general store in Marcus, managed by Roy Dean, carried materials for home-made caskets. Mrs. Ayre and many other women did the sewing, while the men did the carpenter work.

At the end of World War 1, Lora ran the hotel in Marcus which was a very lively place with all the boys coming home from Europe, anxious to settle down in a still comparatively new country. By 1921, Ayres, was back on the homestead and tilled the land until his death in 1943. Following this date, Mrs. Ayre made her home in Sturgis until her death in 1963.

Through the years the Ayres place seemed to be the end of the line. Travelers always seemed to make it that far. They were given meals and beds--many times only sitting space around the old Round Oak stove as more and more stopped in at the two room house for shelter during a bad storm.

The homestead is now owned by Claude Bauer.

JAMES SHAW
by Les Shaw

In about 1893 James Shaw and son, Thomas sailed for America from Belfast, Ireland. They came to Wakanda, South Dakota, to join James's two brothers, William and Hanry, who had settled there previously.

In 1897 James Shaw and Isabel Chaney, a school teacher of the Wakanda School, were married and in 1898 they and Tom came by covered wagon to western South Dakota. They filed on a homestead on Little Spring Creek near Red Owl.

Homestead log house of James and Isabel Shaw built in 1898. Pictured are Mr. and Mrs. James Shaw and Leslie and Gladys. 1904.

They lived in a tent for about a year until they had completed their log house. Their two children, Leslie and Gladys, were both born in this log house.

In 1907 they moved to a ranch on White Owl Creek which they had purchased from Frank Postlewait a few years before.

James Shaw died in June, 1917, and his wife passed away in September of 1932.

Tom lived on a ranch near Red Owl, formerly owned by D. J. Brown. Tom passed away in October, 1961. Leslie and family still live on the old ranch near White Owl and Gladys lives in Denver, Colorado.

Home of the James Shaw family in - 1909

RATHGEBERS TRAVEL WEST
By Emma Crowell

Father, Mother, Pearl and I came from Sioux Falls to near Box Elder July 2, 1889. We traveled in covered wagons with the Hortons.

We were the only wagons that came up from Pierre. We had planned to cross the Cheyenne River at Smithville, but the river was up so we had to wait on the east side until it went down. There were a lot of Indians on the other side waiting to cross, some in wagons, some on horseback. The river-went down and the Indians were starting to cross, so Papa and Mr. Horton decided it was safe for us. They were the first Indians I ever saw. One squaw walked through the river leading an Indian pony with a little papoose, two or three years old, riding the pony.

When they got through the river, the squaw dipped up some water in her hands and put it on the papoose's head saying "leila wasta" which I understand means very good. We crossed the river, went on up the hill, and on to a place northeast of Box Elder.

One year Papa got a job working for a family nearby. Mother was to get all the vegetables she wanted if she would help tend the garden, all the milk and cream the family could use if she would

Mike Crowells five room log house on Pine Creek

Emma and Mike Crowell

milk the cow. The house we lived in that summer had no windows so Mother took some long weeds and wove them into blinds. Papa worked for fifty cents a day. Overalls were fifty cents a pair, and calico was three cents a yard.

Mother left her sewing machine in Sioux Falls. By November the folks had saved up enough money to pay freight on the machine from Sioux Falls to Rapid City, which was two dollars or four days wages then.

The first fall we were there I started to school, going about two miles from home. It was about eleven miles northeast of the Ellsworth Air Base. We moved to Rapid City later and I went through high school there. As soon as I finished I started to teach school. My first school was the Creston School at the mouth of Rapid Creek. The Creston Post Office was just across the road. I've taught many years in Meade County.

Pearl, my sister and I came up from Sioux Falls with the folks, as I mentioned before. Walter, Lucy (Burk) and Cassius were born in Pennington County.

Pearl and Burt Zook were married in 1905, and moved to California later. They raised grapes a good business there. Burt said he helped survey the land where the first Stoneville Store was located. Walter went to California when he was 15 years old. Then the folks, Lucy and Cass moved to California. Lucy, Cass and Walter still live there. Pearl passed away several years ago, but Burt still lives there.

In 1904 the family moved down on the Cheyenne River, east of Dalzell, where Papa homesteaded. He filed on the place he wanted but when it was surveyed he found out it was a school section. He then filed across the river to the east.

John Dalzell lived next to us in the south. He was a freighter and was the first one to freight into Tivis with an ox team. He also freighted from Pierre to Cheyenne with oxen teams.

After we moved to the homestead on the river, I taught the Maxwell School east of Dalzell. Some of the families going to school that year were Fenners, Simons, Miners and Goffs. I taught several other schools in the area. Some of the schools had three months terms. One time I taught until Friday night at one school, and the next Monday morning I started teaching at another school. One time I taught every school day for the thirteen months. Of course this was at different schools.

Mike Crowell was born in Minnesota, February 24, and moved with his parents Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Crowell, to Ipswich, then on to the Crowell place on the Cheyenne River. He lived there with his parents, his brothers Emerson, Willis, Harold, sisters Maggie Dalzell, Julia Dalzell, Mary Marvin, Birdie McDonald, and Lue Howie.

After several years of working on roundups in the area for such outfits as IOI, C. K. Howard and others he homesteaded in 1900 on Pine Creek southeast of White Owl.

Mike and I were married in 1906 and moved to a five room log house on the homestead, which has been my home ever since. We had four children, Warren, who lives at home, Ruby (Schreckenghaust) and Beryl (Heckert) both teachers, and live in Sturgis. Fern (Alsdorf), also a teacher, lives in Arizona.

"GOLDEN EAGLE"
SHOT AT WHITE OWL S.D.
BY THOMAS CROWELL
COPYRIGHTED JUNE 3, 1910
BY JOSEPH E. NELSON, SIOUX FALLS, S.D.

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Ray, Jennie, Alex, John, Jim, George, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Howie and Earl
1908

Mr. and Mrs. George Howie
and Ida - 1917

James A. Howie ranch at Marcus in the 20's

JAMES A. HOWIE
by Mrs. George Howie

James A. Howie came to S. Dak. in 1889 from Octavia, Nebraska. He located near Black Hawk on Box Elder Creek for a few years. Then moved to Sulphur Creek. In 1902 he homesteaded on a claim on Red Owl Creek east of Marcus, where their family of 6 boys and 1 girl grew up.

John, now 85 years old lives in that vicinity, also Ray, and Earl live on the old homestead. All are living except George, my husband. He passed away in June of 1961 after quite a long illness.

Our family of 10 children are all grown and scattered over many states. We lost our second son, Glen in Jan. of 1959 from cancer.

We located on White Owl Creek in the spring of 1909, three miles east of White Owl. We had 52 years together, and I have lived here 2 years since. My son, Raymond and family now have the place.

We have seen dry years and good years, and many dust storms and blizzards, prairie fires and some very cold winters. I have seen many changes in the country. We have gained cars, good roads and electric power and telephones, but I still like the good old days of horse power and plenty to keep busy at. Too much entertainment now--can't keep up with it all.

MY FIRST TRIP TO THE HOMESTEAD
By Maggie Brown

Joe, Beatrice, our little baby, and I left Rapid City by train. It was a beautiful afternoon on April 7th, 1908, we reached Wasta in the late afternoon. We got our supplies to last us for several weeks and started for the ranch in the old lumber wagon. We spent the first night at the Seven Mile House.

The old soddie - 1908

Inside of the soddie

We left the next morning with two passengers, Bill and Alvin Roberts who were coming to White Owl for Mr. Ayres to locate on claims. We ate our dinner at the Fish ranch down by the Belle Fourche River. We came on through to White Owl and out to the Ayres ranch. Mrs. Ayres was the first neighbor lady I met. The Roberts brothers got out and stayed at Ayres. Joe and I and the baby, came on another half mile to Mr. and Mrs. Bill Pence's place, and spent the night there. The next morning after breakfast we started for our homestead a mile and a half farther on east.

Our new home was a tent containing what few pieces of furniture we had. Joe, Mr. Pence and our neighbor across the road, Tommy Brennam had started a sod barn which was about a third done. Three or four days after we reached the homestead a windstorm came up and frightened me out of living in a tent. Consequently, the men hurried up and finished building the sod barn and we moved our belongings in and made it a house instead of a barn. This was our home for the next fifteen years. The horses fell heir to the tent until later in the spring another family of homesteaders by the name of Everson bought the tent.

Within a year after we came to the homestead there was either a bachelor, a school teacher, or a family on every quarter. It is much different today; most ranches contain seven to ten or more of these homesteads.

We didn't come to the homestead planning to make this our home, but we just kept on staying and the country grew on us until we weren't happy any place else.

CARNEYS

by Dr. Hugh H. Carney

All four of our grandparents originally came from Ireland. Grandfather and Grandmother Hayes settled on a farm near Rockford, Illinios. Before her marriage Grandmother Hayes was a governess. Four girls and a son were born to this marriage. Our mother, Elizabeth Jane Hayes, was a twin sister to the boy. Mother was born May 29, 1857, at Boston, Massachusetts.

Our Grandfather Michael Carney, a Civil War Veteran, married our grandmother, Bridgett Maloney at Waukegan, Illinois. To this union five sons and a daughter were born. Our father, Michael J. Carney, was born at Waukegan, Illinois, on June 27, 1857.

Leaving Illinois the Carneys moved to Pierre, South Dakota, and opened up the first hotel there which still stands as a landmark. Then in the year 1884, Grandfather Carney migrated to the Black Hills, coming on the oxen train and wagon and settled on a ranch 12 miles east of Sturgis. Their white house and red barn stood as a landmark to guide people caught in storms and blizzards to their place. In one blizzard forty people were stranded at their place four or five days. Two beef cattle and three hogs were butchered to feed them. Both Grandmother and Grandfather Carney died on this place in 1902.

At the time when Grandfather Carney came from Pierre, the country was wild, open and untamed and having trouble with the Indian tribes. There were gun men and desperados. The saloons, gambling and dance halls all flourished.

There was Calamity Jane and Wild Bill Hickock. Poker Alice, Alice Tubbs, wore a man's cap, smoked a cigar, and carried a lantern in 1906. She ruled the early gambling table in Deadwood, South Dakota, with a six-shooter by her side. When I came back 20 years later, I found their names famous in the history of the Black Hills.

Our father and mother were married at Rockford, Illinois, on March 19, 1878. To this marriage nine children were born, five which are still alive.

After their marriage they moved to Iowa Falls, Iowa, on a farm. When the cyclone destroyed the town of Pomeroy, Iowa, in July of 1893, our father helped to rebuild the town. Still standing is the Catholic Church he helped to build and he alone built the steeple.

My brother, Miles, trailed or drove large numbers of horses from Montana, Wyoming and the Black Hills to Pomeroy, Iowa, which is 106 miles east of Sioux City. Father bought western horses by the car load and auctioned them off all over the state of Iowa. He was one of the finest auctioneers.

Moving to Sturgis in 1896, father and his sons, Miles, Hugh, and Vest, opened a butcher shop at Sturgis. They had their own slaughter house and furnished meat at Fort Meade and the hotels and restaurants at Whitewood, Deadwood, and Lead.

In 1906 father moved the family to a homestead about 60 miles northeast of Sturgis and started his stock ranch on what was range country then. Every fall there was a roundup which entailed several days rounding up the stock. It was necessary to have the cook, eating supplies, and bedrolls along.

Remembering our home life, there was much life, happiness, and hospitality in it as it was blessed with young folks. We were one of the few people who had an organ which our two sisters played. Father, Miles and Mike played the violin. Miles was taught to play the violin by Dennis Cortney. Old-timers enjoyed dancing and especially enjoyed the old Hornpipe tunes. Miles, Mike, and our sister, Anna, played for many dances here. They generally rode horseback.

Dennis Cortney married Mrs. Custer's cook, Rose, and they were mentioned by Mrs. Custer in her last book. They were our neighbors for years.

In early fall our father and the boys used to go to the Badlands and haul several loads of timber to use for posts and firewood, which, for several years, was cedar. What a quick, hot fire it made! Later as the wood became scarce, we started to use coal, hauling it and other supplies from Sturgis or Wasta. These trips would take one day and a half going and usually three days coming back.

The winters were long and time was spent dancing and card playing in the homes.

Hugh graduated from Sturgis High School and then went to Spearfish Normal. From there he attended Universal College of Chiropractic for four years at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. In 1926 he opened his office in Sioux City, Iowa, and is still in practice.

Upon selling the ranch in 1916, we moved to South Sioux City, Nebraska. Some of the family are still living in the home our parents bought.

Where our house now stands, General Custer camped all night in 1775. He was on his way to the Little Big Horn near the Crow Indian Reservation where he made his last stand and he and his men were completely annihilated.

All the old-timers were known for their hospitality and were ready, to help anyone in need with no exceptions.

Our cousin, Paul Carney, who was born near Sturgis, South Dakota, is listed with past world rodeo champion riders 1937-1939.

Mother passed away January 30, 1937. Father died July 11, 1919.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Carney - 1878

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Olsen, Ole, Helga and Carl

Earl Olsen

Mr. and Mrs. Ole Olsen

OLE C. AND FRANCES OLSEN

By Lorene Burditt

In 1908, Ole and Frances Olsen came by wagon with their small son, Earl to western South Dakota. They built a log cabin on their homestead near White Owl. This log cabin is still part of the home which is now owned by their youngest daughter, Lorene Burditt, and family.

I recall Father telling of his experiences freighting in the early days to Faith and Wasta, and helping organize the first Sunday School and Presbyterian Church here.

Three more children were born to this union, Violet of Kansas City, Mo., Lucille of St. Paul, Minnesota, and Lorene.

In 1949 my parents retired to Sturgis and Gettysburg where Father passed away in 1951. My mother now makes her home with her children.

Mother still enjoys working with her flowers as she was always a true nature lover, and also a true pioneer.

JACK AND LUCINDA SIMONS

By Gary Simons

Jack and Lucinda Simons and family came to South Dakota from Wyoming, about thirty miles from Sundance, in 1890. They moved to Dalzell first, and was there when the battle of Wounded Knee occurred. From there they moved to the place where Paul Ferguson lives now. The Simons family moved again when they homesteaded east of White Owl. Guy Simons lives on that place.

Mr. Simons carried the mail from Smithville to White Owl once a week, the road went through the yard where Gary Simons now lives. Mrs. Simons was a midwife, and took care of many of the women in the area.

Mrs. Simons died in Ft. Pierre April 27th, 1924, after she had a stroke, and is buried in the White Owl Cemetery. Mr. Simons died in Canada, and is buried in Butte, Montana.

The Simons had twelve children, seven girls, and five boys. They were: Lizzie Allman, who had 7 children. Billy, had 7 children, Elmer, Archie, Gertie Rapp, Guy, Violet, Jimmy, and Ida Karsvopio. Mattie Orsendorf, her children are Carl, George, Anna Noe, May Sperbeck and Clara Johnson. Betsy King, with 3 children, Franklin, Elmer, Louie and Madalene. Angie Morgan had 4, George, Claude, Dick, and her daughter died with diphtheria, and both Claude and Dick are dead. Johnny, and his children are Howard, Johnny, Wealthy, Thomas, Beatrice, and Alice Murphy. Jimmy, who had one daughter, Mabel. Mary Quinn, who had Warren, Agnes Regan, and Jimmy. Laura Gorman, her 2 children are Kathleen and Father Tom, a Priest at Timber Lake. Grant, and he had 7 children. Gary, whose children are Shirley Arends, June Bauer, Vera Denker and Virgil. Wealthy Calloway who had one son Jess.

Mattie and Herman Orsendorf opened the first White Owl Store in 1894. They built a log house where the George Beehler home is now. The store and the post office was in their home. The Orstendorfs were killed in a car wreck.

Of the twelve children, there are only three living, Gary, Grant and Wealthy.

Andrew Chafee and twin boys moving from Wasta to their home on Plum Creek.

ROY SPEAKMAN AND M. R. CHAFEE

by Mrs. M. R. Chafee

In the summer of 1916 my brother, Roy Speakman, and my husband, M. R. (Bill) Chafee, left Geddes where we then lived and came to White Owl to visit Myron Paines, who are my cousins. They also wanted to find some land to file on for a homestead. My cousin Ernest Rogers and family, also had a homestead not far from Myron Paines.

Roy Speakman and my husband, M. R. (Bill) Chafee, came back very happy. They had each filed on 365 acres. Ours was between Myron Paines and Ernest Rogers. Roy Speakman filed on one near Plum Draw. Later my father, Alonzo Speakman, came out and filed on 365 acres near

Bill Chafees homestead, in the picture is Don Chafee, Bill and Lillie Chafee and Children, Bill Speakman, Hazel Chafee and Kenneth Speakman.

Homestead of Alonzo Speakman. Mrs. Bill Chafee, Marvin, Mrs. Speakman, Mr. Speakman, Roy Speakman and Aileen (Chafee) Remington.

his son, Roy. Later they each filed on another 365 acres.

In December of 1916 Alonzo Speakman, my father, and my husband, had a farm sale at Geddes, S. D. They then loaded two immigrant cars with machinery, cattle, horses, chickens, household goods, wagons, and shipped them to Faith. The younger men of the families came through with the cars--Bill Speakman, Kenneth Speakman, Don and Clark Chafee, and Bill Chafee. Arriving in Faith, they unloaded the horses and wagons and hauled the material to build two 12x16 homestead shacks, and drove cattle, besides loads of machinery and household goods. They never realized what a long cold trip it could be from Faith to south of White Owl in December. Clark Chafee and Kenneth Speakman were just small boys. It was very hard on them.

The first of January 1917 Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Speakman, my parents, myself and my two children, Aileen (Remington) and Marvin (Bud) Chafee came on the train. We arrived at Wasta in a bad blizzard. We had to stay in a hotel there for several days. We took the old stage coach to White Owl. It was owned by Mr. French and his sons. It was dark when we got into White Owl and the men had two teams and buggies waiting to take us out. The long ride to the homestead after dark seemed so long and like traveling through a wilderness. Many people were waiting in the White Owl Store for the stage to come in and to get their mail. Many of these people were to become our friends.

The next year Andrew Chafee, father of Bill Chafee, came out and he too filed on a claim near Plum Draw. He was getting old then but he had the pioneer spirit also. All of us proved up on our homesteads. Drew Paine, as so many will remember, was out there, too. He bought the Myron Paine, Ernest Rogers, and Bill Chafee homesteads for ranching. Mr. & Mrs. Alonzo Speakman and son, Roy have died. Roy's wife lives in Rapid City. Bill and Kenneth Speakman live in Sturgis.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Chafee and sons, Melvin and Don have died. Don worked at the Newcomb ranch several years. My husband, Bill Chafee has also passed away.

We saw hard times in those days but we also found much enjoyment too and looking back I am caused to think they were the "best days." Plum Draw yielded lots of red and yellow plums, also chokecherries and buffalo berries which we gathered and preserved for winter. Our only entertainment was our "getting together" with our neighbors which we all enjoyed.

Large droves of wild horses and range cattle grazed around everywhere. Those who knew my mother, Mrs. Speakman, will remember how she loved to have fun. She had a dog named "Fanny" and she would put her in the buggy with her and when she saw either a bunch of horses or cattle she would say, "Take them Fanny" and Fanny would leap out and take after them. Mother would follow up with her buggy and ponies and they really had fun. One day my two children and I were with her. These range cattle did not run. They took after the dog who ran under the buggy. They were bellowing and horns all around us and Mother raced her ponies for home. Just before we reached the gate which had to be opened before we were safe, lay a dead rattlesnake. I had killed it that day. While the cattle milled around the snake I jumped out and opened the gate while she drove through. That ended her fun. After that she either left Fanny home or covered her up at her feet in the buggy.

One nice winter afternoon Myron Paine and Bill Chafee decided to go into White Owl (a distance of about 10 miles) after the mail. My two children and I stayed with Dora at the Paine homestead. The men were driving a team of mules and Paine's old dog "Bing" went along. About four o'clock a terrible blizzard suddenly struck.

We knew by then they had started home. We were afraid they could never make it. Old "Bing" made it in but it was several hours later before the men came walking in carrying groceries and nearly frozen. The mules had decided they did not want to face the storm so they left them and walked home.

That was the winter we had one blizzard after another and barely had time to gather cedar wood between storms.

Myron Paine and his wife live in Omaha, Nebraska. Drew Paine and his wife, Helen Grimm, live in Nebraska also. Drew Paine is aging like all the rest of the old timers. Ernest Rogers and several of his children have died. His widow lives in California.

Bill Chafee and his father, Andrew, were carpenters. They did much building in that country including the "Ridge" Schoolhouse which we were all glad to have. Up to then our children had no school. Bill Chafee continued to build houses after his father died. He built the Ab Tarrant house near White Owl, the Ward Estes and Arend houses near Enning and many others.

In the latter years Bill Chafee and his son, Marvin (Bud) Chafee had earth moving equipment. They built dams throughout the same country.

As for me, I am still living in Sturgis and remembering the "good old days" even if I did haul water on a stone boat and wash clothes on a washboard. I can now push a button to do my washing in an automatic washer and all other conveniences but that doesn't make up for the happiness of the old homestead days.

Sawing lumber at the William Weyers. Horsepower rig owned by Bob Davis. Ladies are Mrs. W. Weyer, Mrs. Grant Simons, Mrs. Cleve and Clyde Weyer. The men are Grant Simons, William, Clyde, Cleve and Cody Weyer, others not known.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleve Weyer

LYDIA WEYER SIMONS

by Hazel Sorenson

William Weyer and Lydia Dugan were married in Boone County, Iowa.

Cleve and Clyde were born in Iowa before they journeyed west to the Dakota Territory. They came by train to Rapid City. They settled at Viewfield for about three years where I was born in the early 1890's. From there they moved to the forks of the Cheyenne and Belle Fourche rivers. Their last son Cody was born there. They saw the hostile Indians many times. My mother would bake bread and cook many dishes of food for the Indians while the squaws took care of the children for her. The Indians never did hurt them at anytime. My folks were neighbors to the Crowells.

When I was six years old, my mother, Cody, and I went with Bill and Sifira Crawford (my aunt and uncle) to Iowa in a covered wagon. On the way we picked up my father in Nebraska who was working there at that time.

I had to stay at Dalzell with friends so that I could go to school.

Later we moved to a homestead where my brother, Cleve, filed southeast of White Owl. There my folks lived for many years.

They had many dances in the haymow of their barn and everyone, who could play, played for no money as there wasn't any.

My folks lived here until they passed away. They saw many changes, hardships, and trials but were never discouraged.

Here is where I met Grant Simons and married him in the year 1907.

Mr. and Mrs. Miles Carney and Tandy

MR. AND MRS. MILES CARNEY
By Carrie Carney

Miles and I were married by Father Columban, at Sturgis, S. Dak., August 27, 1908, in his house. Mother Carney was with us, and Miles' sister, Anna, and his brother Mike, stood up with us. We spent a week in the hills, also visited Miles' three sisters who lived in Deadwood.

We stayed with his folks the rest of that summer and winter. When spring came Miles went out shearing, and I went back to stay with my folks, the Tandy Hales, who lived near Chalkbutte. It was that summer July 5, 1909, that our first child was born. Miles had come home to see how I was, so we did have a few days together. Then he went back to his shearing, and I continued to stay on with my folks until he came home in August.

Miles and his father went into Sturgis, with two lumber wagons and brought home lumber to build us a house. He and his father finished our house that fall and winter. We stayed with his folks that fall and winter, and moved into our new home in March.

My oldest brother Joe Hale came down to stay with us, so he could go down in the brakes to cut some posts. The next morning after Joe came, my three brothers at home came downstairs to breakfast, all broken out with smallpox. Naturally, my mother knew if the boys had smallpox, Joe would too. So she and Daddy came down to our place, and sure enough Joe was there with the smallpox! We went home with the folks.

Miles got the smallpox and he was sick up home. During this time, a neighbor that lived west of us, sent one of his boys into their claim shack to put more wood in the heater, and that started a prairie fire. Our house, and everything we had, burned up. So I stayed with my folks that summer, and Miles went shearing again. The next house we had, was a sod house so it wouldn't burn. We plastered the inside and lived there until our son was ten years old. Then we bought a place with a four room house on it, about four miles from the homestead. We lived there until Miles passed away, July 21, 1949. I kept the place, and my oldest son and his family lived there for awhile. Later I sold it to my other son, so he has the home place now, using it for a summer pasture for his cattle. He and his wife, Evelyn own and operate the old Charlie Stewart ranch on Sulphur Creek since 1949. Slim was born November 16, 1919. I now have a trailer house in their yard and live there.

Slim Carney at the age of 3

Wealthy Simons

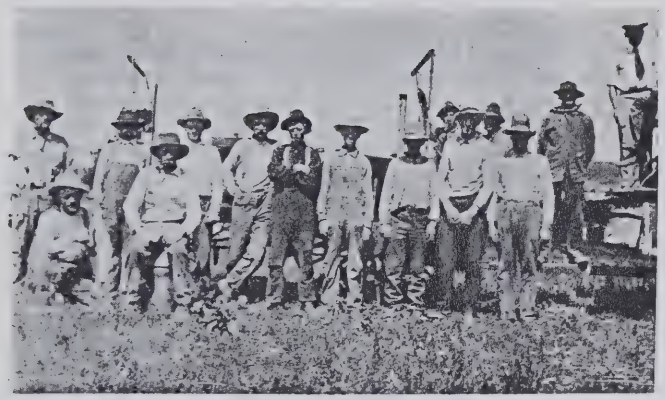
Rosie Grimms

The Jesse King home and family about 1910.

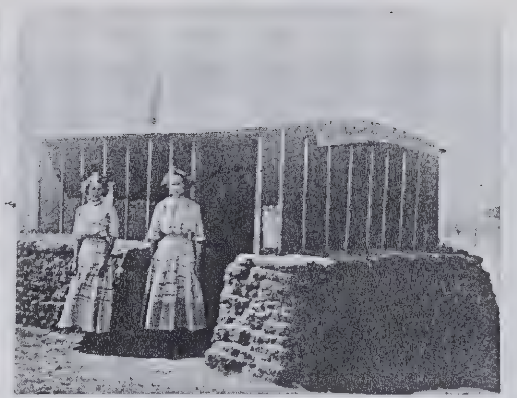
A mode of travel in the White Owl country, Phil Schuster, Gerte Spaniol and Matt Ruppert.

Lora Ayre, Mabel and Will Pence, Carl Peterson, Mr. Bennet, Sid Ayre and Joe Hampton.

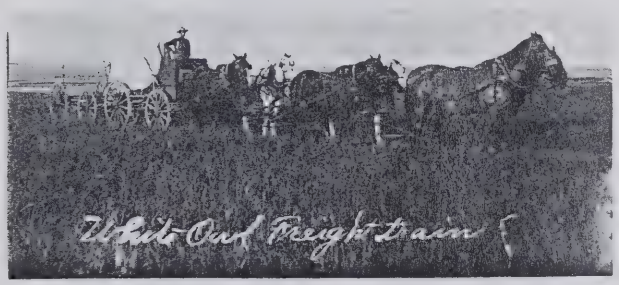
First telephone line poles brought to this country. Grant Simons with the lead team.



Threshing alfalfa seed on the R. Keiser place-1918. LEFT TO RIGHT: Fred Richter, Tom Cox, Joe Pellegrin, Red Pellegrin, Leslie Shaw, R. Keiser, William Smith, Roy Keiser, Johnny Smith, Ernest Rogers, Bryant Cox, Geo. Gray, Ab Tarrant, John Arends, Floyd Barlow.

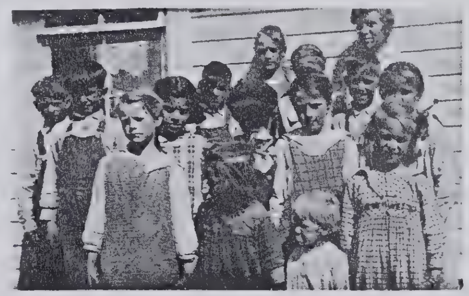


Maggie Ruppert and Gertie Spaniol, at Maggie's shack, she homesteaded in 1910, and was married to Tom Cox in 1913. Tom passed away in 1939. Maggie lives in Sturgis.

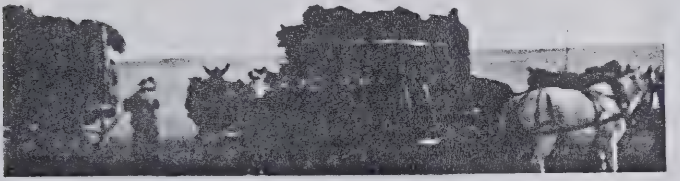


White Owl freight train in 1909. Jim Evans freighting for Spaws.

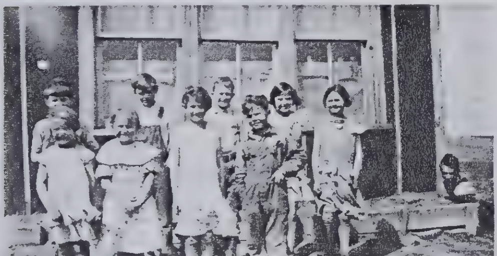
Grant Simons plowing with four head of horses.



White Owl School - Maude Campbell, teacher.



Ben Montgomerys, horsepower threshing machine, 14 head of horses. At James Shaw's place, now Leslie Shaws-1912.



White Owl School 1932-33. Emma Wrapp-Teacher.

Unknown

Marcus

Josie and Clyde Ensor in the blacksmith shop.

BITS ABOUT THE MARCUS COUNTRY

By Ralph W. Ensor

One of the oldest ranches in the Marcus country was the Patterson ranch, which was settled by Henry and Al Patterson. This ranch is about two miles below the confluence of White Owl and Red Owl Creeks. It was later sold to H. F. (Billie) White and is now the home of Irwin Richardson.

Shortly after the turn of the century, Charles Ensor and his wife, Sarah, and family moved from Box Elder Creek northeast of Rapid City to establish a new home about three miles below the Pattersons on Red Owl Creek. Their son, Tom, later took a homestead farther down the creek and their son, Clyde, filed on a homestead on the west side of the Ensor "home place," as it was called.

After proving up on his place, Clyde went to Rapid City, where he married Josephine Felton and in 1909 Clyde and Josie and their two sons, John and Ralph, returned to the homestead where Clyde started a blacksmith shop. Later, a third son, Walter was born to this family.

The country by this time was filling up with settlers and usually at noon Clyde would have several customers waiting for work to be done so he would invite them to the Ensor home for dinner. Josie soon found that much of the money that Clyde made at blacksmithing was being given away in free meals, so she put up a sign, "Meals, 25¢." This blacksmith shop, and a place to eat, were the actual beginning of Marcus. However the name of Marcus was given to the post office which was established there and was the given name of Marcus Connelly, a homesteader, who started a country store about a mile southwest of the present site of Marcus.

Mr. Marcus Connelly was postmaster until 1913 when Clara Burditt became postmistress and held the job for thirty years. However, in 1915 she married Joseph Ensor, who ran the livery barn in Marcus for many years.

Soon after Clyde Ensor opened his blacksmith shop, three men, namely, James Braddock, Elmer Hawks, and Lynn Pahlen established the Red Owl Hardware Company, and built a general store at Marcus. This store was one of the most complete trading centers in the area, and they sold everything from lumber wagons to ladies' ready-to-wear. This store was later operated by Roy Dean, then Al Hoffman, and the last was Ted Clark.

With all of the legal advertising of homesteads as an incentive, a newspaper called the Marcus Monitor was established. Mr. Tom Johnston used to come to Marcus in his Lambert car to publish the paper. The Ensor boys used to ride to the top of the hill south of Marcus just to get a ride in an automobile. Mr. Johnston also published the White Owl Oracle. Later, his brother, Everett Johnston, better known as "Skinny," published this paper.

Next, a dance hall was built and the Security Bank was started with Henry Kundert as cashier. In 1912, a big fire occurred in White Owl and the bank, and the newspaper moved to Marcus. The newspaper was published under the name of the "White Owl Oracle" and the bank was given the name of the "First State Bank of White Owl." Mr. F. E. Petrich became cashier and later was succeeded by Mr. R. W. Douglas.

The settlers, needing an additional source of income, started milking cows and a creamery was established about 1914, with the extended name of "The Red Owl Valley Co-operative Creamery Association." Mr. P. E. Rubendall was the first butter-maker and was succeeded by Paul Tarun. After the creamery quit operation, about 1925, Frank Johnston opened a cream buying station, which was later run by Mr. Dan Regan.

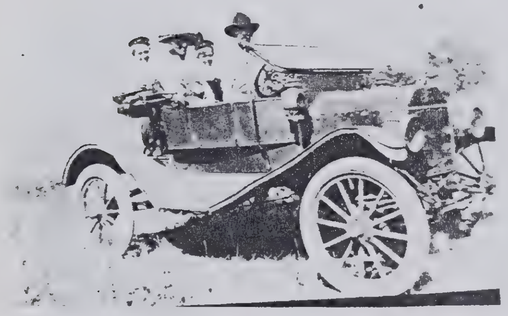
The first school was convened in the vacant Connely store building with Miss Effie Posson, as the teacher. The students were Mabel Bradley, (Mr. Cowan), Blanche Bradley, (Mrs. Guy Simons), Edmond Bradley, Margaret Bradley, (Mrs. Rud

Joe Ensor - 1908 or 1909

Kovarik), Ada Burditt, (Mrs. Sam Simons), Amber Burditt, and John and Ralph Ensor. Later, the schoolhouse was completed and is still in use.

About 1915 Mrs. Gilmore started a hotel in Marcus which she operated with the help of her son Clyde, and her daughter Nina. The hotel was later run by Mrs. Shaw and daughter Lennie, the Jesse Kings, the Sid Ayres and Zetta Sala.

Marcus from time to time could boast of numerous enterprises, such as a livery barn, a hotel, a meat market, a barber shop, a garage, and two churches, but as has been the fate of many small towns, it has faded away to its present status of a small store, a post office, a school and a church, but the friendliness of its people remains the same.



Josie and Clyde Ensor and two sons, John and Ralph.

Mr. and Mrs. John Howie, James, Bernadene and Zula in 1918.

REMINISCING WITH JOHN HOWIE

As told to Bernadene Lee

My parents, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Howie, Jim, George, Alex and I, left Butler County in Nebraska by covered wagon in August 1889. October 5th, 1889 we got to an uncle's place on Box Elder Creek east of Black Hawk. My uncle owned a brickyard near there.

Jim was nine years old, and I was eleven, when we helped the hired man drive about seventy-two head of cattle and a few extra horses on the long trip. Alex and George rode in the wagon with Mother and Father.

One incident Jim remembers and tells about concerns him. He said "the family camped one night on the river near Chadron, Neb. I was supposed to be herding the cattle on the river, and an old farmer had a turnip patch up on a little hill. Some of the cows got into it, and I went to drive them out, and of course they had to run across the turnip patch. The farmer came down and raised cain about them ruining his turnips. When we were ready to leave five or six head of cattle had to be left there because they had sore feet. Father sent the hired man, Pete Brown, and John back for the cattle a few weeks later. The sheriff was holding the cattle to be sold at a sheriff's sale the next day, to pay for the damage on the turnip patch. After they got there Pete sent a telegram to Father at Black Hawk telling him about the sale. He came down by train, and paid the old farmer $56 for the damage to the turnips, and took the cattle home." Jim says "don't think there were more than half a dozen turnips uprooted."

We lived near Black Hawk until the next June. Father, Jim and I moved out near Dalzell to make hay. Alex, George, and Mother stayed at home. Jim said when we were moving the cattle out to Dalzell, "John and I were driving the cattle along there about where Elm Springs is now. Father was ahead in the wagon, it got dark on us just east of Elm Springs, about where Huddlesons lived later. The cattle got tired and laid down, so John and I laid down and went to sleep too. Father got worried about us when we didn't come, so he came back to see what the trouble was, and there we were sound asleep. He got us awake, the cattle up, and we went on to the place."

During the summer we made a dugout to live in at first. You can still see a hollow there. When it was too windy or too wet, to make hay, we worked on the frame part of the house. We hauled lumber from a sawmill at Black Hawk. It didn't seem like too much of a trip back to Black Hawk in those days, lots of other people did the same thing. It wasn't all done when cold weather came so we set up the tent inside the frame house and lived there.

That winter Mother, Alex, George and our baby sister Jennie, went back to Nebraska for the winter, because there was some Indian trouble. Quite a few soldiers were camped on the Cheyenne River. They called it Camp Cheyenne, it was over the hill from the old Dan Isabelle place. The Indians were camped near Pedro, next to Newcombs.

Father had gone back to Black Hawk to put Mother and the kids on the train for Nebraska. He had to get some supplies and household goods. While he was gone old Big Foot went on the war path. Jim and I were home alone. We had the cattle to look after and cows to milk. Jim was ten now, and I was twelve. Father expected to be back in a few days but he was gone two weeks, I think, and I can't remember what took him so long. We did have plenty of milk, eggs, butter and potatoes to eat. Father had baked us up a batch of light bread before he left, but it soon ran out. About all Jim and I knew how to make was pancakes and milk gravy.

Three trappers were on the reservation trapping and when the Indians began to get kind of unruly, they pulled out. They came by our place and stayed all night with us, and as Jim says "loaded us with gray backs." We were all out of bread so the trappers made what they called lazy biscuits, or what you might call spoon biscuits now. The fellow that made them was a pretty good cook, anyway they tasted awful good. He baked up a batch for breakfast, and baked another batch to leave with us. We could hardly wait until we got them eaten, so I could try my hand at baking some. I don't know if I put any baking powder or shortening in them, but they were about as hard as the table. We had an old blue dog, only one I ever saw, and he wouldn't eat them. We went back to pancakes and milk gravy.

Old Big Foot and his braves had gone on the war path. The Major and his soldiers had gone to capture them, and take them back to the reservation. People said the old Major had to tune up on whiskey before he could go after old Big Foot. He had a little too much whiskey, and not enough good sense, he led his men right into the middle of the Indian camp. The Indians were all around them. I heard two soldiers talking afterwards and one said "We knew every Indian there had a gun under his blanket." The old Major got kind of sobered up when he saw the predicament he was in, so he came back without old Big Foot. He made an agreement with old Big Foot to surrender and left a four horse team of government mules and a wagon to move his outfit in with. The government sent their Indian scouts, Henry Kirkham, John Newcomb, and Cooley down to the Indian camp the day old Big Foot was to surrender, but he didn't come. There were probably a couple thousand Indians camped there. Old Big Foot and his warriors left, taking the government wagon and mules about ten miles. They left the wagon with spokes chopped out of the wheels, the wagon box broken up, and the harness all cut up. They took the mules along, but I guess the wagon was too heavy for them. That is when the Indians started for Wounded Knee with Big Foot leading them.

The day of the battle, the Major sent couriers through to Camp Cheyenne for help. The soldiers that were there went around on the divide, to notify all the settlers, but they missed Jim and I.

In the afternoon that day I went to Smithville to see if there was a letter from Father, to find out what was holding him up so long. I met the soldiers down by the Pot Hook ranch, and the Major told me the battle was over. They captured old Big Foot, and I think one baby girl, all that was left alive after the battle. The old Major asked me to go around over the divide to tell the people that Big Foot had been captured, and the Battle of Wounded Knee was over. He and his soldiers would tell the people along the river.

I went over to the Simons' place, to tell them the Indian scare was over, so they didn't need to pack up and leave. They had feather beds, clothing and everything they could put in the wagon all loaded. The girls were crying, they were so scared. When I told them the Indian trouble was over, they thought I was lying to them. The old man Simons was a rough talker. I was sitting on my horse, and he came up to me, grabbed me by the collar, shook his fist right in my face and said, "Damn ye, if I find out you're lying to me, I'll kill ye." I was about twelve and he really did scare me. Billie believed me though and talked the others into believing me. The old man, I can't remember his name, went back and started throwing the household goods out, just like he was unloading wood. He was disgusted at the women and girls for crying.

Jim was at home alone, he was about ten. We had to herd the work horses, 75 or 80 head of cattle and milk three cows.

That winter Mother stayed in Nebraska with the three smaller children. Father, Jim and I stayed on the place. The next spring Mother and the kids came back. We lived near Dalzell till 1895.

Father had a timber claim and a pre-emption claim there, which meant you just lived on the land and established your right to it. This was before the Homestead Act.

We lived at Dalzell five years, then we moved over on Sulphur Creek, north of Marcus. We built a log house there. In 1902 Father filed on a homestead on Red Owl Creek, northeast of Marcus. They moved the log house to the Red Owl Creek homestead. We took the logs down and numbered each one, hauled them to the homestead, and laid them up according to the numbers.

When I was fifteen years old, I carried the mail by horseback from Smithville to Dalzell to establish a mail route. My pay was part of the stamp cancellation.

I started work on the roundup when I was about sixteen. My first time on the roundup was for Father and some of the neighbors. Each cowboy had to furnish his own string of horses. John Dalzell and Harry Rhodes gave me several head for my string when I worked for them. My first time out, I went to meet the roundup near where Quinn is today. I worked for about a month gathering cattle before I went home.

In the spring of 1896, Manuel Coy, foreman for Holcomb, sent a man to hire me. I worked for them three summers, then for Pattersons a year. I have worked the whole country on roundups from Grand River to Bad River. Other outfits on the roundups were the Flying V, Turkey Track, L7, Hashknife, C Y, Powder River Pool, 3V and Cross S. Each outfit had a wagon for bed rolls, a cook wagon, eight or nine riders, four to stand guard at night, two at a time, a boss or foreman, a cook, night hawk and horse wrangler.

In 1900, I homesteaded up the creek from Father, Jim next up the creek, and Alex southwest of Jim. George filed on a homestead west on White Owl Creek. Earl now lives on Father's place. Jim sold out and Ray owns Alex' place. Alex lives at Chetek, Wisconsin.

Lue Crowell and I were married in 1908. We had three children, James and Zula, (Mrs. Irwin Lee) of Rapid City, and Bernadene Lee of Stoneville. Lue passed away in 1931. I am eighty-five now, and for sixty-three years I have lived on the homestead, through good and bad years.

John and Jim Howie about 1885.

Jim Howie

JIM HOWIE

As told to Bernadene Lee

I worked for Granny Shoun in 1904 and 1905, on the place later owned by John Timmons, on Big Draw.

May 5, 1905 was the first day of the much talked about May storm. It began as rain, which lasted two days, then turned cold and began to snow about noon the third day. About a foot of snow fell. There was a lot of stock lost in that storm. John Timmons and I rounded up about fifty head of horses and took them down to the school section towards Red Owl the day before the storm. After the storm we trailed the horses southeast. Some went as far as White Owl Creek. The trail was easy to follow, as it was marked by dead horses. Only one stallion came back. During the storm, hundreds of sheep belonging to Smiley from up on Sulphur Creek drifted into Rock Creek and died there. They were the first sheep in the country.

I worked on the roundup for several years, one job was night hawk for NSS. Also I broke saddle and driving horses for the ranchers.

In 1902 I filed on a homestead next to my brother, John on Red Owl Creek. John and I built a dam on my place on Red Owl Creek. In 1911 we built irrigation ditches to carry water about a half mile to a garden on John's place and also raised a garden that year. In 1911 I raised a pumpkin that weighed 116 pounds. In 1912 we raised five hundred bushels of potatoes. We sold a hundred bushel to Jenks in Faith for fifty cents a bushel. What we didn't use at home we sold to a trading post on the Indian Reservation.

Flossie Parrish and I were married December 13, 1910. We had six children, Iris Doyle, Casper, Wyoming; Claude, Scottsbluff, Neb.; Viola Nelson and Ervin, Pocatello, Idaho; and LaVonne of Vancouver, Washington. James J. is in the army in Germany. My wife passed away in 1949. I live with my children.

Clyde Ensor and Mr. Burke

Earl and Alex Howie, Mollie McNernery, Jim Bradley, Jenny Howie, Mazie Johnson, Mat Bradley, Nellie Lavelle and Ray Howie on a coyote hunt in 1911.

Earl Howie - 1910

Ray and Mallie Howie - 1917

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Howie

Mr. and Mrs. John Howie

A Howie picnic

Edgar Brunson with horse powered threshing machine.

Digging potatoes in 1919, Harry, John, Edgar, Francis, Delia and Robert Brunson.

Harry and Edgar Brunson

EDGAR AND DELIA BRUNSON

by Eileen Brunson Bachand

Edgar Brunson was born November 22, 1880. He was married on October 26, 1904 to Delia O'Keefe of Sioux City, Iowa. They spent the first few years of their married life on rented farms near Hinton and Le Mars, Iowa.

Young Edgar felt a great need to own his own land so that he might be more independent, thus in March of 1908, he filed on a claim three and one-half miles southeast of Marcus, S. Dak. He decided to come to the new area alone first and liking the country he saw, he built a frame claim shack and returned to Iowa for his wife, Delia and two small sons, Robert, three years old and John, one year old.

In March of 1909, the Brunson family traveled by train from their home to Wall, S. Dak. - some fifty miles from their destination. The remainder of the journey to the claim was made in a freight wagon. They forded the Cheyenne River at Pedro, S. Dak. The river was a mass of floating ice and presented a formidable beginning to the hardships of homestead days ahead.

In the early years in Dakota, Edgar hauled freight for two prospering general stores of that area. One route was from Wall to the Tivis store, another from Faith to the Marcus store. The freight was hauled in two freight wagons and the use of from 6 to 8 head of horses. Edgar's sons recall that the freight was hauled during all seasons and in all kinds of weather. The trip was of three days duration. The first day they would travel as far as the "10 mile house" as it was called, run by a family named Overacker. The next day they continued on to Faith, where they picked up the supplies and returned to the road house. The third day they delivered the goods and returned to the claim.

Edgar and Delia's family grew from two to four boys in a few years. Harry and Francis were born in the claim shack. A midwife and neighbor, Mrs. Carpenter attended the births.

The Brunson family were faithful members of the Marcus Catholic Church.

Edgar firmly believed the new land would grow and prosper. He was a very optimistic individual and did not believe in criticism of community or neighbor. He felt the land was rich and that it could produce abundantly. No matter how hot or dry the weather would be--his motto was "next year will be better." He purchased one of the first threshing machines in the community. It was a horse-power driven mechanism of which he was very proud. He did custom threshing for many years.

Delia became very ill in 1939 and from that time on suffered with arthritis.

Edgar and Delia continued their farm operation until 1946. Both being in ill health, they were forced to have a farm sale and retired to Sturgis, S. Dak. Edgar passed away in May of 1951 at the age of 71 years.

Mrs. Delia Brunson, now a very alert understanding woman of 81 years, lives at the Clarkson Mountain View Guest Home in Rapid City, S. Dak. She is very proud of her four sons, thirteen grandchildren and thirty-two great grandchildren. She is always eager to visit and recall "old times" with her friends and neighbors. She feels no regret for coming to the homestead in Meade County of South Dakota.

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Boneita Springs

Boneita Springs Store.

Home of Boneita Springs reporter.

HOMESTEADING AT BONEITA SPRINGS

by J. L. Baker

A multitude of different reasons could probably be given for the coming of homesteaders into central Meade County in the early 1900's.

Rev. John C. Baker was pastor of the Methodist Church in Chamberlain, South Dakota for four years from 1901 through 1904. During this time the Rosebud country in the southern part of the state and west of the Missouri River was opened for filing homesteads. However, instead of opening the territory and adopting a policy of first come first served, it was decided to hold a big lottery, have a drawing on a specified date and let the people who had registered pick their homesteads in the same rotation as their names were drawn. People filed for this land at both Chamberlain and Bonesteel. Rev. Baker, with some fifty thousand other people anxious to own some land, registered for the drawing. We do not remember the exact date this drawing was held but it was conducted in a vacant tract of land just south of the old business section of Chamberlain. For weeks thousands of people had stood in line before the court house in Chamberlain waiting to register and the same thing was happening at Bonesteel. The trains from the east had been doing a good business.

This writer, about 15 years old at the time, along with three other boys, had been chosen to start the drawings. The names and addresses of the people who had registered had been placed in small envelopes and the fifty thousand of them had been placed in a large tank about eight feet in length, having four doors and a large crank on each end. This tank was mounted on supports at each end so that it could be turned and all was set up on a large platform, so that it could be seen by the hundreds of people who had come for the drawing. After the tank had been revolving a number of times, one of the doors was opened and the first boy drew out the No. 1 envelope. No. 2 envelope was drawn out by the second boy from the second door and so on. After this had happened several times the crowd had lost interest and the drawing of several thousand more of the envelopes was completed by the government clerks. Rev Baker's name was somewhere in the thirty thousand list and was entirely out of the running for any valuable piece of land. However, we believe this is where he had the idea of sometime securing some land of his own.

In 1905 and 1906 and also into 1907 Rev. Baker had the charge at Artesian, South Dakota, and in 1907, hearing there was land open for homesteading in the country east of the Black Hills he came out to Wasta, and getting in touch with, we believe, Billy Huddelston, who was well acquainted with the land in central Meade County north of the Belle Fourche River, he came out into the Boneita Springs country and looked the situation over. Going back to Artesian, he interested 14 or 15 people in the neighborhood of the town in the venture and all of them in a party came out, looked the land over, and filed on homesteads at the United States Land Office in Rapid City, Rapid having a population of somewhere around two thousand at the time.

We do not remember all of the original party,

Rev. and Mrs. J. C. Baker and house built in 1908.

but Elmer Morrison, his wife Lavinia, his brother, Frank, Mrs. Morrison's brother, Leslie Aller, Mrs. Eleanor Morrison, mother of Elmer and Frank, Oscar Thompson, his sister, Anna, Elsie Smith, Lulu Washburn, Gill and Hattie Olson, and Mrs. Ross were among the party. Rev. Baker, having scouted the land first, was given first choice and located on the southwest quarter of section 4, township 5 north, range 13 east, of the Black Hills Meridian, on which the springs were located. This quarter section was located just a mile and a half south of the present location of the Boneita Springs church. We believe the name "Boneita" was given to the location by Elsie Smith partly to honor the first letter in Rev. Baker's name and using the Spanish "Boneita" for good springs.

Since this writer was 20 years old at the time and had been attending Dakota Wesleyan at Mitchell, I, together with my father, Rev. Baker and my mother moved out to Boneita Springs in March of 1908. My father, who was then preaching at White Lake, really commuted back and forth three or four times during the summer and my mother and myself held down the claim.

We purchased lumber for the claim shack and other necessary supplies at Wasta and I. R. French and his son, Ray, hauled these out for us in two wagons and we stopped the first night at Frank Williamson's ranch in the Elm Springs neighborhood. Starting early the next morning we found two or three inches of snow on the ground, but we forded the river, doubled up the brakes on the north side of the river and reached the homestead, about three miles north of the river, at around 10 A.M. Unloading the supplies and lumber on a table land just above one of the springs, we proceeded to get at the building of the shack. However, we could not finish it for the first night's residence and we slept in a 10x12 shack with a dirt floor, recently built by George Streman, who with his brother, Charlie, and mother, Mary, were just getting settled in. By the next evening we were in our own shack and it was not long before we had it sodded up part way on the sides and had started our eight months term of homesteading, which was the required length of time for proving up.

We found at once, that Mr. Ayres, a stepfather of Elsie Smith, together with Oscar Thompson were erecting four shacks in the center of the section north of ours and on a rise of ground which was afterwards given the name of School Ma'ams Ridge. These were the original claims of Oscar Thompson, his sister Anna, Elsie Smith, and Lulu Washburn, Anna Thompson was very good at painting pictures and we have a painting of our original claim shack hanging in our home here in Sturgis.

In a few weeks shacks were springing up on practically every quarter section except the very roughest of the brakes and, since only five acres of land had to be broken out and planted together with a little fencing, we had little to occupy us during the summer of 1908. We had a good horse and buggy to get around in and "Ginger" was also a good saddler.

We cannot give the exact date but I. R. French, together with his wife, sons, Ray and Earl, and daughter, Dora, had moved to their claims about a mile north and mile and a half east of the present location of the church and I. R. had opened the first Boneita Springs store and post office. Also Miss Res Palmer, who had come out from White Lake and whose father was owner of a newspaper there,

J. L. Bakers' homestead shack, bride in door.

Pioneer Sunday School group at Morrisons-1912. FRONT ROW: Left to Right, Merle and Lois Morrison, Mrs. John C. Baker and Mrs. Mary Stroman. MIDDLE ROW: Mrs. J. L. Baker, Mrs. Elmer Morrison, Florence, DeEll and Rev. Baker. BACK ROW: J. L. Baker, Wayne, Elmer and Frank Morrison.

had opened a small newspaper in a 10x12 shack just across the road from the store.

The Morrisons, who had expected to stay in the country, had built a fairly large sized house just a quarter of a mile north of the present church, occupied now by Cecil Hayes and family. There the first Sunday Schools and church services were held. During the first summer, we attended celebrations, visited at neighbors shacks and as there had been several ball teams organized in the surrounding communities, we managed to have a game fairly often.

Our family moved back to White Lake in the fall of 1908, after proving up on the homestead, but the next fall in October of 1909, my father, having finished his two year pastorate at that charge, we moved back to Boneita, and built a larger house near the main north and south road. In the meantime I, together with a roommate of mine at Dakota Wesleyan, had come out to Boneita and filed on land about three miles east of the French store. This roommate of mine, Howard Wray, afterwards married and lived in the Boneita community for some time.

Some of the early families and homesteaders who had arrived in the community, besides the ones already mentioned, were the Davises, Ole Olson, Cowens, Frank Murphy, afterwards county auditor, Weimers, the Bukers, two Amling families, Steve and Charlie Limbo, the Limbo sisters, Marie Flokenes, Otto Langhinricks, his brother, Al, and sister, Florence, the Fundenbergers, Ray and Clyde Hodson of Artesian, cousins of the girl who became Mrs. J. L. Baker in August 1910, the Day family, the Greens, Emmett Hayes, Ole, Harry, and Tilla Lassegard and a host of others.

The families residing on the Harwood flat across Bull Creek and west of Boneita Springs were the Wilfred and Guy Harwood families, the Mucklers, the Snooks, Fred Lapp, who married Nellie Wrightson of early Wrightsonville post office, Earl Kellog, the Goodells, Ainsworth, Rev. P. H. Weston, Frank and Joe Marousek, the Howard Emericks, Theodore and Emil Outka, Ralph and Ward Estes and many others.

During the summer at White Lake, Mr. Palmer of the White Lake newspaper, hinted that his daughter would be willing to sell the Boneita Springs Reporter and, just in case, I took the time to set about one stick of type in his office. Later on in the fall of 1908 I met Res at Sturgis and closed the deal where I became owner of a newspaper.

Our first issue of the paper, after becoming owner, held about four inches of single column news and the rest was made up of already set advertisements and proving up notices, coupled with three or four pages of what was called "patent" news print.

The date, when the Limbo sisters, Jesse and Jennie, took over the Boneita store and post office escapes me, but the store was moved in the early days just one mile south on the Limbo homestead and I moved the reporter's office to the same location. After August of 1910 my wife became a printer's devil, learned how to type, gather the news and help run off the paper. We commuted back and forth from our claim shack, which was a distance of about five miles from the office.

One morning, while engaged in getting out the paper, we discovered the store building was on fire. People gathered as soon as possible, but with no water available the store and contents were soon a mass of debris and my office had been badly scorched on one end and my type had been badly pied in getting it out of the office.

The Limbo sisters, not wishing to rebuild the store and post office, left the field open for other parties so the general merchandise firm of Arney and Goodell, of Owanka, S. Dal, purchased the Wrightsonville store, moved it to a new location on the main road across the road north of the present Boneita Church, and hired me to run the store. I thus became storekeeper, postmaster and editor at the new location.

Afterwards I purchased the store and ran it for many years. The Morrison family figured prominently in the Boneita Springs community in the early days, helping with many others to build the first Boneita Springs frame church, which my father served for several years. Elmer served Meade County in the state legislature and was well known throughout the county. Wayne Morrison married Marie Davis, whose older sister, Leta, married Ole Olson. I believe Ole's and Leta's wedding was the first one in the Boneita Springs community. Of course there were quite a few weddings among the honyockers in the early days and a good many of the descendants of the early families are still residents of the county. Ole has been a resident of Sturgis for a good many years, but Leta passed away several years ago. Wayne and Marie are still living in Sturgis. The Amling sisters, Bertha and Elizabeth, together with Wilfred Harwood and daughter, Myrna, and Mrs. Anna Harwood are also living in Sturgis. Mrs. Ray French, whose husband, Ray, helped his father I. R. French, moved us out to Boneita in 1908, is also living here in Sturgis. Quite a few of the early residents of Boneita and some of their descendants are residents of Rapid City.

We should speak, also, of some of the ranchers we found living in that country in the early days, as they were all a part of the community and figured very much in its history.

Above the Huddleston ford on the Belle Fourche River, were the Huddleston, Tholson, Reimer, Dr. Mathias, Gillam and Burton ranches. The Frank Postlewait ranch was just west in Bull Creek. Frank after married Emma Tholson. Below the Huddleston ford were the Hoselton, Keith, Matt and the big Fish ranches. Nels Fish also owned the upper Fish ranch where Garry Simon has lived for many years. Harry Strong was one of the ranchers living to the northwest of Boneita and the first car we purchased in 1914 was second hand from Charles Strong, of Enning.

Rev. Baker, in 1915 and 1916 was called to serve the Methodist Church at Belle Fourche. There he met up with one of his old members of the church in Chamberlain, Hans P. Quarnberg, who with his sons were running the Tri-state Milling Co. After two years at Belle Fourche my father came back to Boneita and served the church there until he passed away in 1923.

The Boneita Springs store was later owned by Harvey Fitzgerald and then Chance Fitzgerald, who is living in Sturgis. Both the original Boneita Springs church and later the store were burned to the ground. The church was rebuilt with a basement out of cement blocks and is still a landmark at Boneita Springs, although the post office has long since been discontinued. As we look back over the years, the three division county fights which we had in the early days, my running for the office of register of deeds in 1916, with B. F. Quackenbush, of Clough, running for county treasurer, Mack Simons of Stoneville, for county auditor, A.W.W. Devers, formerly of the northern part of the county, for States attorney, and Harry L. Smith of Red Owl, for county superintendent of schools. I call to mind many, both serious and comical instances. The scrap we had with the west end of the county for a bridge at the Huddleston crossing, the scraps over location and building of the early schoolhouses, the location in both the west end and central Meade County of a highway, which is now blacktop State 34. In working for the public for practically every year since 1920, in county, city, and independent school district offices I could write a book of the different experiences a public official meets up with, and knowing for a number of years nearly every tax payer in the county I could re-count several of their experiences. Homesteading in Meade County in the early days was a lot of hard work, but also a lot of fun.

Huddleston bridge

Boneita School, teacher Mrs. Leta Mariner, Wayne Morrison, Florence and DeEll Morrison, Claud Mariner, Mary Pigloske, Marie Davis, Elsie Mariner, Clarence Amling, Floyd Morrison, Hobart Davis, Albert and Vladdy Buker.

Mr. and Mrs. Ole Lassegard

HOMESTEAD DAYS IN MEADE COUNTY
by Marie Flokenes Lassegard

My homesteading days began with a dream, the same dream that many young people had in the early nineteen hundreds. People were talking about the land west of the river that could be had for almost nothing at all and it seemed that every now and then someone of my acquaintances would go.

I came to Presho, S. Dak. in the year of 1907. After spending ten days on the ocean, I landed in New York, took a train for S. Dak., and came as far as Presho. I walked the three miles to the Ole Kittleson farm which was to be my home. After working for the Kittlesons for some time, I went to Draper, S. Dak. where I worked in a cafe. Here I met Ella, the girl who became my life-long friend.

Ella and I talked and planned for a long time about the homestead we would like to have in Meade County. We made up our minds we would try our luck, and so in the spring of 1909, the two of us decided to go. I left in April of that year for Rapid City where I filed on a quarter of land about three miles east and two miles south of Boneita Springs. A short time later Ella did the same thing.

During the summer I had a shack built. Henry Tigen, Nick Thune and Steve Limbo were the men who built my shack. It was a ten by twelve room had three small windows and of course a door.

Mr. Englesrud, Ella's father came during the summer and built her shack. We lived in my shack while hers was being built. Our land joined and the two shacks were only a few rods apart.

We brought what foodstuffs we could when we came. Mrs. Kittleson had sent along some canned meat and other necessities. We pooled what resources we had and got along pretty well. After the meat was gone, one of the main dishes was mustard sardines. We both liked them and we both liked crackers. We ate lots of them. One of the hardest things we had to do was open the sardine cans. We didn't have a can opener, but managed them very well with knives. Last summer, we were visiting with the Cecil Boydstons and Cecil took us down to where the shacks were. It was lots of fun and brought back memories, especially when we found the old rusted remains of our sardine cans.

The Nels Fish ranch about three miles southwest of us on the Belle Fourche River was a well known stopping off place for settlers. Many, many people filing on land, stopped there for a good meal and a night's lodging.

It was our good luck when the girl who worked for them became Mrs. Frank Postlewait and left the Fish ranch. We were in need of money and both got work there. I would work for two weeks, then come home and live at my homestead while Ella worked for two weeks. This gave us time to spend at our shacks and yet we had an income too.

Mr. and Mrs. Fish were wonderful people to work for. When we left their place to spend the two weeks at the homestead they always saw too, that we took butter, meat or other food along.

During the winter of 1910, we proved up on our claims and they belonged to us. Ella then went to work for Mrs. Elmer Morrison north of the Boneita Store and I continued working at the Fish ranch.

The first Christmas I spent in Meade County was in 1909. I went to church at the Elmer Morrison home. The Boneita Church hadn't been built yet. Rev. Weston preached the Christmas day sermon. The house was packed. People had to stand. After services, we went to the Steve Limbo home for the Christmas dinner. Guests included Ella and me, Harry Lassegard, Nick Thune, Henry Tigen, Tilla and Jennie Limbo.

Later, when the church was built, Rev. Baker was the minister.

There was never a shortage of entertainment or good times out of the claim. Little homes, "shacks" were all over the prairies. More young people were coming all the time. We played cards, mostly Norwegian Whist, visited, and danced. The music was a violin and often an organ. Many of the dances would last all night, or at least until the wee hours of the morning. The young people were all wholesome pioneers I don't remember seeing anyone drunk. These are all happy times that are so much fun to remember.

In the year of 1913, the Fish family moved to California. I went to work in Rapid City. I also worked at the Tom Ward ranch which was also on the Belle Fourche River.

It was in September 1914, that I was married to Ole Lassegard at Rapid City.

Ole, and his sister, Tilla had come out to Meade County from Mitchell, S. Dak. Both had become homesteaders near Boneita Springs, and were well known among the young people.

Sometime around Christmas in 1909, Ole and Leta Olson were married. Ella and I went to their wedding dance. There was a fellow there who laughed all the time. He had a hearty, good laugh, and seemed to be the life of the party. I thought to myself, "that's the kind of a man I'd like to marry." Five years later I did become Mrs. Lassegard.

Ole traveled to Meade County with a team and wagon. He made several trips from Mitchell to Boneita, and visa versa. He never tired of telling of these adventures. His homestead was located north and east of the Boneita Springs Store. When we were married, two rooms were added to his claim shack, so we had a cozy little home. Our two daughters, Mildred of Mitchell, S. Dak. and Selma, Mrs. Charles Tines of Wall, S. Dak. were born there.

We moved back to Mitchell in 1921. Two more children were born to us. Harvey Lassegard of Wall, S. Dak. and Marcella, deceased.

Ole passed away in June, 1954.

Ella Englesrud now lives in Minneapolis, Minnesota. She married Al Farnsworth who passed away many years ago.

Ella and I are both widows now. We aren't as gigglish as we were in 1909 when we came to Meade County. We do get together once in awhile though, and we still have some good laughs when we think of the "good old days" at Boneita Springs, S. Dak.

Marie Flokenes Lassegard claim shack.

BONEITA SPRINGS HOME GUARD
by Marie Lassegard

The Boneita Springs Organization of Home Guards was organized during the later part of World War I. From old secretary records of Ole Lassegard, we found the following information.

On Feb. 8, 1918, Ole Lassegard was appointed as temporary chairman, Jas. H. McGaughy, temporary secretary and Frank Postlewait, treasurer.

Minutes of a later meeting say that Bert Clute acted as captain and Ole Lassegard as secretary.

This group of men met at the Boneita Springs Church on the second and fourth Saturday of each month. The dues were 25 cents.

On May 11, 1918 a motion was made and carried that each member of the organization shall attend at least once a month, and have a reasonable excuse for not attending each meeting. Those not present once a month to be fined $1.00.

The purpose of the organization was to promote patriotism. They drilled and marched and were very sincere in making a good Home Guard. All the men in that part of the country between the ages of 16 and 65 were encouraged to join.

On June 18, 1918 they agreed that all the money above the expenses should be donated to the Red Cross.

The men weren't the only ones to congregate. They all brought their wives and families. It was a big day for all.

HENRY RAPP

I came to Pennington County in the summer of 1906 at the age of 16, where my father homesteaded near Quinn. I worked as a teamster grading for the railroad between Cottonwood and Wasta.

In the summer of 1907, after the railroad was finished, I was in Wasta the latter part of July where I met Nelson Fish who was hiring hay hands, so I hired out to him. His ranch was about 7 miles west of Dalzell on the Belle Fourche River. I worked for Fish about six years.

In 1913 I took up a homestead about half way between White Owl and Boneita Springs. We lived on the homestead for 15 years. When we were first married I bought 7 head of milk cows from Mr. Ramesdale. We were getting along fairly well, but I wanted to be a big rancher, so I asked Charly Hunt, the banker I did business with, about buying more cattle. He said buy anything you want to, so I bought $500.00 worth of cattle. The bank charged 10% interest, and I could get cheaper interest by mortgaging my land, so I mortgaged the land and had the cattle clear. Then some land buyers came around. I had some land rented, but thought I better buy it, so I mortgaged my cattle

Gary Simons on bucking horse and Henry Rapp when they worked at the Fish ranch on the Belle Fourche River

and bought some more land. Then the hard winter of 1921 came and I lost about half of the cattle, so I decided to try farming.

I bought a tractor and plow and disc and put in 100 acres of flax and about 80 acres of other crop, but crops weren't very good in the early 20's, and whenever I sold anything I had to pay the bank what I could, so in 1928 the land bank foreclosed and I lost the land, so I sold my cattle and machinery to pay the bank what I owed.

We went to Oregon but didn't like it there. The next move was to Colorado where we spent 5 years. In 1940 I bought a small ranch near Whitewood. In 1954 my wife passed away, so I rented the place to my son. In 1957 I married Mrs. Gertrude White. With all the hardship we went through, I love this west river country. It is home to me.

MR. AND MRS. EMMET HAYES

by Mrs. Wilbert Bennett

Emmet Hayes and Tilla Lassegard were married at Mitchell, S. Dak. on December 24, 1912. Emmet Hayes homesteaded on land 4 miles east of Boneita Springs in 1909. He came from Carthage, S. Dak. Tilla Lassegard homesteaded on her land about 3 miles north and east of Boneita Springs in 1908. She came from Mitchell, S. Dak.

Mr. and Mrs. Hayes lived on the original homestead of Mr. Hayes until 1944 when ill health forced them to move to Sturgis.

Four children were born to the Hayes; Lester who now lives in Marcus, S. Dak., Gordon who lives in Pierre, Lucille (Mrs. Wilbert Bennett) at Union Center and DeWayne from Rainier, Ore.

Mrs. Hayes passed away on March 18, 1954 and Emmet Hayes on Nov. 1, 1959.

THE POSTLEWAIT STORY

By Mrs. Joe Topinka

Frank A. Postlewait came as a young man to western S. Dak., from Tarkio, Missouri in the year 1898. He worked on several ranches in the Quinn and Wall area, including Frank Cottle's on the Cheyenne River, and was one of the 1902 Cowboys. Frank first homesteaded near White Owl, but sold it later to Leslie Shaw, who now has a lovely modern home on this place. In 1907 he moved to a ranch on Bull Creek, just north of the Belle Fourche River. He bought this place from Vernon Keith. There was a log house on this place, and was a friendly place for many horseback riders coming through.

Frank married Emma C. Tholson on November 12, 1910, at Boneita Springs, South Dakota. (Years later the children heard that Mr. Postlewait took the wrong train when he went to return to Boneita Springs with the marriage license - due to being a little flustered, and wanting to keep getting married a secret as long as possible.)

Emma's parents were early Swedish settlers in Meade County, coming from Box Elder to settle near the Belle Fourche in 1899. There were four

Emmet Hayes

Postlewait's log house and Margaret, Helen and Esther.

Frank Postlewait, Ben Lenard and Hank Phillips, all 1902 cowboys.

children in this family; Emma, Theodore Tholson, now living in Gillette, Wyoming, Anna, who is Mrs. John Garr, of Rapid City, and Oscar, living in Gillette, Wyoming.

Frank and Emma Postlewait first lived in a log house on Bull Creek. Four of their daughters were born there: Margaret, who is Mrs. Orlando Byers, of Wasilla, Alaska; Helen, who is Mrs. W. C. Curtis of Eureka, California; Esther, now Mrs. Marvin Isman of Crawfordville, Florida; and Mary, Mrs. Joe Topinka, of Nemo, South Dakota.

In the fall of 1920, the family moved from the log house to a new larger frame house, one mile south of Boneita Springs, and about a mile east of the original homestead. This land was purchased from Randall Thompson, another early homesteader, from Mitchell, S. Dak. This house remained their home for twenty-eight years.

Two more daughters were born in that house, Dorothy, who is Mrs. Harvey Reber of Rapid City. Her husband belonged to the Bert Reber family, who were also early settlers of northern Meade County. The other daughter, Isabel, is Mrs. Joseph De Fazio of Lambertville, New Jersey.

As most ranchers did, more land was bought throughout the years until it got to be a fairly large ranch. Their brand was HF. Joe Topinka now owns this brand. Branding day was always an exciting day for the children.

All six of the daughters attended grade school at the one room school at Boneita Springs. All went on to attend high school at New Underwood and Rapid City.

There were many years of drought, grasshoppers and cheap cattle, but as they say, "those were the good old days." Until the late 30's some of the neighbors would get together and drive their cattle that they wanted to sell to Wasta, to the railroad, to be sent to Sioux City. There was one man with the grub wagon that prepared coffee and food. There were many kind people that let them stay over night along the way, such as, Oscar Asheims, William Schells, and the Deerings.

At one time Boneita Springs had a print shop, cream station, general merchandise store, post office, and an active Methodist Church. The church burned down in 1929, and another tile one was built about 1931, but is seldom used for church services now.

Due to old age, the Postlewaits sold their ranch to their son-in-law and daughter Mary in July of 1948, and moved to Rapid City. The Topinkas lived on the place until September of 1961, when they moved to Nemo, S. Dak. They still own the greatest amount of the ranch, although Robert Schell, purchased the land where the house is, and some of the pasture land that joined his.

Frank Postlewait died February 22, 1958 at the age of 84, at Rapid City, South Dakota. His wife is still living at 717 11th St., Rapid City, S. Dak.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Haugen

MR. AND MRS. ED HAUGEN

by Mrs. Wilbert Bennett

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Haugen homesteaded on land about 1910. They came from Mitchell, Mrs. Haugen was formerly Stena Hauge. They lived near Boneita Springs until 1936 when they moved to Rapid City.

Mr. and Mrs. Haugen had five children. Norton, Portland, Ore.; Lila, (Mrs. Ralph Grimm) of Rapid City; Lucille, (Mrs. Carl Lonnecker) California; Eilene (Mrs. Ed Hale) of Washington; and DeEll of California.

Mr. and Mrs. Haugen now live in California.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lassegard

MR. AND MRS. HARRY LASSEGARD
by Mrs. Wilbert Bennett

Mrs. Harry Lassegard, the former Jennie Limbo run the Boneita Springs Store and Post Office along with her sister, Jessie Limbo. They both came from Mitchell, S. Dak. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lassegard now live in Eugene, Ore. They celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary in 1963.

Ella Englesrud Farnsworth claim shack in 1909.

J. C. Baker's last children's day.

Mrs. Mike Haeffner inside homestead shack.

George , Gary Simons, Ella Englesrud, Gladys, Vera and Bert Fish, Mr. and Mrs. Fish, Mrs. Lura Winter Reimers taken on a picnic in 1910.

Hillcrest School in 1929, BACK ROW: Robert Forkner, Lester Hayes, Norton Haugen, Lila Haugen, Jennie Swenson, Teacher. ROW TWO: Gordon Hayes, Orville Forkner, Lucille Haugen, Lucille Hayes, Mary and James Gottoche and Eileen Haugen. ROW ONE: Two Gottoche boys, DeEll Haugen, Gottoche girl and Alys Hanson.

Mrs. I. R. French

Roy Freeman, Emil Outka, Tilla Hayes, Carl Freeman, Mrs. Magnus Hanson, Mrs. Anna Outka, John Swenson, Stena Haugen, Ted Outka.

Boneita Springs Store. Harvey and Stella Fritzgerald 1921.

Otis Fish

Mr. and Mrs. Emmet Hayes,.Lester Gordon and Lucille - 1927.

Smithville

By Bruce Wilson

In 1880 the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad extended its railroad as far west as Pierre, S. Dak. This made Pierre, the closest railroad town to the gold mines in the Black Hills. Almost as if by magic the Northwestern stage line and bull team freight outfits began hauling freight, mail and passengers from the railhead to the hills.

The Northwestern Stage line used horses to pull their stage so they set up stage barns at 15 to 18 mile intervals. These were places where the stage drivers changed horses and the passengers could get food and water.

One of these stage barns or road houses were on the ranch of William E. Smith on the Cheyenne River, 2 or 3 miles south of Elk Creek at Smith's crossing. As the northwestern Stages carried mail many of the stage barn operators were appointed postmasters.

In June 1880 William E. Smith became postmaster and the name of Smithville was chosen for the new post office. Not much is known about this early Smithville.

In 1887 Frank Cottle who had a trading post for about 4 years on Mitchell Creek bought a relinquishment at the mouth of Elk Creek. He was soon in the store business again and was appointed postmaster of Smithville at the new location. Frank Cottle's Smithville is the one all the old cowmen and ranchers talk of.

For about twenty years Frank Cottle did a very large volume of business as he had a full line of groceries, hardware, harness, and dry goods. Besides the trade he had with the white man, he had a good Indian trade as he could lakota yappie (speak Sioux).

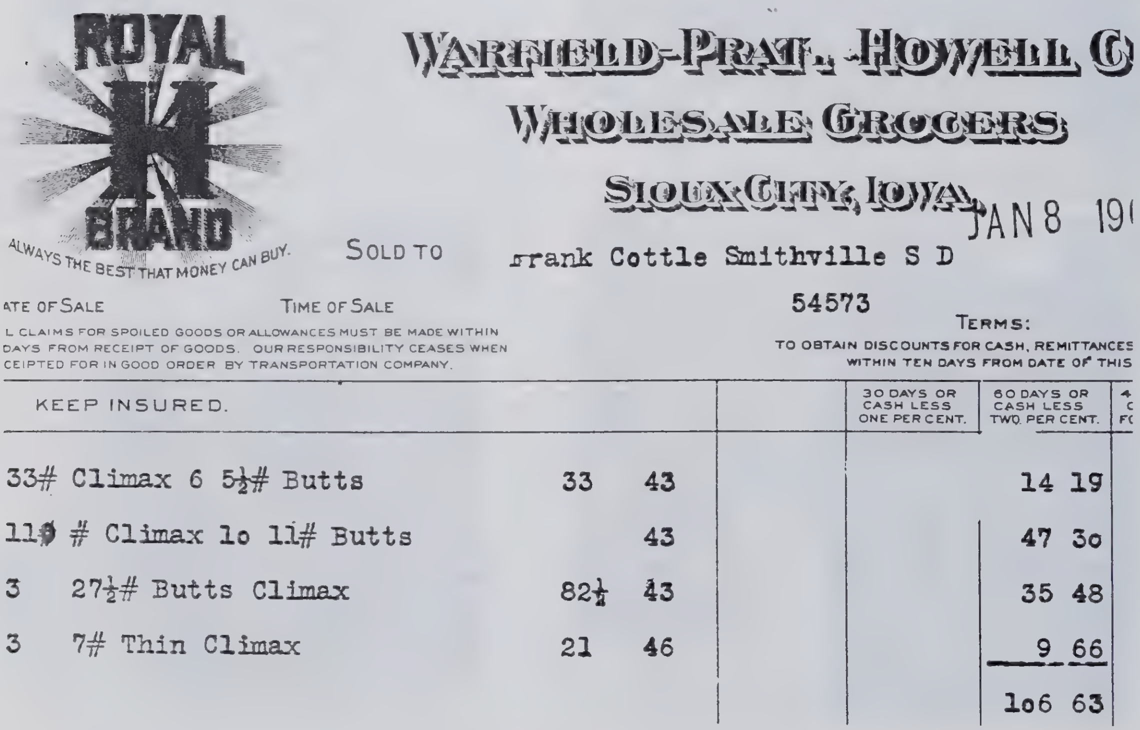
One of Smithville's best selling items must of been Climax chewing tobacco. I have one of his invoices from a wholesale house in Sioux City for 246 pounds of Climax. This invoice is dated January 8, 1906.

Smithville, at one time had a store, post office, livery barn, blacksmith shop and rooming house.

In 1900 Frank Cottle married Martha Christenson, and they had three children, Clara, Antoinette, and Albert Henry.

In 1907 the railroad was extended west from Pierre to Rapid City and the old stage road lost most of its importance.

Frank Cottle could see the hand writing on the wall for Smithville, so he moved his stock of supplies some ten miles or so northwest and started a store at what is now Elm Springs. All that is left of Smithville is part of the old store and a very large cave, still in usable condition. The glory and importance it once knew is a thing of the past. Most of the voices of freighter, cowmen, honyockers and Indians that once echoed from the nearby hills have been stilled forever.



ROYAL H BRAND
ALWAYS THE BEST THAT MONEY CAN BUY.

WARFIELD-PRATT-HOWELL C

WHOLESALE GROCERS

SIOUX CITY, IOWA. JAN 8 19

SOLD TO Frank Cottle Smithville S D

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L CLAIMS FOR SPOILED GOODS OR ALLOWANCES MUST BE MADE WITHIN DAYS FROM RECEIPT OF GOODS. OUR RESPONSIBILITY CEASES WHEN CEIPTED FOR IN GOOD ORDER BY TRANSPORTATION COMPANY.

TERMS:
TO OBTAIN DISCOUNTS FOR CASH, REMITTANCES WITHIN TEN DAYS FROM DATE OF THIS

KEEP INSURED.				30 DAYS OR CASH LESS ONE PER CENT.	60 DAYS OR CASH LESS TWO PER CENT.
33# Climax 6 5½# Butts	33	43			14 19
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3 27½# Butts Climax	82½	43			35 48
3 7# Thin Climax	21	46			9 66
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Invoice for tobacco ordered by Frank Cottle in 1906.

Dalzell

By Mrs. Jake Fenner

The Dalzell Post Office was started in 1893. The first postmistress was Mrs. Jack Mulvaney, and she had the post office in her home which was a dugout.

John Howie was the first mail carrier, carrying the mail from Smithville to Dalzell.

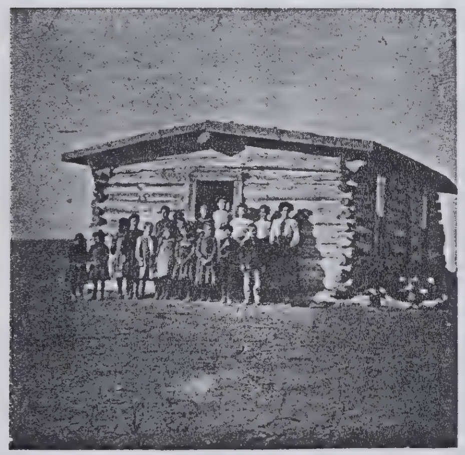
To get a name for the post office they sent in the names of two of the earliest settlers, Mulvaney and Dalzell. Dalzell was chosen.

When Mrs. Mulvaney moved away, Mrs. Peter Miner kept the post office in the same place, until it was moved about two miles southwest where George Priest had a store and the post office. He sold out to Ben Keith who had the store and post office for several years until he retired and sold out.

There were several owners for a few years until in 1919 Henry Raetz bought the store. He had the store and post office until 1938. After he retired there were several postmasters until the post office was discontinued in August 1953.

* * * *

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Raetz owner of the store from 1919 to 1938.



Maxwell School in 1904, Maggie, Jake and Anna Fenner, Susie, Cinda and Nora Miner, Alpha, Myrtle and Joe Rhodes, Cassie and Nat Trask, Grace Wilsey, Edna Heath, Dot and Robert Dalzell, Earl James and his sister.

MAXWELL SCHOOL

by Marie Dalzell

This log building, the Maxwell Schoolhouse was built about 1891 by the patrons and any others willing to contribute a few days work. The desks and other furniture were also handmade by the men who built the schoolhouse.

Most of the work on the schoolhouse was done by J. A. Howie, a member of the school board, and Thomas Crowell. Some of the other workers were George Maxwell, "Eph" Kyle and Ed Kyle, Jack Mulvaney, and several others.

The first teacher was Miss Sue Hague. Her pupils were: Helen Isabel; Nellie and Charley Goff; Francis, Mary and Ben Sisley; John and Katie Mulvaney; Malen Maxwell; Grace Heath; John, James and Alex Howie; Emerson and Mike Crowell; Ruth Allen and her brother, name unknown; Henry, Anna and Helen Moline. A total of seventeen children. The Allen and Moline families moved away soon after.

Other teachers following Miss Hague were; Carrie Henschegal, Stella Steinberg, Barbara McCullah, Faye Laurenson, George Dixon and many others whose names have been forgotten.

In those days the school year was much shorter than it is now. Then we had seven months divided into two terms. There were four months in the fall and three in the spring. The fall term always ended with the Christmas program and the spring term began in March sometime depending on the weather. We might say our Christmas vacations were two months long.

A log building seems to need more constant repairing than schoolhouses usually get. Also the number of children attending increased so much that the "old" log schoolhouse had to be replaced by a larger frame building about 1915.

This picture was taken in 1904 Ethel Priest was the teacher. I think it was her term.

MY FIRST YEAR OF TEACHING

by Margaret J. Martin

My first year of teaching was in the Priest

School at Dalzell and in the Linn School at Elm Springs. In the fall of 1900, it was decided to open a school at Dalzell. Andrew Priest, who operated the Dalzell store, had five boys and one girl of school age who had attended school in Sturgis the year before. Monroe had lived on a claim just west of the store but had moved down to the Belle Fourche River. Amanda Lockhart, a cousin of both men, had a claim west of Monroe's and it was decided to hold the school in her claim shack. The one pupil, besides the Priests, was Cora Hicks who was staying with the Kyles. The term was for six months. My salary was $35 a month and I paid $10 a month for board.

The parents of the girls decided that they would live in their father's house. The teacher would live with them and Mrs. Lockhart would be housekeeper. The entryway to the house was above ground. The next room, kitchen and dining room was partly underground. The next room, living room and bedroom was still farther underground and the last room a bedroom was still farther underground, yet the place was quite comfortable. Mrs. Lockhart was a fine cook and housekeeper. They kept a cow so we had milk and cream and butter--except when the cream was used for whipped cream on the pancakes, while Mrs. Lockhart was away.

We had no magazines of regular papers and my reading matter was mostly novels by Charles Dickens. There were two dances at Kyles as they had the largest house in the vicinity and they were the chief topic of conversation for many weeks.

Getting back to the school, the house was a plain board shack, the desks and blackboard, all homemade; the teacher's chair, an ordinary kitchen chair, and the stove being the only exceptions. The fuel was red cedar and years afterward, one pupil told about how the sparks used to fly. Sometimes as I would be returning to my boarding place in the gathering dusk, I would hear the lonely howl of a gray wolf or the yelping of coyotes, I don't recollect being scared.

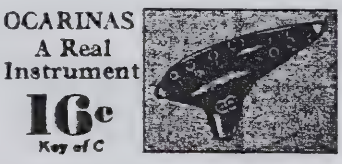
I had graduated in the spring from a Wisconsin High school. In the summer, I took the teacher's examination in Sturgis and got a first grade certificate, but otherwise very poorly prepared for teaching. Susie Bird was the County School Superintendent for Meade County.

My father was a candidate that fall for the state legislature and he took me to Dalzell on one of his electioneering trips. We traveled in a spring wagon and my trunk was the little brown one he had used on his trip from Wisconsin to the Black Hills by way of Kansas and Nebraska in the late seventies. He was elected to the legislature on the Democrat ticket. While in Pierre he met Monroe Priest who was there as a member of the State Brand Commission. Father had raised a big potato crop and Mr. Priest bought a wagon load.

When my term at Dalzell was ended, I was hired to teach the spring term in the Linn School at Elm Springs. Mr. Priest decided to go for the potatoes between the two terms so I could go with him. The first night we got as far as the McPherson ranch on Alkali. It was about dark and Mr. Priest told me to go in although there seemed to be no one around. Before it got really dark I had noticed a lamp and some matches. I lit the lamp but still no one showed up. It seemed like hours later when Mr. Priest came in and a young man named Jess Whitlock. They had been working to get a cow out that was stuck in the mud. McPherson was a widower, but his place was a stopping place for travelers. He and the rest of the crew had gone to the Stock meeting at Rapid City. Jess got us some supper. The next morning, I undertook to get breakfast. In addition to burning the eggs I made the greater mistake of emptying the old grounds out of the coffee pot. It seemed that the older the grounds in the coffee pot the better the flavor. I believe we reached my home that night where we stayed two days.

Because of the heavy load of potatoes and possibly muddy roads the going was slower on the return trip so we got only as far as the Sellers ranch on Bear Butte Creek the first night. There we were joined by Ed Spears, a nephew of Mrs. Priest, but he walked most of the way. The next night we again arrived at the McPherson ranch. In the meantime, the men had gotten home from the Stock meeting so there were seven men in all but I didn't venture to do any cooking.

I was born in Meade County when it was still a part of Lawrence County. In 1893 my paternal grandparents made us a visit. They suggested taking me home with them and my mother consented but said I was to stay only a year. However, I didn't come home the next year nor the next and finally was in high school. As several of the girls expected to teach, we were prepared for it by three months study of "The Theory and Art of Teaching" by White. When I took the teacher's examination in Sturgis, there were some questions on a book by Roark but I had never heard of him so I wrote what White had said and got very high marks. While in Wisconsin, I had practically no contacts with young people outside of school, and, of course, no contacts with my sisters and my brother during that time, so except for the book learning was very poorly prepared for teaching.



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Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Priest

Ellen Priest

W.A. PRIEST & FAMILY EARLY SETTLERS

by Ellen Biesmann

Early in the year 1879, William Andrew Priest and his cousin, James Monroe Priest, left Bryan, Ohio, for Deadwood, South Dakota, lured, no doubt, the gold strike which was at that time causing much excitement. My father, W. A. Priest as he was known locally, panned gold from the creek for a time with unknown success and built himself a cabin.

Later he and several other men went on a buffalo hunt up on the Moreau River where they were snowed in for six weeks without food of any kind except what they hunted. They lived mostly on buffalo meat during the time. As they were hunting one day they noticed something hanging in a tree. On examination they found it to be a small bag of salt which was relished by all as they had none. My father said he thought the buffalo meat saved our lives and that they couldn't have survived so well on any other kind of meat. One other incident that occurred to him was when he broke through the ice while running across a frozen stream. He kept himself from drowning by hanging with his arms on the edge of the hole until he devised a way of getting himself to sitting on the edge and finally getting to his feet. He was several miles from camp and his clothes froze solid but he ran to keep himself from freezing.

About that time my uncle, Henry Edelmann, also lured by the gold strike, came to the Black Hills when we was about 19. About a year later he sent for my mother, his sister, and boarded her with the Dick Hartman family. They were both orphans and had been born in Louisville, Kentucky. When my mother was about 21, she rode the train from Louisville as far as Sidney, Nebraska, which was the end of the railroad. From there she rode the stage into Deadwood where her brother met her. She often told us about the six white horses that drew the stage.

One day her landlady looked out the window and said, "There goes Priest."

My mother replied, "Where is he? I don't see any Catholic priest."

Then Mrs. Hartman explained it was a young man by the name of Priest. Later they met and were married early in 1881. On January 29, 1882, I was born two months premature, weighing in at 1 pound, 15 and 3/10 ounces. There were no incubators in those days so I was put on a pillow in front of an iron cook stove on the oven door and fed with a medicine dropper on water and sugar for three days. Then they found a can of condensed sweetened milk on which I grew fat and had my picture taken in a long dress at six months age in a high chair.

When I was 2 1/2 years old, my father moved from Deadwood to a ranch, homestead and pre-emption, about 40 miles east on Elk Creek and about 14 miles from the Black Hills. He had a team of mares, Jinny and Kit, which pulled the wagon. I do not remember anything about the moving except that just before we arrived at the ranch, I awakened in the back of the wagon. My father looked back at the sun and said, "The sun is an hour high," and then he pointed out the ranch house he had built to my mother. To this day I can still picture in my mind the sun an hour high and the house as he showed it.

There were many settlers coming west in those days to file on claims. My father was a big help because he built many homes for them. Many made the remark, "Priest can do anything. He's a genius!" He built barns also, the largest of all being on the Howes place at Bend, as the place and post office was called, four miles east of our place. In early days my father made many a casket for someone who died and even read the service and prayers for them.

My mother went to neighbors' homes many a night to help nurse a sick child or person. She was gentle in voice and hands. My sister and I were born in Deadwood and at the ranch seven brothers were born. I know she saved three of their lives through the years just by sitting with them on her lap all night, putting hot packs and poultices on them, until their breathing became easier and they lived.

Father used to own a threshing rig and steam engine and threshed for farmers all over the immediate country. One day he was threshing for a neighbor and I was riding a horse. It shied and I fell off, breaking my arm. Mother sent for him. He stopped threshing, came home, set my arm and went back to his work. Another time a neighbor girl fell off her horse and threw her shoulder out of place. They sent for him, he set it and it was fine. The lady later became Mrs. George McFarland, who is about 84 and is now living in Rapid City.

I remember once before my father had the homestead fenced. The old stage road used to cross our land about the distance of a block from our house. One day we pre-school children were out playing with a pet antelope when a string of freighters came along. A freighter stopped his wagon and shot the antelope right in front of us. We were scared and it made my mother quite mad; however, Father was not at home. The antelope often made us children slap it when it bothered us while we were buttoning our shoes as there were no strings then. We missed it many a day.

When I was a very young girl, I remember one day when a mare with a young colt went down to a water hole to drink. The colt got in too deep and my mother ran out, our house being close to the bank of the creek, jumped into the water hole and pulled the colt to safety. The mare grabbed mother by the hand and crippled one finger which remained a little crooked the rest of her life. Such is pioneer life!

We moved to Dalzell, South Dakota, where Father started a general store. The family lived there until the school problem arose, so we moved to Piedmont, Father selling his ranches, livestock and all. This was in about 1903 where Father lived until his death in December, 1931 at the age of 78 years and 10 months. After his death Mother managed the store until her death in 1939 at the age of 84 years and 6 months.

Mr. Keith bought the Dalzell Store from my father and he was the first man to sow alfalfa seed in the Elk Creek area. They both came to Elk Creek at the same time.

I well remember when the first grain binders came into the country. They could not tie the bundles and my father would follow the machine with a pile of cut tie strings hanging on his shoulder, gather the bunches as the machine dropped them and tie them. Later we thought something magic had been invented when the machine came that could also tie the bunches together.

Our living quarters in Piedmont were upstairs with the store underneath. In March, 1913, Father and Mother were home alone sleeping soundly. All of a sudden they were awakened by a crash to find the window by their bed broken and fire on their bed. They both ran to the outer door, my father picking up his trousers as he ran. Mother did not get a thing and ran out in her nightgown into an inch of newfallen snow. She fell over a wagon tongue on her way to a neighbor's home where the neighbor put her to bed. They did not save a thing and lost all they had except some outstanding store accounts which customers owed them. After the fire my father cleaned off the ground, moved the warehouse from back of the lot, built rooms upstairs and started another store from nothing. To get a start my mother served meals and my father attended to growing store stock. When they passed away, they had a nice stock of goods for a general store.

During the Indian scare, most of our neighbors moved to Rapid City for safety, but my father did not move. He kept a team harnessed in the barn but nothing turned up nor did we see any signs of Indians.

In 1915, I married Albert Biesmann and we lived on his ranch 3 miles north of Piedmont where he had built a nice bungalow just for me. We lived there 27 years until his health failed and moved to Rapid City in 1942. Albert passed away in 1957. I am still living here in Rapid and I will be 82 on January 29, 1964.

My seven brothers are all living, the youngest being 64 and the oldest is 78. My sister passed away in 1941.

TRASK FAMILY

BY Mamie Seely

During the winter of 1874, the Chicago Inter-Ocean Journal carried front page accounts of General Custer's expedition from Fort Lincoln, Dakota territory into the Black Hills and of the discovery of gold by Horatio N. Ross. These reports caused the gold fever to rise, especially among those adventurous frontiersmen who were acquainted with the Western Plains Country.

Alva D. Trask II headed a small party (six other men) of experienced Indian freighters and prospectors. They formulated very careful and detailed plans for a sneak past the Army, who were deployed around the entire border of the Great Sioux Reservation, in an attempt to keep the Indians in and the white trespassers out.

This small party boarded a steamboat bound for the upper Missouri River sometime in March of 1875. Their plan was at the first opportunity to go ashore and move over land by foot under the cover of darkness into the Black Hills, a trek of about two hundred miles through hostile Indian country.

When their steamboat tied up at Fort Pierre, the time seemed to be ripe to do a little loafing on the shore in the vicinity of the landing and produce a vanishing act into the brush along the river as soon as possible. They executed this part of their plan very successfully, keeping away from the soldiers until night fall. They started up Bad River from the south, they turned left and proceeded to the head of it, concealing themselves in the underbrush. The rigors of their adventure started at this point, for sleeping on the ground in March weather without a fire surely calls for rugged characters.

At day break the following morning they could hear a large Cavalry patrol working their way up Bad River checking the brush, washouts and other possible hide-outs, evidently looking for the trespassers, having been alerted that seven men had left the steamboat the day before and were missing.

Trask and his party remained in their hide-out at the head of this canyon, lying very quietly in the underbrush with nearly freezing weather all that day. Toward evening the Cavalry patrol was heard returning from their mission, of course empty handed, as the clatter of horses and sabers vanished down the river toward the Fort.

Trask, having had ten years Cavalry service prior to this time, over this same terrain, deemed it safe to start up Bad River, under the protection of darkness, on foot.

Each man carried a separate piece of camp and mining equipment, in addition to his own blankets, provisions, rifle and ammunition. They traveled by night taking great care to select a good hiding place for the day.

In April of 1875 they arrived at Gordon Stockade a short time before the Gordon Party was put under arrest by Capt. Mix of the 2nd U. S. Cavalry.

Trask was allowed by military officials to remain in the Black Hills until a treaty could be negotiated with the Indians to open the reservation to settlers.

He was elected the first Mining Claim Recorder in the Black Hills of S. Dak. He was well acquainted with U. S. Marshal, "Wild Bill Hickok," "Calamity Jane" and Anna Tallent, who was the first school teacher in the Black Hills.

In 1879, he filed on a homestead on Deer Creek, where later the village of Pactola, S. Dak. was established. He built a cabin on his property and then left for Nebraska to visit his sister. He married Elizabeth Jane Pascoe Feb. 15, 1880 in Fremont, Neb. He returned to the Black Hills with his bride, in March of 1880 by stage coach. Thirteen children were born to this union: Joseph, Alva III, Malcom, Grace, Adeline, Catherine, Nathaniel, Dama Ellen, McKinley, Minnie, Mamie Lavene, James and Clair.

In the spring of 1903 the family moved to the prairie where Trask hoped his boys would become ranchers. Joe was the first to file on a homestead east of the Little Cheyenne River. They cut and whip sawed huge pine logs, hauled them from the Hills and built a one story house. In the fall, Trask and one of the boys would freight supplies by wagon train from Rapid City a distance of about 90 miles. They would bring flour, sugar, brans, coffee beans (for grinding) a barrel of oatmeal, dried fruit, etc. This would keep the family all winter.

The Indians used to make camp at the foot of the Old Crowell Hill, at the forks of the Belle Fourche and Cheyenne Rivers, on their way to Rapid City from the Cheyenne Reservation below Pedro. In the winter time they would walk across the frozen river to the Trask ranch to trade blankets to Trask for coffee, sugar and tobacco. On one of these occasions, Mother Trask (not understanding a word the Old Indian was saying) had a feeling that her husband was getting 'took' in the trade, kept interrupting the conversation. Finally Trask said to the Indian "let me trade you my squaw." The Indian looking at Mother Trask and shaking his head answered "NO - ME - NOT - WANT - EM, - TOO - MUCH - YAPPY-." She never lived that story down.

Trask loved to build dams and dig ditches for irrigation. When the Government started work on the Panama Canal in 1904, he wanted to go. Here was a ditch that was a challenge and another adventure about to begin. After getting the family settled in the new location he went to the Canal Zone in the spring of 1905.

After returning from Panama he began to fail in health. He spent his final years in the Battle Mountain Sanitarium in Hot Springs, S. Dak.

In the meantime Al and Mack worked for different large cattle outfits that had sprung up, Sam and Nels Fish and C. K. Howard were two of them.

Joe clerked in the Frank Cottle Trading Post at Smithville, about fifteen miles up the river from home. All three boys came home occasionally and kept in close contact with the family.

Joe bought the family the first phonograph in the country, in about 1909. It was an Edison with cylinder records and a huge morning glory horn. What a treasure! About this time western novels hit the market. Mother Trask bought a series of the "Flying U" books. Each night, after chores and dishes were finished, all would gather around the old potbelly stove and Mother Trask would read aloud these wonderful western tales, until bedtime.

new-comers messing around their hunting and grazing grounds, with wagons that cut hay, and one such incident was when a settler from Elm Springs, crossed the Belle Fourche River near the forks of the Cheyenne and proceeded to mow some wild hay. All went well until some warriors surrounded him and gave him escort to their camp. He was held prisoner until Grandpa and the French squaw man could negotiate ransom, which was one very old ox. The man from Elm Springs was John Asheim. Years later my father Emerson, asked John if he remembered this incident. Mr. Asheim looked at Emerson for a moment and said "Boy, why don't you ask me if I am alive, I will never forget that."

Early winter of 1889 saw the first of the Ghost dancers among the Sioux, which would soon develop into major headlines and call troops to the area, to end in a shameful tragedy. Other than a few demonstrations by these people to scare the whites from their best hunting and grazing grounds, the Crowell family had no trouble with the Sioux, in fact they became friends and were treated as good neighbors, Birdie's memoirs state, "The smaller children of the family played with the Indian children. Mother and the girls learned their language and enjoyed visiting with the Indian women, trading fancy work, beads, shawls and many such things. Even with the appearance of Infantry Companies and Cavalry Troops in the spring and summer of 1890, relations between the Crowell family and the Sioux were good, which is illustrated by the account about one real old Indian buck, who used to mooch around Grandpa's place, he had a very peculiar walk, which was being imitated by Mike and Birdie. Grandpa suggested in no uncertain tones they discontinue this practice, it was not being nice to the neighbors.

With the arrival of troops in the spring of '90, a comparatively quiet neighborhood was turned into a scene of much activity. The army camp was established near what was later to be the Pedro crossing of the big Cheyenne with the main supply trail from Rapid City and Fort Meade on the south side of the Belle Fourche River. It came down the hill near the Crowell ranch, crossed the Belle and continued through the Indian villages along the river bottom north of the Big Cheyenne to the bivouac area. There was considerable activity of troop movements, supply trains, couriers on fast horses, Army officers in covered rigs with their escorts moving both ways past Grandpa's front door, not to mention the stragglers and troopers on week-end passes. A young German cavalryman came down the hill one day, he was afoot, having been to Frank Cottell's store at Smithville, on a week-end pass, where he purchased two, one gallon kegs of whiskey and tied them to his saddle. His trouble began when his horse broke away and went directly to the camp. The young German, who could hardly speak English, wanted Grandpa to hide him, because he was positive, he would be tied to a big cottonwood tree and shot. Grandpa a combat veteran of the Civil War and well acquainted with the army ways, calmed the young man and gave him food and shelter for the night, telling him he would go to the camp with him the next morning and maybe they could explain the situation. The next morning however, before they were ready to leave, they saw a cavalry patrol of platoon size ride from the timber along the river. The troopers peeled off in single file and surrounded the house, dismounted with rifles ready, while the officer in charge rapped briskly on the door and asked in a very formal manner, "Mr. Crowell, is it possible a soldier of the United States Army is hiding on your premises?" To which Grandpa answered in the same formal manner, "No sir, Lieutenant, there is not a soldier of the United States Army hiding on my premises, there is one sitting in my house, but he is not hiding." The punishment for the young German, was to carry water from the Cheyenne River in two pails and pour it on the ground near the commanding officers tent, this lasting for several days.

The army purchased beef from local ranchers, Jim Cox, and Pete Duhamel, for issue to the Indians. The quartermaster officer would have a roster of the different villages. When the cattle were cut from the herd, the Indians would give chase, killing the critters with whatever weapon they might be armed with, - as soon as the beef was down, the feast would start immediately. The biggest bucks would suck the blood, the intestines were next. It was a common sight to see an old buck whack off a foot length of intestine and hand it to an eight or ten year old papoose. The young Indians first act would be to give his lunch two or three good flips and then start chewing. This type of Sioux picnic could be observed, around the forks of the Cheyenne river during the summer of 1890. Another market was created by the army, was for fresh milk, which the Crowell family was in a position to take full advantage of. Their 32 milk cows produced quite a volume of milk each day. The evening and morning milkings were stored in large cans and hauled by team and wagon to the army camp, where the troopers would form a line with canteen cups. They would hand their cups to Grandpa in the wagon, every cup with a dime in it would be filled with fresh milk until the supply was exhausted. Surely an unusual supplementary ration for 'hell-bent for leather' cavalry troopers of the American frontier.

The fall and winter of 1890 there were a number of false Indian scares. Big Foot's braves were going past Grandpa's house nearly everyday with hides and furs, which they traded at Frank Cottell's Smithville store for Winchester lever action rifles. They would proudly show these

About this time the Duhamel Post Office was moved to the ranch and Mother Trask was made postmistress until the spring of 1911. She passed away at her home on Aug. 24, 1932. Burial was at Elm Springs Cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Crowell

THOMAS CROWELL AND FAMILY
MEADE COUNTY, 1888-1963
By Frank E. Crowell

July 1888, at the forks of the Cheyenne River, Meade County Dakota Territory, saw the arrival of Thomas Crowell, his wife Anna and their nine children, ages from 16 to a few months, Maggie, Mary, Emerson, Willis, Julia, Mike, Birdie, Lou and Harold. Having left Spring Valley Minnesota, a small town near Wycoff, several years before, when they lost their farm buildings in a disasterous fire, the Crowell family settled for a period near the new settlement of Ipswich, Dakota Territory.

On arrival at the forks of the two rivers, a very pretty spot and a good location for a ranch, with plenty of water, timber, and good grass, work was started immediately, mowing hay and cutting logs for a cabin. This activity did not please the Indians of Big Foot's band, who lived mostly north of the Belle Fourche, and the Big Cheyenne. The Crowells were cutting hay on the best grazing ground for their ponies, plus this area was very good hunting and to say the least, they were not happy with their new neighbors. Nevertheless the work continued, the cabin was finished and the haying was still in progress, when a painted band of warriors rode up to where Ed Crossett was mowing and scared him so bad he unhitched one horse, mounted in haste and left on the dead run, with the harness flopping. From Birdies memoirs she says, "He left the other horse hitched to the machine. Dad saw him ride away and expected him to return after dark, but we never saw him again. The horse he left behind, we used as a saddle horse until he died of old age, a very kind and faithful animal and the first horse I ever rode." The haying continued and as Emerson stated "several teams of oxen were pressed into service," he remembered of mowing hay with these slow brutes hitched with only a yoke and guided with the commands of gee and haw. It took a lot of whipping to keep the mower from going so slow it would slug in the heavy hay and quite often they would hook the end of the sickle bar onto a tree or stump, at which time the oxen would pull for all they were worth, sometimes breaking the tongue from the mower. These machines were equipped with heavy ash pole tongues, especially for oxen. It is quite evident, ox driver language was colorful enough for mules. Not too uncommon an occurrance was for an old ox to get tired and lay down in the hay field and refuse to get up.

A few days after Ed Crossett left, the Indians paid the Crowell cabin a visit, which is described by Birdie, "One day while the men were at work, a large band of Indians came to the cabin. My mother saw them coming and she closed and bolted the door. They were dressed in fine buckskin beaded robes with painted hawk or eagle feathers in their hair, also streaks and figures painted on their faces. They looked through the two small, high open windows and talked to or at my mother and she could not understand their language at that time, but could understand, they were very angry about the men cutting hay, and hauling it away. Mother had a fire in the stove and had just baked bread, she made two large kettles of coffee, poured it in cups, bowls and cans and set it with the sliced fresh bread on the high window sill. When the Indians had consumed the fresh bread and coffee, they thanked her and went away. During their visit, my sister Lou and I scurried in back of the cook stove, like two scared rabbits and remained there until they were gone.

Mother was frightened and refused to stay here through the coming winter with small children. After the haying was finished, Dad hitched an ox team to one of the wagons and moved the family to Rapid City, Maggie, Emerson and Willis staying at the ranch. When he returned he had a winter's supply of provisions and lumber for more house room.

Big Foot's boys had considerable trouble with rifles on the way home in the evening. The war dances were increasing in tempo and could be heard at night across the river. A wild savage drum beat, accompanied by the whoops and yells of the warriors. These activities were watched by both settlers and the cavalry command, from points of vantage around the forks of the Cheyenne. The army moved from the crossing, near Big Foot's village, to the little Cheyenne river above Grandpa's ranch and constructed considerable field fortifications. Cavalry patrol action was increased to around the clock schedule. A number of local citizens were employed as government scouts. Nerves were definitely tense among the whites. Liaison with headquarters in Rapid City was kept by Cavalry troopers on fast horses. One of these troopers headed east through Elm Springs was sighted at a distance by Old Sullivan, who was driving a team hitched to a buckboard, he could see a horseman crossing the high points in the prairie, coming at him on the run, the cavalryman's cape blown back over his shoulders, showing the yellow silk lining. Sullivan took one look and knew it was a wild Indian with a yellow blanket. He jumped from the buckboard, unhitched one horse, mounted in haste and headed for rough country, the harness flopping and the horse on the dead run. The trooper sizing up the situation, unhitched the other horse, turning him loose and reported the incident to headquarters at the forks of the Cheyenne. The Commanding officer tried to head off this Indian scare, but it went all the way to Rapid City.

A short time later an incident which could have caused a wild Indian scare, ended in a peaceful manner. A large combat type, cavalry patrol crossed the Belle Fourche River for a reconnaissance of the Sioux reservation, they were gone several days. In the late afternoon of their return, heavy firing could be heard along the river. Grandpa Crowell the old combat veteran of General Grant's army of the west, worked his way forward, where he had a good view. Before him was several hundred soldiers and Indians, all mixed up and firing into the tops of the trees at large flocks of prairie chickens. The Indians were coming into headquarters with the cavalry for some reason, possibly rations, both cavalry and Sioux were pleased with a fine bag of prairie chickens.

December, this year of 1890, the Indians living in the area, will cross the Cheyenne River at the lower end of the bottom. They will have a date with destiny, to be marked for the ages by a common grave on Wounded Knee Creek, South Dakota's worst tragedy. Only two will return, one old Indian, heartbroken, his squaw and six boys dead. The other, a young brave, who came out of the bitter cold of a storm in January, wearing moccasins, leather breeches and a blanket, with a bullet wound in his side.

The Crowell family gave him food and shelter, medical attention he refused. He said he was going to the Crow Indians in Montana, he left the way he came, in the night, never to be heard of again.

In closing this brief for the Crowell family, covering the years through 1890, I will say, if we were to follow Emerson, Willis and Mike for the next ten years, we would attend the largest cattle roundups on the North American continent. We would work with the great trail herds across the Rocky Mountains from Oregon. We would witness first hand, the Johnson County cattle war of Wyoming. We would range the Northern Plains called the Cow Country. In fact we could sit on our boot heels and draw a map in the dust of this entire vast area, name every river, creek and large draw. We could name every range, ranch, and brand. We would live the heyday of the American Cowboy.

Mike and Mrs. Thomas Crowell, Thomas sawing wood, Lue and Willis.

THE THOMAS CROWELLS
by Mary Marvin

This is about our trip from eastern South Dakota, as I remember it.

My father, Thomas Crowell, a veteran of the Civil War, my mother, Anna, and nine children left Ipswich in 1885 to come to the Black Hills.

Father was very busy getting our wagons and everything ready to go. A friend of father's decided to come along with us. His name was John Sullivan, and he had a saddle horse and 25 head of cattle.

Father had a saddle horse and 25 head of cattle; some of them were milk cows. We had two covered wagons and two bull teams to pull our wagons. Just before we started one bull got sick and died. Father didn't let that stop him. He hooked up a cow with the bull and we were on our way.

Mother, being a nervous woman, was sure the Indians would scalp us all before we got there.

Each day we traveled along seemed very much like the day before. Father had made a rack on the wagon for a barrel churn. Each time they milked the cows, the milk was put in the churn. As we bounced along at the next stop there was always butter floating on top of the milk for our biscuits, which we had at every meal.

When we came to a good creek we stopped for a time. While the stock rested we washed our clothes and cleaned up.

When we got to Pierre, South Dakota, we had to cross the Missouri river on a ferry. When the cattle were loaded they "spooked" and rushed in a group to one side of the boat which caused it to tip high in the air, we were all very frightened. The men ran in among the cattle and soon had them evenly scattered again.

The Captain asked my oldest sister, Maggie, and I if we would like to ride with him on top of the boat. It was the biggest thrill of our lives.

When we got across the river we had to camp all night in Fort Pierre. There we saw our first Indians. Mother was very nervous and ordered all of us to stay in our own camp. Curiosity got the best of us kids, and we slipped out and went down to the Indian camps.

We saw some Indian papooses strapped on boards leaning against the trees. At first we were frightened and thought the babies were dead. The squaws seemed friendly and soon made us understand the babies were just sleeping. After that we were never afraid of the Indians.

As we traveled farther west we met lots of men coming back from the Hills, some were walking, their feet sore and bleeding, and wrapped in rags. Father always stopped the wagons, fed and visited with them. They all said there wasn't any work in the Hills. It was while he was visiting with them, he found out about the soldiers that were camped at the forks of the Belle Fourche and Cheyenne rivers. He then decided not to go to the Black Hills, but to come out to the forks of the rivers.

When we arrived there, it was beautiful country, lots of wild fruit and big trees.

The men started cutting logs to make a house, when the Indians came and said we couldn't live there, it would spoil their hunting. They were all painted up and looked very convincing. The area wasn't open to homesteaders at that time, so father offered to trade them a beef if he could live there. After much talk among themselves, they decided to trade. They drove the beef a short distance from our camp, butchered, and ate it up in a short time. They never bothered my father again about living there.

Many times the Indians came to the place and wanted something to eat, and they were always fed something and seemed friendly.

There was one young squaw that used to leave her papoose with us for a few days at a time when they went on hunting trips. We thought he was the cutest thing, and enjoyed having him to play with.

One day when this young squaw and some more Indians were sitting around in the yard, a young character that was there also, got smart and started patting the young squaw's papoose on the head, and calling him "a cute little monkey." Suddenly the squaw sprang to her feet and with one blow, she had this character flat on his back, jumped on him, and drew a knife from her belt. About this time I realized what was happening, and being a good friend of the squaw, I rushed up to her, and begged her to let him go. As far as I know he is still going.

Our camp was at the mouth of a big draw. While the men were building the house, we lived in the wagon boxes which were setting on the ground. They were using the wagons to haul logs for the house.

Late one night a big rain storm came, causing the draw to overflow its banks. We were sleeping in the wagon boxes. When we woke up the wagon boxes were filled with water. We were all wet and cold, and as the house was pretty well up on high ground we went in for shelter and set up our camp stove and built a fire to try to dry out.

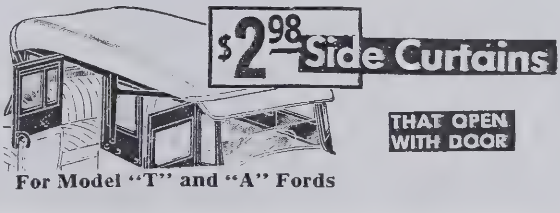
The soldiers were camped on the north side of the river, and on down the river a few miles. Father used to sell milk to the soldiers, and to deliver the milk, he had to drive through the Indian's camp.

There never was any trouble, and sometimes some of us kids went along for the ride. Later stories began to drift in about the Indians going on the war path.

Mother and all the children moved into Rapid City, where we stayed and went to school, until the Indian trouble was over.

Father came and moved us back to the country, and as soon as the country was opened for homesteading father filed on the land.

There are only two of Thomas Crowell's children living now; my sister, Birdie McDonald, Ottumwa, S. Dak., and myself, Mary Marvin. I still live on the old homestead.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Elm Springs

A SKETCH OF THE EARLY PIONEER LIFE OF LENA DAVIS FORBES IN SOUTH DAKOTA

by Cecelia Forbes Thompson

It was on January 13, 1888, that I first arrived in South Dakota. My father; my two brothers-Boe and Bob; my sister-in-law, Anna; and her two boys, Claude and Henry; and I came by train from St. Joseph, Missouri to Rapid City, South Dakota. My brother Clint had come on ahead to arrange for a place to live. My father, who had recently suffered a stroke, was an invalid. When we reached Rapid, we hired a rig and went down to Box Elder on Clint's place. We lived there three months and then moved to Elk Creek on the Ashland place, which we rented and lived on for a year. The next year, 1890, we moved to Elm Springs where the three boys and my father each filed a homestead.

When we got down there, we all moved into a dug-out on my father's place. It was a hole in the ground 16 by 25 feet. The upper part was made of six-inch boards. There were no shingles on the roof. We had a sheet-iron cook stove and a sheet-iron heating stove. We had four homemade beds that the boys made from 2 by 4 planks. Straw ticks, Anna's sewing machine, the horses and plows were brought from Missouri. Clint made chairs out of willows that he cut down on Elk Creek. Tables, dressers, and cupboards were made from rough boards. The boys dug a well close to the dug-out. They got logs from Elk Creek and made a log barn. In the spring, they went to the mill near Rapid and got seed for planting. There was plenty of rain and everything grew. The wheat was hauled to Rapid, which was forty-five miles away, and sold at fifty cents a bushel.

In the meantime, Clint was making a dug-out on his place. He, Anna, and the children moved into it in the fall. It also was one room, partitioned off with calico curtains. He dug a well near their dug-out.

The first people who came to see us were the Kings. There were Mrs. King, a heavy-set Scotch-Canadian woman, and her two daughters, Gertie and Lottie. They drove up in a lumber wagon from their homestead about three miles south, and made a call. Soon after, Anna and I went to return the call. We found them living in a pine frame house with four rooms. There were eight in the family at that time. They were farming and raised wheat, oats, corn, and a few vegetables.

Soon after the visit with the Kings, Alec Olson came over. He was a Norwegian bachelor who lived on an adjoining homestead. He couldn't speak English. We would point to things and tell him what they were in English. He soon learned to carry on a conversation with us.

In June, Stella Steinberg came. She stopped on her way back from Sturgis where she had ridden on horseback to see about her certificate. The distance was sixty miles. She told us she was going to teach the Pierce school, which was five miles away. She was living on her homestead in a tarpapered shack and planned to teach while she proved up on it. We decided to ride together to Smithville the next week to get our mail. When the day came, I rode on my horse "Roger" to her place and we went on together from there. On the way, she told me that Carrie Handschiegel was coming from Canton, South Dakota that fall to file on a homestead a half-mile from Stella's place, and would teach the Linn school.

Along the creek were cattle ranches that we passed. The ranches were those of Jim Bard, the Hines boys, the widow Brow, Mike Quinn, and M. Forbes.

Meantime, my father had grown weaker. Clint had made a chair for him out of willows when we first moved into the dug-out and for three months before he died he could rest only in that chair. He died on the 25th of July, 1891. There was no undertaker, nor anyone to take charge of a funeral except the few neighbors that were there. Cash Timmons was working for M. Forbes at that time. He came and helped my brothers, Clint and Boe, lay out the body. Clint and Anna made and lined the casket. The Kings, Stella, Carrie, Alec Olson, and Mrs. Reynolds came. Mrs. Reynolds conducted a prayer service. Carrie and Stella sang a song. He was buried there on the homestead. There was no cemetery.

The following spring, Boe, Bob, and I all moved over to Boe's place into a log house. That was in 1892. About once a month one of the boys and I would go to Rapid in the lumber wagon to get supplies. We raised our own potatoes, but had few other vegetables. We could get flour, sugar, salt, canned goods, and clothing from Rapid.

That Thanksgiving, the widow Brow invited my brothers and me to come to Tom Clark's on the creek for a double wedding and dance. The widow Brow had raised Ed Morgan. He and Angie Simons, and Joe Ganyon and Lottie Teasdale were to be married in a double ceremony. We went in the lumber wagon. Cow punchers came from miles around. The couples were married by Jim Davis, the Justice of the Peace. A long table was set up in the bunkhouse and was piled high with beef, pork, baked beans, bread, cakes, and pies. We ate midnight supper and breakfast. It was eight o'clock the next morning when we left for home.

While at the dance, Stella and Carrie proposed the organization of a literary society to meet at the Pierce schoolhouse. The first members included the following people: Cy and Bill Pierce, Charley Caudle, the Harwoods, Carrie, Stella, Clint and Anna, Boe, Bob, and myself. A topic was discussed by all those present at the meeting. Marie McDonald, who was teaching the Dalzell School, was in charge of a humorous paper. It was made up of personal items about folks in the neighborhood and the "take-offs" on them. I collected the items about those who lived nearest to us. The cow punchers were always glad to tell things about each other. Everyone enjoyed this paper.

At Christmas time, another dance was held at Tom Clark's. By that time, more cowboys had moved on the Creek and they all came to the dance. Among them were Lum Ulshire, Billy Pressler, Roy Potter, and Bill Bell. We all went down in the lumber wagon. Clint, Boe, and Bob played for the dance.

In July of the next year, 1893, Boe circulated a petition for the establishment of a post office at Elm Springs. Everyone in the country signed the petition and it, with an application, was sent into Washington D. C. The post office was established at Boe's place. He was made postmaster and I was made his assistant. In the meantime, a baby girl was born at Clint's. We named her Page. There were now three children, Claud, Henry, and Page.

The following fall, Boe and the widow Brow were married. Boe recommended that I be made postmistress. Frank Cottle and Snassay, the postmaster at Rapid City, signed the recommendation and I was appointed. The office was then moved to my homestead. A frame house was moved from Alec Olsen's place and the post office was moved into it.

The mail route ran from Rapid City to Smithville and carried passengers and freight, as well as mail. Our place was midway between Rapid and Smithville and the mailman always changed horses there. Our place also became a stopping place for anyone on the road who wanted a meal and a place to spend the night. So Clint and Anna began running a regular roadhouse. They charged 25 cents a meal and 50 cents for lodging over night. There was an extra charge for horses too.

In the winter time, it would often be seven or eight o'clock in the evening when the mail sack would get in. Old Teeter Johnson was driving the mail. He drove mules and many times, he would be unable to go on with the wagon through the storms. He would leave his wagon there, put the mail sacks on one mule, and ride the other one to Smithville.

One day at the office, John Meyer came and told us that John Linn's baby had died. I got on Roger and rode to Stella's place and told her. Then she and I rode on down to Linn's place from there. George Moore was there, and had

Mr. and Mrs. Del Wilsey and family, near Dalzell.

laid the baby out. We sat up with the body that night. It was buried at the cemetery that had just been opened at Elm Springs. Charlie Caudle gave the land for the cemetery and helped to lay it into lots.

A couple of weeks later Mrs. George Bonesack died. Carrie, Stella, and Mrs. Moore laid out the body and then sat up with it all night. Harwood and Charley Scofield made the casket. The handles and lining were bought from Frank Cottle. Hers was the second burial at the Elm Springs cemetery. We all went to the service on horseback and in wagons.

During the Battle of Wounded Knee, an Indian scare swept the country and people began moving into Rapid for safety. Then Tom Clark called the people together and convinced them that they were as safe from the Indians in their dug-outs as anywhere else. He pointed out that the business men of Rapid City had done all they could to start people moving there, in order to boom Rapid. There was no further moving after that.

A good many of the cow punchers who came to the post office were uneducated. Some of them could neither read nor write. Most of them answered heart and hand ads and I would write the letters for them. I also read the answers to them. I wrote letters home regularly for a man who was freighting for Cottle. Other cow punchers who were educated answered 'heart and hand' ads and would read the answers to me. Among these were Jim Weatherford, Carl Price, and Billy Pressler. They all worked for the Cross S outfit. Al Tediken got his mail at the office regularly. He took me to the first Fourth of July dance held in that country. It was at the Big Bend dance hall.

One time Stella and I drove up to Rapid City in the lumber wagon. It was a distance of 45 miles. On the way back, a blizzard overtook us when we were 15 miles out from Rapid. We stopped at a Bohemian house to get out of the storm. The peoples name was Selwinder. The house was one room, made of logs, about 16 by 24, and the room was completely bare. They asked us to spend the night there but told us that their twin daughters were being married that night and that a dance would follow the wedding. The twins had their hair done up in paper curlers. As evening came on, people began to drop in. They were covered with snow and each one was swept off with the broom as he came in. Among these were the minister. They all spoke Bohemian. The girls were married to twin boys who came from Black Hawk. The wedding took place at ten o'clock and a dance followed. Just as the dance started, the Morris boys came in. They had been driven there by the snow storm. Stella and I were glad to see someone we knew and who could speak English. Around midnight, supper was served at a long table in the bunk house. A two-month old roast pig was on the table.

One night a blizzard came up. Two families coming from Viewfield stopped. We made beds for them all. There were seventeen of us that night in two rooms. Their sixteen year old boy got sick in the night. Clint doctored him with liniment. The storm was so bad that we all stayed in there for twenty-four hours. The stock wasn't fed during that time.

There were now four children in Clint's family. The youngest, another girl, was named Ruth. The first school at Elm Springs was in my dug-out. King's children and three of Clint's children were old enough for school. Stella was the teacher and she stayed with me. One night a blizzard came up and in the morning it was so bad that we could not get out of the house. As soon as we could get out of the house to see about the stock, we found two hogs completely covered with snow. We had to shovel them out. Then we got on our horses and went to her homestead. There we found her cat still shut up in the house and her two mares and their colts in the barn. We shovelled the snow away from the barn door enough to get in. We fed the horses hay but had to carry water to them because we couldn't get them out to the well.

One day Stella came and told me that Andy Pierce had been killed by a rock while walling up his well. I got on Roger and went with her. When we got there we found Jim and John Dalzell, George Priest, and Pete Miner. They had the body out of the well and were laying it out. We were told to go to Frank Cottle's and tell him what had happened and to bring back handles and lining material to be used for the casket. On the way back, the saddle girth broke and both saddle and I fell off on the ground. Just then Bird Sisley came along. He put a rope on the girth. But it soon began to gald Roger, so I got off and walked and led him home.

At that time, M. Forbes' ranch was on Elk Creek. Cash Timmons, Lum Ulshire, Bill King, and Bob all worked for him. In the spring he moved his cattle on some state land west of Clint's place and boarded with Clint and Anna. We were married in October of that year, 1899.

Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Forbes and their four children, Lydia, Cecelia, Brooks, and Anna, moved to Sturgis about 1918 or 19. Two survive,-Lydia is Mrs. Albin Peterson of Laredo, Texas, and Anna is Mrs. Fred Collignon of Sturgis.

THE ASHEIM STORY
by Oscar Asheim

My father was born in Bergen, Norway on September 11, 1866. He came to America in March, 1887, with his younger brother, Nels.

They landed in New York and came on to Albert Lee, Minnesota, a Norwegian community. They worked there for awhile and then came on to Elm Springs, South Dakota, in 1888. He signed his declaration for U. S. Citizenship papers on October 1, 1888. He and his brother filed squatters rights to the land where I now live. They later homesteaded this land and received patent for same.

My mother was born in Schuyler, Nebraska, on April 18, 1877, and came to South Dakota when a young girl with her parents. Her name was Lucinda Freeman. They were married on April 12, 1894. There were five children: Ada, who passed away in 1918, Oscar (myself), Mae, Gladys and Leonard.

His first home was a dugout as were most homes at that time. He carried mail from Rapid City to Smithville for a few years. He used three horses at change points, much the same as the pony express. Later he used a one-horse cart.

At one time he was taken by some Indians while putting up hay on the Cheyenne River. But he was released unhurt when some white men came to help him, bargaining with the Indians.

While he and his brother were coming west from Minnesota they had a team and wagon. On the way they bought a milk cow and led her behind. About the time they got to the Cheyenne River, one of the horses died. They broke the cow to drive and made it as far as what is now Elm Springs. I guess they decided they had had it. They settled here and lived out their lives here.

Nels was thrown from a horse and killed in 1905. John Asheim died of cancer January 29, 1923.

In the early days there were many freighters, driving six horses and two wagons, who used to haul wheat to Rapid and bring back supplies. The wagons were sort of racks and the wheat all had to be sacked.

I remember as a small boy when the Utah Indians came through on their way to fight the Sioux. They were painted all over and looked neither left or right but straight down the road. My father and our neighbor, Mr. Huddleston, were in Rapid City. We got word they were coming and my mother took my sister and me and we went to stay with Mrs. Huddleston while the Indians trailed past her house. We were all sent upstairs after the doors were barred and we watched out a small window. My mother and Mrs. Huddleston each had guns. I wonder if they would have used them if necessary or how much good it would have done with so many Indians. That night my father, after he came home, took us to watch from a distance, their war dances.

They were overtaken by the Fort Meade Cavalry at the Cheyenne River and returned to their reservation.

John Asheim helped build the Elm Springs Church. The lumber was hauled from Rapid City by him and some close neighbors. I remember how he used to get up and go down at midnight to build a fire so the plaster wouldn't freeze. One night he saw something white out in the newly laid out grave yard. Being a little startled but not believing in ghosts, he decided to see what it was. It turned out to be a neighbors white horse.

He also was a director of the Bank of Wasta, Wasta Rochdale. He helped organize the telephone company. For many years he was clerk of the school board, until his death. He served on the church board, other community projects and was also a director of the Pennington County Bank of Rapid City.

My mother died in 1946. I took over the ranch, buying out the other heirs. The country has changed since those days. Most farmers have modern homes with all of the city conveniences without the noise.

THE MOORHEAD STORY

by Golda Moorhead Asheim

My father, Loren Moorhead, homesteaded in Elm Springs in 1905. He was born in Nebraska. My mother was born in Indiana and came to Nebraska with her family at the age of fourteen. Her name was Cora Belle Baker. They were married February 12, 1894. There were eight of us children, four girls and four boys; Ethel, Harvey, Gladys, who passed away in 1923, myself Golda, Walter, who passed away in 1962, Bert, Clara and Kenneth. The five oldest were born in Nebraska.

Our first winter here my dad worked for the railroad and we were alone a great deal. Mother and we kids were sort of afraid of everything-new country and Indians. However nothing happened to mar our safety.

The next winter we spent in a logging camp in the hills. My dad worked there that winter. Also several Uncles who had homesteaded when we did. We children had a most enjoyable winter climbing hills and sleighing. We came back to the ranch in the spring.

We attended school in an old log schoolhouse, with several families of skunks underneath.

Those first years we had school four months in the fall ending with a big Christmas program, the two or three schools going together much the same as they do now and having it in the church. We had two months vacation in January and February and then three months of school in the spring. Usually with a different teacher.

Dad sold the claim and bought a farm one mile west of the now Elm Springs post office. It was here I remember most about the Indians. There would be long trains of wagons and horsemen, usually the squaws and children in the wagons

Mr. and Mrs. Loren Moorhead and family-1904.

Harvey Moorhead- 1915.

and the men on horseback.

Much splendor was in evidence in the beautiful headgear for the men, some with beautiful beaded saddles and so on. The blankets worn by the women and girls were also very beautiful. We were always a little scared of them but we needn't have been.

I remember one hot day when the Indians came by on their usual trip to the Stock Show and then they always left their children at the Indian school in Rapid City at this time. My dad had bought a large fat sow from a neighbor. The other pigs chased it and it got to hot and died. The Indians stopped and wanted it. My dad told them they could have it but that he didn't think it would be fit to eat. But they shook their heads and proceeded to butcher it. About ten men came over the fence and I never saw so many knives come from nowhere in my life. It was a little frightening.

Most entertainment in the early days was attending house parties or dances and church picnics. Those days everyone came to church in wagons or if you were lucky in a buggy.

Each Fourth of July was a big day. Usually a dance floor was built of rough boards on a spot close to the ball diamond. There would be a program in the morning with a speaker and singing of several patriotic songs. This along with the speaker always made me feel very humble and proud of our heritage. Then a big picnic at noon and a ball game in the afternoon and a dance at night. Usually with one or two violins and someone chording on the organ.

Those days everyone raised their own meat, potatoes and vegetable or did without. How I hated to pick up potatoes as a child. Some vegetables were dried such as corn, and mother put green beans in a salt brine, doesn't sound very good now, does it, with our modern ways of doing things? Root crops were buried in sand in a cave. We bought only sugar, salt, coffee, not ground and in a 25 lb. pail, dried fruit and flour. A winter's supply was always bought in the fall.

My father died in Nov. 1949 and mother in Sept. 1962. Dad was 78 and mother was 93. As I think of them, they must have been very sturdy. My dad, to carve a living in this country that was a wilderness then. My mother, whom I always thought of as quiet and frail, was quite small, but she managed to raise 8 children without any of todays luxuries.

My father helped to bring the first telephones to Elm Springs, served on election boards, school boards, and other community projects, such as War Bonds in World War I.

JOE BURTON

by Cole Burton

My father, Joe Burton, came to Deadwood in 1876 from Helena, Montana. My mother, Mary Stephens, was a girl of sixteen when she came from Chicago by way of Bismarck. From Bismarck to Deadwood by stage was a trip of three days and two nights behind fast horses and over rough trails. A description of this trip would send chills down the spine of some of our 1960 gals.

My parents were married in 1881. In 1894 they acquired the (H.O.) Holcomb Ranch on the Belle Fourche River. The Holcomb Horse and Cattle Company then moved to the Holcomb Flats west of Faith. The river crossing at the ranch was on the trail between Rapid City, White Owl, Faith and the north country. The old original house was made of cottonwood logs with a dirt roof. It had a main living room that measured about 16x30 and a bedroom not quite so long. The kitchen was a lean-to at one end and the bunk house was about the size of the living room and also attached to the main building. The floors were of pine boards and a foot wide. This was to be the Burton home until 1910 when a new home was built.

Prior to 1910, the Indians from the reservation to the east used the river for winter travel to Rapid City up as far as Alkali Creek. There was always plenty of shelter, wood, water and some game along the river. One winter several wagons of Indians were snowed in across from the ranch house after a short but violent blizzard. They ran short of grub and my mother fed the squaws and papooses for two days. This was the blizzard in which Mrs. Jake Wahl perished.

There were getting to be many small settlements around but one of the first ones was the one at Elm Springs which included R. E. Huddleston, John Linn, William (Bill) Kerr, Alec Olson and some others that I do not remember. I do not remember the original postmaster at Elm Springs but I do know that L. L. Shaffer who is now living in Rapid City is ninety years old and in good health and Charles Caudle were some of the early ones. Not far to the east of Elm Springs was Dalzell, named for the Dalzell brothers, Jim and John. John was to become one of the last bull freighters from Pierre to Rapid City.

Early settlers on the flat between Haydraw and Bull Creek were Jim and Liza Berry with their family, Robert, Stanley, Cordie and Bessie. The Kulescas made their home there as well as many more oldtimers. These people that I have mentioned were able to weather the 1911 drought but many more who came later were not; this was due to their lack of experience and being disillusioned by land agents from the East.

R. A. (Bob) Shoun settled up the river from our ranch a few miles in 1900 and became a good neighbor and an even better poker player.

The McPherson Brothers, Charles, Bert and Gene (still living) were some of the first to settle on the Alkali Divide country.

Two well-known Texas cowboys who were on the trail from Texas to Montana and South Dakota were George Moore and Jim Cox, one of the toughest Irish cowboys to ride the range. Moore settled at Elm Springs and raised a family there. Jim established his ranch on lower Elk Creek and ran approximately 500 head of Texas steers. In May of 1910, he trailed them north to the Clough-Fairpoint country which was all open range at that time and turned loose the whole herd.

Dr. Abel Mathias homesteaded on the Belle Fourche River about 1900. He had come from England and had made several trips across the Atlantic by sailing vessel. He practiced in this west river country and made calls thirty miles or more in a two-wheeled cart drawn by one horse. Later he practiced in Rapid City and lived to be very old. Without his help many of us would not be here to tell the tale.

Another very colorful resident from the past was a Russian-Jew named Issac Lepitt. In 1910 Issac was traveling over the country in his wagon peddling all sorts of wearing apparel. One cold December as he was making his way alone, his wagon overturned and killed him. His body was not found for four days. It was brought to our ranch and kept in "cold-storage" in our bunk house until the sheriff from Sturgis claimed it one month later. As a child I can tell you I did not enjoy the dead man in our bunk house. The sheriff at that time was Roy Skutt who is now 89 years old and living in Phoenix, Arizona.

One of the early general merchandise stores was located at Smithville, at the mouth of Elk Creek and the Cheyenne River. It was owned and operated by Frank Cottle who was also English. He was about midway on the Pierre trail between Pierre and Rapid City and just about the only place of this size for miles around. He was a man with an eye to the future and supplied his customers with everything from bacon to buggies, household items, medications, machinery and items too numerous to mention. However, with the coming of the railroad and the passing of the stage lines, Mr. Cottle, like so many other gen. mdse, men saw their once flourishing businesses dwindle to small enterprises.

This was also true of the store at White Owl whose owner had a six-horse freight wagon on the road continually. Jim Evans who drove it was one of the best freighters. Under favorable conditions, he could make the trip from White Owl to Rapid City and back again in eight to ten days.

The divide between Big Elm and East Elm was known as the Cross S Flat and was used by the big cattle outfits during the spring and fall roundups. They made camp at the Three Sevens, now owned by William Phillips. This was a spring where the different brands were sorted and claimed by the representatives from other outfits. The Phillips and Charles Grey families were early settlers here.

As everyone knows, after the May blizzard in 1905, nearly all the ranchers had to start over. Six years later when they were just getting on their feet again, along came the drought of 1911 when they sacrificed their stock again. The going interest rate then was 10%. Just another reason why all the old timers were not millionaires as some of the more recent immigrants think they should have been.

Many of the cowboys and ranchers would stop at our ranch on their way to and from town, sometimes to spend a night or weather out a storm. Some that remain in my mind were Manuel Coy, John Alexander, Jim Robinson, Joe Schmidt, Inspector A. P. Long, Pete Lemley, Tom Ensor, the Howies as well as many more.

All was not work though. For several years my folks would give a big dance in the fall and several rigs from Rapid City would come. It was forty-six miles as the crow flies. Others came from even farther away. Some would come for supper and stay for breakfast. The knots in the floor were an inch high but everyone had a good time in spite of that.

I was only a small boy but I can well remember that my mother boiled four huge hams in a wash boiler to feed the crowd and boiled the fresh ground coffee in a copper boiler. It was not unusual at gatherings like this for all the ladies to bring food.

Homes were never locked in those days and if a traveler happened along and found no one home, he was perfectly welcome to enter the house, get himself a meal, wash his dishes and go on about his business.

GEORGE MOORE

by Mrs. Art Moore

George W. (Washington) Moore was born near La Grange in Fayette County, Texas, on February 28, 1855. His parents were pioneers in Illinois. His great-grandfather, Captain John Whistler, built the first home in Chicago in 1803. George's father, Clarke Moore, was also a carpenter who helped construct many of the early day buildings of Chicago. George's mother was Mary Whistler who was a cousin of the artist, James McNeil Whistler. In 1903 George Moore and his family received an invitation to attend the Chicago Centennial and a reunion of the Whistler descendants.

There were 5 daughters and 4 sons born to the Clarke Moores. Some were born in Illinois but the younger children, including George and his twin brother were born after the family moved to Texas. His parents made a trip back to visit Chicago, a few years later. They made the trip by horseback.

In his teens, George worked on a cotton gin near Yoakum, Texas. It was while working there that his hands were caught in the gin, leaving them in a semi-crippled condition the rest of his life.

At the age of 18 he signed on as a trail driver to help bring cattle into Nebraska, Wyoming, and South Dakota. He made 3 trail trips from Texas into these states and decided here was where he'd like to make his home. He was brand inspector at Buffalo Gap then.

George W. Moore in 1882.

On December 23, 1884, he was married to Catherine Allert at Flatonia, Texas. Miss Allert had come with her family from England to Texas when she was nine years old. The voyage took several weeks and they encountered one very bad storm en route.

In the spring of 1885 George and his wife traveled by train to Pierre, South Dakota, and on by stagecoach to Rapid City, South Dakota. They crossed the Cheyenne River at night. It was running high and rocked the coach badly but they made it across safely.

For the next 4 years they made Rapid City their home. Their first 2 children, William and Edna were born there with Dr. Abel Mathias attending. During these years Mr. Moore worked as foreman on roundups. One of these took him into Montana, where he stayed through one of the roughest winters on record with the cattle. He was away from his family for 18 months on this trip.

In 1887 Mr. Moore established squatter's rights on land in Elm Springs, South Dakota, and received the homestead certificate for the same in 1899. For several years, while proving up on the homestead, he and his family lived on it in the summers and moved to the Jim Wood's "White House Ranch" to work in the winters. The Wood's ranch was on Elk Creek south of Viewfield. It was while he was working on these horse ranches that an Indian raid was reported to be coming. The Army officers came through and left guns for the men. Mr. Moore took his wife and 2 children to a home in Rapid City for safety and he returned to the ranch. The raid failed to materialize and when Mr. Moore checked his gun after the scare was over, he found it would have failed him, also, as it had no firing pin.

As the children became school age, the family stayed at Elm Springs and Mr. Moore raised and sold horses. He later started in the cattle raising business and farming along with the horse raising.

To Mr. and Mrs. Moore were born six boys and 2 girls, all living today. In order of birth they are: William B. Moore who lives at Elm Springs on what used to be the George Bohnsack place, Edna Waddell at Gordon, Nebraska, George R. Moore at Trail, Oregon, John and Lester of Rapid City, South Dakota, Arthur who lives on the homestead place, Marguerite Ager at Crawford, Nebraska, and Frank at Long Beach, California.

The only time Mr. Moore visited his old home in Texas was in 1901 when his mother was seriously ill. Mrs. Moore visited her Texas relatives, only once, when she spent the winter of 1921-22 there, shortly after Mr. Moore's death.

Visiting in those days was a luxury which few could afford for lack of time, money and transportation.

Many neighbors have told how George Moore helped them with sickness; in fact, they declare he saved their lives. He helped with anything from fevers and blood poisoning to delivering babies.

George Moore passed away May 21, 1921, at the age of 66 with bronchitis. His wife, Catherine, passed away April 16, 1946. They are buried in the Elm Springs cemetery.

THE LIFE OF A PIONEER AS REMEMBERED BY SUSIE GILLAM AT THE AGE OF 87 YEARS

I was born at Deertrail, Colorado, October 19, 1876. At the age of 4 years my father and mother started for Rapid City, South Dakota, in a covered wagon with a team of horses and their four children. We were loaded with feather beds and some other clothing and two little rocking chairs, one for my older sister and me.

As near as I can remember, we did not stop until we reached Lame Johnny, South Dakota. There we stayed in a dug out for a few days to rest up. My sister and I rocked most of the time while there in those rocking chairs.

The next stop we made was in Rapid City, where my uncle, Hank Gould, and family were living. We stayed with them until Father got a house rented for us to live in.

Rapid City was a grocery store, one clothing store, a livery stable, a church, a schoolhouse, about 10 by 13 down by Rapid Creek, one drug store and one doctor, Van Buskirk, and a small skating rink where we kids went to see them skate.

At 8 years he moved Mother and us children down on the ranch. We walked 2 miles to school.

Dad still rode the range. He kept after the cattle for a few years, then decided to sell his cattle and come home and farm. I helped him as his boys weren't old enough to work in the field yet.

After we got settled on the farm, the Indians were hostile so he built a cellar, or cave as some folks called it, for us to sleep in at night for fear they would come. He put some sand in sacks and laid them in the doorway for protection if they did come and shoot. He had 7 children, his wife, and himself, when a blind man and woman by the name of George and Nora Beacham came down to stay. They had a boy and a girl and were our neighbors. We slept in the cave for a couple of weeks; when they didn't show up, we went back to the house.

I stayed home until 1895.

Delbert Chester Gillam was born at Vinton, Iowa, on March 17, 1874. At the age of ten years, he and his parents, two sisters and one brother, came to South Dakota in a covered wagon, and settled on a claim five miles from us. He went to the same school as I and walked five miles. Two more brothers were born to this family. They were Laurence and Eber.

When Delbert was 17 and I was 15, we started going together. Delbert, Dell as he was called, would come with a spring wagon and horses and we would go to house parties and dance or go to spelling bees.

Delbert's sister, Lillie, and brother, Martin, died the same year with typhoid fever. A short time later Laurence and Eber contacted diphtheria. When Eber died, Laurence raised up and said, "Wait until seven." At seven he passed away. Sadie and Delbert were the only surviving children left of that family.

On October 23, 1895, Delbert and I were married at home near Laverne, South Dakota, by Rev. M. N. Stoneman. We had all our relatives there that lived close. Mother made a nice dinner for us. Laverne was our post office at that time. We went up on the hill five miles away and lived 2 years.

On August 3, 1896, a baby boy was born to us and lived 19 days.

My folks decided to move back to Colorado.

Delbert and I went to Terryville, South Dakota, a place close to Lead, and he went to work in the Homestake Mine. He worked there one and a half years when the mine closed. We decided to come back to Laverne, South Dakota. We went out to the saw mill on Spring Creek south of Rapid City and Delbert ran the engine. We were there all winter; about March 1 the mill closed down. He then hauled lumber with four horses and two wagons to Rapid City and I took in washings.

We were there about two years; then we went down to the Belle Fourche River to get a homestead. We were seven miles from Elm Springs and 27 miles from Wasta and 50 miles from Rapid City.

Our son, Paul, was one year old August 22, 1898, the day we started down to the river with our four horses and two wagons, a cow leading behind the wagon. It took us two days to go down.

When we got there we set up our tent so as to have a place to sleep. The weather was nice and I did the cooking outside where we also ate. I washed clothes with wash board and tub and used homemade soap.

Delbert started to dig a dugout and cover for us to winter in. The dugout was warm.

In the spring Delbert built a room 12x14 and a log kitchen on the north side. This is where our two girls, Lillie and Ruth, were born and also the twins, Pearl and Earl. Fern was born four years after the twins.

Delbert was gone much of the time hauling freight from Rapid to Dalzell, or hauling timber.

We lived that way for seven years, when Delbert's father came down to build us a big house. Although it was never finished, we had a lot of fun there. We had dances and Delbert played the violin and I played the organ. We loved to dance and I do yet but am too old now. People came with horse and buggy and danced until daylight.

On January 13, 1919, Paul was married to Agusta Kirkham. Her folks, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kirkham, lived down the river from us.

One time when I was very sick, a rain storm came up. By morning we had to head for higher ground. They put some boards and bedding on the running gears of a wagon and took us to a claim shack two nights until the water went down. Someone brought medicine from Wasta to Glenn Hall's. Then Glenn walked six miles to bring the medicine to me.

Doctor Mathias lived by the Maddox Draw on the north side of the river. He went in all kinds of weather day or night by horseback, fording the river if possible; if not, Delbert would bring him across in the rowboat. Since the doctor had no phone, his calls would come to us. He later homesteaded on the south side of the river until he moved back to Rapid City, South Dakota.

One day a rattlesnake got into the house, coiling itself under the rocking chair. When we discovered it, we called our police dog in. He grabbed the snake, carried it out and killed it.

To keep fresh vegetables during the winter, we would wrap cabbages in paper and hang them in the cave. Carrots and beets were stored in boxes of sand.

Our drinking water was from the river. In the winter we put ice in a cave and covered it with straw for summer use. We had a big crock jar in the cellar which we put ice into and then filled it with river water. We made ice cream also.

As our family grew, we made mattresses by putting straw or corn husks in for ticking.

In the fall everyone would round up their cattle for market. The folks from the north would drive cattle to our place one day, the next day to Deerings, then on to Wasta. From there they were shipped by train to Sioux City, Iowa. The hogs were hauled to Wasta in wagons and shipped to Sioux City, Iowa.

Later we milked 40 cows loose in a corral, which was made of poles. We hauled the cream to Wasta in ten gallon cream cans where it was shipped to Minnesota. By that time we had a Model T Ford. We hauled the cream to Wasta in it.

Our health failed us and our family all left so we had to leave the western part of South Dakota. On April 1, 1943, we moved to Howard, South Dakota.

Delbert passed away on January 1, 1952. He is buried in the Graceland Cemetery at Howard, South Dakota.

In 1961 I received a centennial "Pioneer Citizen Award" of South Dakota.

LINN

by Mrs. Elmer Linn

Mr. and Mrs. John Linn came from Illinois and settled in the Elm Springs country in 1893, soon after the land had been surveyed for settlement. Mr. Linn dug a well before he put up any buildings, saying he wouldn't stay if he couldn't find water. He found water and one well has been in continuous use for 60 years and has never been dry.

Elmer and Clyde Linn, Esther and Mable.

Rapid City was the nearest town, fifty miles away. Lumber and supplies were hauled with teams and wagons and it took four days to make the trip to Rapid City and back. Usually two or more men would go together in case of storm, accident or other mishap.

The Indian scares were pretty much a thing of the past but settlers were still on the alert. However, a few Indians, apparently friendly, drove through the country and often camped on their way to Rapid City from the Cheyenne Reservation. They would sometimes ask for food, usually a loaf of bread. One instance was when they asked Mrs. Linn for eggs. They wanted them cooked and were impatient to go as the camp was breaking up and the procession of wagons would be on its way. The Indian women urged her to "Hully up, hully up." And Mrs. Linn tried to hurry the boiling of the eggs.

The Indians sometimes stopped for water at the stock tank if their favorite water holes were dry. One day a buck and his squaw came to fill their keg which was strapped to her back. She was about to carry it the half-mile back to camp when Mrs. Linn motioned for the buck to carry it. The squaw laughed heartily after it had been boosted to his back and they started off. But they had gone only a short distance when he had enough of that. She carried it the rest of the way.

The Indians, usually, on their way from the Cheyenne Reservation, came west along the north side of the Cheyenne River and crossed the Belle Fourche River above where it empties into the Cheyenne. Then they came past the store at Dalzell that was kept by Ben Keith and from there they angled across the country to Rapid City where they entered their children in the Indian School there. One such procession of 173 wagons camped near Mr. Linn's place. They moved along slowly in their dilapidated wagons drawn by scrawny horses and followed by many dogs, soon to be used for soup. Many traveled in what was called a democrat which was a vehicle heavier than a buggy but lighter than a wagon. One small group camped near a prairie dog town where they killed prairie dogs which they used for stew that was cooked over the camp fire.

Mr. and Mrs. Linn had four children: Clyde and Ester (Mrs. John Mallett) who were born in Illinois, and Elmer and Mabel, (Mrs. Charles Wilson). There was very little illness among them and very few accidents. Mr. Linn had his leg broken while getting a load of wood from the Belle Fourche River breaks. Dr. Stannard, the only doctor to be had, was called from Rapid City to care for him.

Blizzards were great hazards of the early days and one that occurred on May 5, 1905, was especially dangerous and destructive. It began with a warm rain on the 3rd which kept up all night and the next day and the next night. On the 5th the temperature dropped sharply late in the afternoon with the wind turning to the northwest. Cattle and horses had shed their winter coats and were chilled to death in the snow and blizzard that followed which lasted only a day. Hundreds of cattle and horses were lost, many piled up in fence corners, some in the mud and slush under the snow. Mr. Linn and some of the neighbors had time in which to get their stock into sheds so, fortunately, did not suffer any losses.

The biggest problem of the early settlers was the drought and the one that occurred in 1911 was a great hardship on the farmers and left little or nothing to harvest. The potatoes planted in the spring failed to come up and the grain came up only to shrivel and die.

However, there were many years when crops

Stacking grain from header box on Linn place.

Header and header boxes on the Linn place.

were good and wheat yielded abundantly. It was bound and stacked and after six weeks, which gave it time to go through the sweat, the threshing began. A large crew was needed when horsepower was used for running the machine, also later, when steam engines were used. Mr. Linn bought a header in 1899 and used it many years to cut wheat and other grain, not only for himself but for many of the neighbors. Four horses were used to pull this machine and a common sight around the country was Mr. Linn standing on the header, guiding it with his knees and driving the team. Two-header boxes were used to catch the straw as it was cut, then stacked. A crew of six men was needed to harvest by this method.

Soon after the turn of the century, Mr. Linn planted a fine grove of trees. Most of them were apple trees which kept the family supplied with apples for many years.

WILFRED H. HARWOOD

On May 8, 1879, I was born in Sioux County, Iowa. When I was 4 years old my folks moved to Eden, now Hudson, S. Dak. When I was 12 they moved to Milltown.

In May 1900, my uncle, Warren Harwood, his son Everett and a niece, Bessie, Mr. and Mrs. Merrel and I made a touring trip to the Black Hills. My uncle had a homestead at Elm Springs and a house at Black Hawk. It took 11 days to make the trip to Elm Springs. On our second night our horses were stampeded and stolen. At daylight with the 2 remaining horses, we tracked our horses to a farm and caught the man hitching our horses to a buggy. We had 2 covered wagons and a buggy. Needless to say, we got our horses and went on our way. After resting at Elm Springs we went to Rapid City, to Crystal Cave, and to Spearfish, where we saw the first green grass. It was a terribly dry year, and this was irrigated. When we got to Sturgis we climbed Bear Butte. We visited at Black Hawk and explored State Barn Canyon. We returned to Elm Springs July 3rd, a cold day.

Uncle and I visited Mr. Woods on the Belle Fourche River. They had a sod house with cactus growing and blooming on top--a beautiful sight. In July we returned to Milltown.

On Dec. 25, 1902 I married Grace Tiesma who worked for my folks, She came from Holland in March 1902. We farmed a place near Ethan where our first daughter was born.

In the fall of 1904 Guy, my brother, and I came to Elm Springs and rented places. Guy the Hamerly place which our father had bought, and I rented the old Schafer place.

In Feb. 1905 Guy and I shipped our household goods, machinery and horses out by rail to Rapid City. There was no railroad through Wasta then. In May, my wife and daughter, Guy and his wife, my father and mother come with the cattle and wagons.

Guy and I filed in the fall of 1906 and moved on to the homestead in the spring of 1907. I still farm the Elm Springs place, rode a horse back and forth each morning and evening during the harvest, 10 miles.

We saw many hard times with sickness, bad weather etc. One trip to Rapid City with 2 wagons of wheat and 4 horses, a big snow storm hit. The snow really piled up. It took me 11 days to make the trip from Elm Springs to Rapid City and back.

We had five children. My wife passed away Nov. 1941. I now have 13 grandchildren and 24 great grandchildren.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF LOUIS L. SCHAFER

as told to his granddaughter Carolyn Johnson

During the middle of the 1800's John Schafer, as did many people about that time, brought his family from Germany to the United States. He had married Christene Schrenk in Germany in 1863. It took them three months to come across the ocean in 1867 and two of their children died on the way across. They settled in Pennsylvania and suffered the loss of another son there. Again, with other pioneer-minded people, the Schafers moved west and came to Nebraska.

It was there in Nebraska on August 2, 1874 that Louis Schafer was born, six miles from Ashland, and it was there that he spent his first eleven years.

In March of 1885 the whole family moved to Colby, Kansas, to take homestead rights. The children now consisted of Chris, Christena (later Moyer), Fred, Katie (Domash), Louis and Mary

(Beresford). During ten years of farming at Colby, John Schafer suffered three total crop failures.

Chris Schafer had gone on up to South Dakota and wanted the rest to follow him. So they packed everything-cows, chickens, pigs, some of the machinery, and came across the country in two covered wagons on a hard five day trip, in 1896. They had brought a few bundles of green corn stalks along and that was the only feed they had for the livestock on the way. Water was 25 cents a bucket when it could be found. They came through Ogallala, Aliance and Chadron, Nebraska, on to Buffalo Gap and then to Rapid City. "There wasn't a sprig of grass any place. The ground was as black as though a fire had burned it. Even the nigger wool roots were black. There was water at Ogallala from a 300 foot well; there was just a little water in the South Platte River. We couldn't find even any old grass until we reached the southeastern edge of Rapid."

After a night in Rapid City the Schafers went on to Elm Springs, fifty miles northeast, where they found the best land they had yet seen.

That fall they lived in a dugout for which they had paid Bradley Bowman $75. The Bowmans had gone back to Nebraska. Next year the Schafers rented the Bohnsack place and in 1898 John Schafer bought a place with a house on it from Johnny Nelson.

In 1897 Louis met Stella Steinburg. Stella was a small, energetic, self-reliant, school teacher who had also homesteaded in the community and won friends and respect far and wide. Born at Hull, Iowa, April 10, 1873, she had received an academy education and was prepared to teach school. About 1888 or 1889 she and a friend, Carrie Handscheigel from Canton, who had been teaching at Hudson, had come to western South Dakota. Land in the Elm Springs area was not yet officially open for public land claims as surveys had not yet been made. However, as did numerous others, Stella and Carrie "squatted" on claims until they could officially file on them in 1890. In the meantime Stella taught the Kammerer School and Carrie the Benoit School in the Elk Creek community north of Rapid City, frequently riding horseback to and from their claims.

Stella had built her own tar papered shanty. When the land was surveyed, she found that her house was built on the Bohnsack land so with a little help she moved it across her line. She did all her own farming and invested her meagre teaching wages in cattle until eventually she had accumulated 100 head. The pupils in the schools she taught (King, Pierce) were sometimes older than she was but she managed very well, maintaining strict discipline and giving firm instruction in the fundamentals. Ben Sisley said a few years ago, "She was the only teacher I ever had and all I ever knowed, she learned me."

Stella went back to Hudson to teach for a year in 1903 as did Carrie. After proving up on her claim Carrie went back to her family home at Harrisburg, then to Miami where she prospered in real estate with her brother.

In 1900 Louis Schafer went on his own. His father had died the fall before, following an operation performed as a last resort at the home by Dr. Stannard who had been called from Rapid City. Chris Schafer and Bradley Bowman had relinquished their homestead rights on 80 acres each, back to the government. Bob Huddleston bought the improvements on both claims for $75, then he resold to Louis for $75 saying he would wait for the money. "Money was really of little concern then. Almost everything was swapped. Bob Huddleston had about the most money and helped all the new settlers. People always paid off their debts. You never had to be afraid of a bad check in those days. The interest rates were high in the banks--up to 12%."

Louis filed on the relinquished 160 acres. A team of horses, earned by breaking 10 acres of prairie sod for Milo Morehouse, paid for a rough frame two-story house bought from Bird Sisley. He bought 10 cows with calves from Corb Morse at $25 per cow and the next spring he bought another 20 yearling steers at $20 each, kept them a year and sold them for $45 per head. He leased from the government at 9 cents per acre a quarter section of grazing land west of Alex Olsen's. (Olsen's dam is there now.) As time permitted he made improvements on the house. The floor in the largest room was considered the best dance floor in Elm Springs. Fruit trees were planted. Henry Davis dug a cellar for him.

Farming was good, mostly wheat and corn. "But that first year that I homesteaded was a dry one. The fruit trees I had planted did not seem to grow. Then old man Henry, who also had a grocery store in Rapid City, came through selling fruit trees and he said he could help me. He girdled them about a foot above the ground and peeled the bark off. The next year the plum and apple trees blossomed and bore. I also had raspberry bushes, rhubarb, and gooseberries. Harry H. Marks was another peddler who came through regularly, walking from Rapid City with a huge pack on his back. This little fellow supplied the women folk with calico and knickknacks they needed.

"Folks didn't get a chance to go to town very often. When they did go, they bought food in large quantities -- bacon and flour and sugar by the 100 pounds, potatoes by the half ton, according to the size of the family. Wheat would be sold at 40 or 50 cents a bushel and flour bought at 80 to 90 cents for a fifty pound sack. Swansdown and Perfection were the popular brands of flour with Swansdown costing about ten cents more and preferred for fancy bread and cake making. But Mrs. Charlie Caudle could make mighty fine bread with Perfection. Mrs. Alex Olsen always had to have the Swansdown. They both were really good cooks."

"Ice cream was a favorite treat. A big celebration was always held on the Fourth of July. Almost every time the whole neighborhood gathered at Cottles, coming from 100 miles away, even from Pierre sometimes. Lickel was in charge of the concession--ice cream in 10 gallon freezers and a big crock of lemonade at 5 cents a glass. A few foot races and horse races were held and the dancing started at ten, lasting until sunrise the next morning."

Sunday dinners after church were another frequent affair. You weren't considered at all popular if you weren't invited out or in turn invited guests. Dinners were not fancy--pork, beef, bacon--but they were good. People were neighborly."

On December 10, 1903, Louis and Stella were married. They and Valentine Meader and Vida Crooker (daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. Mathias) had come as far as the Ryan place on Box Elder Creek the day before and there "Tine" and Vida were married on the ninth of December. Louis and Stella continued on to Rapid City and then to Sturgis by horse and buggy. There they were married at the home of Mrs. Nellie B. McClelland, the County Superintendent of Schools. The newlyweds went on to Deadwood by train and then to Spearfish by stagecoach. That was their wedding trip. They visited at the home of Stella's cousins, the Lickels.

Louis owned the first top buggy to come to Elm Springs. He had bought it secondhand from Ed Scoffield. Later on he loaned it to Alex Olsen to bring his bride down from Rapid City. After Louis was married he bought himself a new mountain top-buggy from Tom Sweeney, a stronger, more durable type than the prairie buggies and wagons.

Indian scares were infrequent, but once during the battle of Wounded Knee an Indian scare swept the country and people began moving to Rapid City for safety. Tom Clark called them together and told them that they were as safe from Indians in their dugouts as anyplace else. He pointed out that the "businessmen of Rapid had done all they could to start people moving there in order to boom Rapid." There was no further moving after that.

The May blizzard of 1905 is still well remembered. There had been two days of steady rain and drizzle. On the third afternoon the rain turned into sleet and then into snow. Louis rode out to drive the cattle in from the pasture. He was alone and the cattle had to be headed against the storm. No sooner would he get them headed in the right direction than they would somehow alter their course. Stella, who had been at school, teaching, finally came along on her horse, Duke. She cut the fence and helped herd them safely to shelter. It was at times like this that the cattlemen cursed the settlers who fenced their land. The cattle were too likely to drift together, bunch up against a fence, trample each other and cut themselves on the barbed wire fence in an effort to get to safety. Some smothered. Bill Kerr, a mile north, was alone and unable to get his herd in when this May blizzard struck. As a result he lost fourteen head. In that storm both cattle and horses drifted blindly into the Belle Fourche and Cheyenne Rivers and were frozen in the ice. As late as July the Indians were digging the once-frozen bodies out for the meat and skins. Over 2,000 cattle fell over the Badlands wall that time.

After a few years Stella became badly crippled with rheumatism but even though she suffered much she kept up her home and housework. After the birth of her first daughter, Willmeta, they decided to move to Oregon, hoping her health would be benefited. However, they came back after a year and continued farming and raising some stock. The Elm Springs Post Office was located in their house for a number of years. They were active in the work of the Presbyterian Church and Sunday School and Louis served as school district treasurer. Stella's health got no better and in November, 1917 they held an auction sale and moved to Rapid City. Stella died there in February, 1923.

Louis was married again on June 30, 1927 to Hazel Pearson, a teacher in the Indianapolis schools. At present, he has been retired for several years and they have their home in Rapid City. His younger daughter, Carrie, is an x-ray technician at the clinic in Worthington, Minnesota, and his older daughter, Willmeta, now Mrs. Arthur I. Johnson, lives in Keystone.

LEVI SNOOK

By Mrs. Levi Snook

Levi Snook came to western S. Dak. in June 1908 from Illinois, and filed on 160 acres. He hired a driver to bring him from Wasta to the D.C. Gillam crossing, on the Belle Fourche River. Mr. Gillam took him across horse back. Then he walked and carried two grips to Fred Lapp's. The mosquitoes were so bad, he had to put his luggage down to fight them.

Grass was high and the country looked good. Will Huddleston helped him locate a claim. He had lumber freighted from Wasta and built a 10x14 shack, also a barn for horses and cows. He had the required acreage broken and planted corn. Then he went to Esmond, S. Dak., to work, because the claim wouldn't bring in any money, and he didn't want to use his cash.

In 1909 and 1910 he went back to Esmond for harvest and corn husking. He now had both horses and cattle. In 1911 he and the Earl Muckler family went to Linton, N. Dak. and both got work. In 1912 and 1913 he went to Tulare, S. Dak. for harvest and corn husking. In 1914 he came back to Illinois, and we were married, and came back to the 10x14 shack. His cattle had increased and he had gotten two more horses, also 2 hogs and some chickens. The country was very different from what I had been used to. When we got to the Belle Fourche River, we got off the wagon and walked across, because the ice was rotten. In 1936, I walked across the river on dry land.

The winter of 1914 and 1915 was a hard winter. We had lots of snow that didn't go off until late spring. We had lots of rain that summer. It was also a cool summer.

People had trouble crossing the river. Mr. Huddleston had a team ready to help pull trucks and cars across. In 1919 there was a picnic held at Huddleston crossing to see about getting a bridge. A committee of five men went to Sturgis to see the commissioners, namely Robert Huddleston, Elmer Morrison, J. L. Baker, Earl Muckler and Levi Snook. These men had to pledge an amount or get no bridge. The bridge was started in 1921 and finished in 1922. Most of the hauling was donated, also the work. The south end of the bridge washed out in 1927, 1933 and 1946. I think there was another time, but can't recall for sure. We have had all kinds of storms, such as hail, blizzards, dust storms and dry spells as we all know. From our home we can see when the river or Bull Creek are high, and also see the ice break up on the river.

Ice breaking up in the Belle Fourche River in 1925.

Wheat field on A. E. Printz place in 1909.

PRINTZ
by Mrs. Elmer Linn

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Printz came from Sweden in the late '80's and lived in eastern South Dakota where they first met. They were married at Deadwood and lived there a short time before filing on a claim at Elm Springs in about 1893. Mr. Printz came first to make ready the place. He bought from a neighbor, a small clap-board building about 12x16, in which they lived until they could get it sealed from the heat and cold. He later added a lean-to. Later lumber and supplies were hauled with team and wagon from Rapid City, a distance of fifty miles, for building a larger room with an upstairs.

There they raised a family of ten children where all grew up. All ten are still living. Their names are: Edward, Ida (Mrs. Leon Rice), Ernest, Minnie (Mrs. Andrew Berg), Anna (Mrs. O. W. Johnson), Olga (Mrs. Charles Orelup), Emma (Mrs. Elmer Linn), Victor, Oscar, Ruth (Mrs. Elmer Olsen). This family was very fortunate in that there were very few illnesses or accidents. An epidemic of mumps in 1905 included the school children and later the younger ones at home. It was not until after 1917 that measles, small pox and whooping cough appeared. Mrs. Printz was very ill with pneumonia and Dr. Mathias, who was the only doctor within 50 miles and who lived near the Belle Fourche River at the time, was summoned.

The Indians, after the Battle of Wounded Knee, had been quieted and there was little worry among the settlers concerning them, although some of the neighbors kept their horses in harness at all times, ready to evacuate in case of alarm. A few Indians would ride by on horseback and would sometimes stop. It took little time for the small Printz children to creep under the beds into the far corners. Gypsies occasionally drove through the country and asked for bread or chickens or other handouts.

The small schoolhouse was nearly a mile away. Wood was used for fuel and it was hard to keep the room warm. Most of the time, on cold winter days, it was noon before the children could be comfortably warm. This building was made with twelve-inch boards, nailed vertically, on the outside and sealed with four-inch boards on the inside.

Prairie fires in those days were great dangers as there was very little land broken up as most of it was open grassland. In March, 1909, on a very windy day, a fire broke out of a smoldering straw stack which had been burned several weeks before. It set the prairie afire, moving rapidly in the direction of the Linn School. It was discovered in time for the children to run for their lives to Mr. Linn's place before the building was consumed by the flames. A new schoolhouse was built in 1910 and is still in use.

A spectacle long to be remembered was Halley's Comet which was seen in the southwest sky in 1910. It was viewed with awe, night after night, until it appeared no more.

Mr. Printz made trips to Rapid City with team and wagon, taking a load of wheat and bringing back lumber and other supplies or food in large quantities. For winter he brought home twenty sacks of flour, two hundred pounds of sugar, ten-pound boxes of dried fruits, twenty pounds of coffee and other commodities in like proportions. He would buy shoes and overshoes and leggings for the school children and calicoes and flannels for Mrs. Printz to make into dresses and garments for she was an excellent seamstress, never having such a thing as a pattern for she made her own patterns. She baked huge bakings of bread every week - 12 or 14 loaves. She skimmed the cream off the milk set in crocks and churned the butter. She did the washing with tub and washboard and ironed by heating the irons on the stove. She salted the pork and made headcheese and large quantities of sausage. There was no end of hard work for a woman who was raising ten children.

After the Chicago Northwestern Railroad was completed and the town of Wasta was built in 1908, the great influx of honyockers began. Everyday settlers went north with their wagons loaded with their household goods and supplies for building. Mr. Printz often hauled their freight as far as his place, after which they would come after it. This usually consisted of tar paper for tar papered shacks, window sashes, barbed wire, staples and nails.

THE OLE ARENSON FAMILY

By Henry M. Arneson

Early in the spring of 1890 my parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ole Arneson and family left Watson, Minnesota by immigrant car for Rushville, Nebraska, where they rented a farm. After planting the crop, Father and a friend, Manley Jacobson, decided to go to South Dakota to see if they could find suitable homesteads. When they reached Rapid City, they found that plenty of homesteads were available out in the Elm Springs country. After spending some time looking around, they decided on what land they wanted and went back to Rapid City, and filed on their homesteads.

When they returned to Rushville, Nebraska they found that the crop was completely dried up from hot weather and drought. There was no harvest, so they moved out to their S. D. homesteads, arriving there on August first.

The family stayed with a neighbor, the Charley Mattox family, who had come there a year or two earlier, for some time until they could move into their own house. It was 16 by 16, one a half story with bedrooms upstairs.

The winter of '90 and '91 was a busy time for my father, erecting shelters for the stock, and finishing the inside of the house, cutting posts to fence the claim, digging a well and many smaller jobs.

The next few years, besides farming on a small scale, to supplement our living he broke sod for other homesteaders, did overland freighting from Rapid City to Frank Cottles store at Smithville. He also did blacksmithing for the neighbors. About 1896 he enlarged the blacksmith shop. He was now getting enough work to keep him busy in the shop most of the time. My oldest brother, Albert was old enough to do most of the farm work now. I was the youngest of four children, I had one sister, Hannah, two brothers, Albert and Carl.

Mr. and Mrs. Ole Arneson

My first day of school was in the spring of 1896. The teacher was Miss Bessie Reynolds. The parents bought the books and most of the other school supplies. The teacher was paid thirty dollars a month, we had six months of school, three months in the spring and three in the fall.

Our fuel was mostly dry cottonwood or ash.

Two girls, Caroline Handschiegel and Stella Stienburg, both school teachers, had homesteads adjoining my fathers. They taught school in our district for several years. They raised cattle and horses and did a lot of their own work besides teaching.

About 1907 my father built a larger house. The homestead was on what then the main road from

Henry and Maggie Arneson, Web and Anna Fenner.

Wasta to White Owl. For the next four or five years their home served as an overnight stop for many homesteaders who had claims in the White Owl vicinity.

One evening there were so many that came to stay over night that the folks didn't have enough room to keep all of them. Among them were two families who had their furniture and household supplies with them, and were moving out to their homesteads. Mother told them she could get something for them to eat, but there would be no place for them to sleep. They told her they had plenty of mattresses and blankets so if they could get something to eat, and hay for their horses they would stay. When Mother had supper ready, with the help of some of the other women, and everyone had been fed, the girls washed dishes. The women were trying to decide where to make the beds, so everyone would have a place to sleep. One of the girls who were washing dishes said, "I can solve your problem, let's have a dance and forget about sleeping, Dad has a violin out in one of the wagons." My dad was the first one to agree with her. Finally everyone agreed that it was a good idea. One of the boys went out to get the violin and the rest of us moved everything out of the living room and brought in some boards for benches to sit on. They were a lively crowd so it didn't take long to get them started dancing. Mother served coffee, sandwiches and cookies at midnight then we danced again until nearly daylight. Some of the men went out to care for the horses while the women started breakfast, as they wanted to get started early.

We had lots of house dances and sometimes barn dances in the Elm Springs community before the Elm Springs Community Hall was built in the late 20's. The hall is about 32 by 60 feet and is a big improvement for the community. We have dances and other entertainment there, and it serves for a place that is badly needed for many other gatherings.

The Elm Springs Church was built in 1894, but has always been kept in good repair, so it is still in excellent condition for such an old building.

Carl and Iva Arneson

FOUR GENERATIONS STANDING: Mrs. Ole Arneson, Mrs. Hannah Trask. SEATED: Mrs. Helen Moler and Delores.

Over the years my father had acquired more land and had increased his farming operations, which also helped to produce more feed, so he could keep more livestock. About 1909 he quit the blacksmithing trade, except for his own repair work. He continued to live on the original homestead the rest of his life. He passed away in March, 1924 at the age of 80.

Mother stayed on the place for awhile, but later spent most of the time living with her daughter's family or with her son's families. She passed away in May 1948 at the age of 88.

My brother Albert married Florence Dickson in 1910. They spent most of their life ranching in the Dalzell community. Albert passed away in 1961 at the age of 80. His wife preceded him in death in 1955. They had three children, Alma, who is Mrs. Ted Knodel, Scenic, S. Dak. Marion, deceased, and Alfred, who owns and operates a cattle ranch on the Belle Fourche River, north of where the Dalzell store and Post Office used to be.

My sister, Hannah was married to Alva Trask in 1906. They lived on their ranch on the Cheyenne River for many years. Her husband passed away in 1957, and she now lives at Colorado Springs, Colorado. They had two children, Mrs. Helen Moler, and she lives in Colorado Springs. Their son Leroy is deceased.

My brother Carl married Iva Dickson in 1913. They lived on their homestead on Bull Creek, a few years, but later farmed and ranched in the Elm Springs and Hereford communities, except for two years spent in Sturgis while some of the children attended high school. When they retired in 1956 they moved to Sturgis, again, where they lived the rest of their lives. Brother Carl passed away in 1962. His wife preceded him in death in 1959. To this union 7 children were born, Hilda-Mrs. J. O. McCamish, Weiser, Idaho; Elmer Arneson, Sioux Falls, S. Dak.; Hazel-Mrs. Kennard Hart, Hereford, S. Dak.; Anna-Mrs. Dave Bowen, Kirkland, Washington; Eva May-Mrs. Fred Jorensen, Tilford, S. Dak.; Johnie and Vernie, deceased.

I, Henry Arneson, married Maggie Fenner in 1914. We spent 45 years ranching in the Elm Springs community. We retired and moved to Sturgis, S. Dak. in 1958. We had two children. Ethel, deceased. Our son Charles M. Arneson, Elm Springs, S. Dak., who owns and operates a ranch there. He married Gladys Mann in 1945. They have four children, 3 cowboys and one cowgirl, Danny age 14, Clyde age 12, Lonnie age 10 and Donna age 8.

PIONEER NEWSPAPERS

By Bruce Wilson

During the homestead days most every area west of the Missouri River had a small store and post office. Many of these places also had a weekly newspaper.

These newspapers were ordered from a supply house in the east and were already printed except the front and back page. They all had one thing in common that is ads for chewing gum, cigars, and patented medicines. Also they had some state and national news, and continued stories.

The name of the paper, as well as local advertisements, local news and Proof of Homestead notices were all hand set by local publishers, who often edited from three to five newspapers a week.

Their main source of revenue was "The Proof of Homestead notices." The government paid five dollars each for publishing these notices. Some papers ran as many as one hundred notices at one time. When final proof of homestead was made, these notices were discontinued.

After the homesteaders proved up these local papers lost their government pay checks, and all but a few of them passed into oblivion.

$9.90 10-GAL.
Genuine STAR Power Churns
Same sturdy, rugged construction as at left but for power drive. Has 12-in. tight and loose pulleys, which

John and Maggie Oliver taken in 1930. John carried mail from New Underwood to Elm Springs.

Myron Paine with Port car. Bill Speakman in back seat. M. R. Chafee family with Model T. Hazel Mills and Aileen (Remington) in car. Mr. and Mrs. Chafee and Marvin by car.

Heing girls and Theresa Pape at Theresa's claim shack, man unknown.

Haydraw

Haydraw, S.D.
Norris home and family
1910

Haydraw, S. D. - B. F. Norris home and family - 1910.

by F. M. Barry

In 1910 I started to carry mail from New Underwood. I had mail for Viewfield, Jonesville, Elm Springs, Boneita Springs and Wrightsonville.

In 1911 the Haydraw Post Office was established Oct. 2. Mrs. McKeigen was the postmistress until she moved and her son was appointed as postmaster. Mrs. B. F. Norris had the post office for a number of years. After her resignation because of poor health, I was appointed postmaster. I held the office for 18 years which was under Civil service. I resigned in 1955 and the office was discontinued.

The office was named for the creek of Haydraw on which it was first established.

THE HONYOCKERS
by Paul Norris

When the West River country of South Dakota was opened up for homesteading, and the government offered to bet any United States citizen 160 acres of land against a filing fee of $18.00 that you couldn't keep from starving on 160 acres, there were plenty of wonderful people who had nothing to lose and were ready and willing to call the bet. Most of them had nothing or very little. They came in droves, and shacks of all descriptions appeared on nearly every quarter section.

It was a new country and a new way of life and although the people had very little of this world's wealth, they surely had courage and hope of making a home for themselves and their families. They came from everywhere and from all walks of life, but the greater majority were from farming communities farther east where land prices had reached a point that made it very difficult for a farmer of little education and less means, to buy land or to make a good living on rented land.

Most of the homestead shacks were small, barely large enough to provide temporary living quarters for the fourteen months required residence period before a homesteader could prove up by appearing before the U.S. land commissioner with proof of having complied with all requirements to be issued a patent, or title of ownership to his land. Tom Johnson was the land commissioner, and had his office and home in White Owl. Tom later became a member of the State Legislature and afterward moved to Rapid City.

Building material used in the construction of claim shacks consisted of lumber, sod, cottonwood logs, native stone, and lots of tar paper. Sod houses were made of strips of sod, plowed in long strips, then cut in sections two feet long or less, and laid up, one on top of the other to form the walls. Doors and windows were set in and built around as the construction progressed. Roofs were often made of rough boards covered with tar paper, but some were made of poles covered with hay and then finished with sod or clay. Floors were of pine boards or as was the case in many of the "soddies" as the sod houses were called, were simply native earth. These dirt floors were far from satisfactory. Frequent sweeping lowered the level of the floor below the ground level outside and water crept in when it rained to make a small pond of the interior of the shack. Al Miller, a Dutchman, lived in a soddy and reported that water came in under the door so badly that he had to take the soup shovel and "soup" it out. Of course, there were families of some means who built good frame houses and barns, many of which still stand and are in use.

The soil in the west river country is very fertile, due to the lack of rainfall to wash away the humus, built up by native grasses and held there by the dense buffalo grass sod. Sod which should never have been turned over by the farmers plow. It was right side up in the first place. The wealth of the country was produced by the fat cattle that thrived on buffalo grass. Dry land farming was only a by-product and due to the frequent dry years, a very uncertain one at best.

The so called gumbo country, a strip of land several miles in width, extending along the Belle Fourche River, and the river itself, were thorns in the flesh of the people who had to make the long, hard trip to towns along the railroad to the south and west, where supplies could be purchased or produce marketed. Gumbo is the result of the river cutting through the alluvial top soil to the Pierre shale below. The decomposed shale is gumbo, and a more diabolic, cussed stuff is hard to imagine.

It is a very sticky plastic clay that produces practically nothing but cactus and rattlesnakes, and when wet will stick to a man's feet so bad that he can hardly lift the load. It will roll up on a wagon wheel until the wheel is completely stuck against the wagon box. The only thing to be said in its defense is that if you stick to it when it is dry, it will stick to you when it is wet.

The Belle Fourche River rises in eastern Wyoming, runs around the north end of the Black Hills, thence south and east to its junction with the Cheyenne River. It runs almost dry in the late summer but in spring and early summer is subject to sudden rises and flash floods. Ice packs form and finally break due to backed up water pressure. Each time an ice jam breaks, a wall of water rushes down the channel for miles sweeping out everything in its path. People and livestock were sometimes caught by these walls of water, with disastrous and tragic results.

In 1912 Walt Hicks, who lived in the White Owl country, was en route to Rapid City with a team and wagon. With him was the lovely lady whom I was told, later became his wife. He had a buggy tied behind the wagon and an extra horse tied behind the buggy. They were crossing the river at what was known as Shoun Crossing. The river was high and rising rapidly. Large chunks of ice were floating and rolling over and over in the swift current. They had reached a point near the center of the river when suddenly the wagon box floated off the wagon. Walt hung onto the reins and the team dragged him out to the bank. The lady was not so fortunate. She clung to the wagon box floating downstream with the current. Waves and big chunks of ice caused the box to roll over repeatedly. Each time the box rolled over she climed back on top of it.

Dressed as she was in heavy winter clothing, wearing a long fur coat, and soaking wet, that must have taken an amazing amount of courage, strength, and stamina. The box finally lodged against a big rock in some rapids, almost one-half mile down the river. Two horseback riders, Bob Shoun and Bill Kiehn, had arrived at the scene in time to witness the whole thing. They rode out to where she sat on the wagon box, each grasped one of her arms and carried her out to the riverbank. She was so cold and exhausted that she begged them to let her sit down and do nothing, but they forced her to walk, supporting her one on either side, until Ed Brimmer met them with a wagon. They put her in the wagon, and Bob Shoun drove the team in a run to his home about a mile away where Mrs. Shoun got her into dry clothing and let her rest and warm up beside a hot stove. According to all reports she suffered no ill effects from her terrible experience.

Lottie Wright was a school teacher who was teaching the Huglin School on the Cross S flat near Jonesville in 1916. The school term was completed and Adolph Badner, to whom she was engaged to be married, picked her up at the Frank Falkner home where she had boarded that winter, to take her to the home of her parents near New Underwood. The ice was breaking up in the river, but the water was not too deep to be forded. Adolph drove the team and buggy into the river without looking upstream so did not see the wall of water rolling down toward the crossing. An ice jam had broken somewhere upriver, and the water was coming downstream in a wall, rolling and tumbling and moving as fast as a horse could run.

They were out in the current when the wall struck them, a tumbling mass of water and ice, three or four feet high. The buggy was pushed over and the team broke loose and struggled to shore. Adolph hung onto the reins and the team dragged him to shore with them, bruised and beaten by the big chunks of ice.

Lottie vanished under the tumbling mass and was seen no more, until a week later when her body was found buried under a mass of debris along the riverbank a mile or more downstream. Every able-bodied man in the neighborhood had joined in the search for her. After the water had receded somewhat, one of the searchers saw part of an arm protruding from a sand bar. Thus she was found and her poor body was dug out and taken to Adolph Badner's home where his sister, Mrs. Krieger and Mrs. Lena Stukey washed and cleaned her and dressed her in clean, dry clothing before she was taken to her old home near New Underwood.

Bill Brown, who had a claim between Haydraw and Clough, was helping his neighbors and didn't get home to his shack until after dark. Just as he opened the door and stepped in, he heard a rattlesnake rattle. He struck a match and saw the snake in the middle of the floor. The match went out and he made a leap onto the bed. He searched his pockets and found no more matches, and even if he had found one, the lamp was across the room on the table. He wasn't about to step out on the floor where he might get within striking distance of that rattler.

His 30-30 rifle hung on the wall above the bed, so he took it down and then made a noise to alarm the snake. The snake rattled and he shot at the sound. He kept shooting at the sound in the dark when the snake rattled until he was out of ammunition. He then sat wide awake on the bed listening and afraid to move until daylight. Morning finally came, but the snake was nowhere to be found. Undoubtedly, he had escaped through the same hole in the floor that he came in.

Edwin Norris taught the Bremer School near Chalkbutte in 1913. Spring came and the last day of school arrived. He walked across the prairie to the Billy Shrader home where he had boarded all winter to get his horse and few belongings, and had planned to go home to Haydraw that night. He had gone into the barn where his horse was kept, but did not come out for so long that Billy went out to see what was delaying him. Billy found him lying dead in a vacant stall of the barn. A doctor who had a claim near Red Owl was sent for and pronounced it heart failure.

Mr. Summers, a neighbor hear Chalkbutte, went to the lumberyard in Red Owl, bought lumber and made the coffin and rough box. The friends and neighbors, among whom were the Rhoden brothers, Bob, Grover and John, Paul Wildberger and his son Henry, the Cody brothers, John and Dan, Harry Strong, Bill Brown, Clyde Gaffin and many others dug a grave on the home place at Haydraw, where he still rests.

In spite of the privation and hardship of those pioneer days the hardy folks found or made entertainment. They danced all night in someone's living room, had picnics, rodeos, box socials, amateur plays or just dropped in on their neighbors for dinner. The dances lasted until daylight because everyone came by horsepower, and had to wait until it was light enough to see to hitch up and ride or drive home.

On the 4th of July in 1912, Mr. Brooks who was postmaster and merchant at Chalkbutte, with the help of some neighbors, built a dance pavilion and put on a 4th of July celebration. The pavilion was just a floor covered with canvas stretched over poles. The day was a grand success. Everyone in the country was there. Early in the evening it started raining. It rained all night and the canvas sagged between the poles and water dripped through onto the floor and the dancers. Mud carried in on the many feet became a slick, slimy mess. The floor that was not very smooth in the first place was slick enough from then on, and we danced merrily on, with our feet wet and covered with mud to our knees. A young lady in a very frilly white dress fell on the floor, rolled over, got up plastered with mud and went on dancing. We danced until mid-day when the drizzling rain let up for a while and we all sloshed home in the mud, wet and tired but happy.

Francis M. Barry

FRANCIS M. BARRY

I am just an old hillbilly from the mountains of Mountain City, Tennessee. I came to S. Dak. in 1910. What was known as Wrightsonville was our post office at that time. On August 2, 1910, Haydraw post office was established.

I have lived at Haydraw for 52 years and was postmaster there for 18 years. I resigned in 1955 and the office was discontinued. I lived at the same place until 1961. Then I came to Sturgis, S. Dak., where I am now making my home.

On April 25, 1918, I was married to Alice Rogers at Rapid City, S. Dak. She passed away in 1953. We raised 3 children; Lucille Barry of Sturgis, Mrs. Edna Funk of Viewfield, and Dale Barry of Sturgis.

I received my education at Mountain City, Tennessee, and Milligan College in Milligan, Tennessee. While on the ranch I was engaged in farming and stock raising.

From 1910 to 1912 I delivered mail from New Underwood to Elm Springs with horses and spring rig. When leaving Underwood I had mail for Viewfield, Jonesville, Elm Springs, Boneita Springs, Wrightsonville, and Haydraw as well as delivering to boxes from Underwood to Elm Springs.

There was just one bridge across Elk Creek 6 miles north of Underwood. There were no culverts in any of the ravines, just at a trail, and when it was wet, we got across the best way we could.

A tin type wedding picture of James H. Barry and Eliza Shoun in 1875.

BARRYS
by Ethel Barry

James H. Barry of Mountain City, Tenn, came out to western S. Dak. in 1903 to look over the country. He liked what he saw, and then returned to Tenn. with Phil Miller, formerly of Tenn. When Phil Miller returned to S. Dak. in the fall of 1903, Stanley Barry accompanied him.

In March of 1904, the James H. Barry family arrived in Rapid City. They were met by Noah, their oldest son, who had come to the area in 1897. Noah took his mother and her granddaughter, Bennie out to the V. P. Shoun home on Elk Creek. Mr. Shoun was Mrs. Barry's brother.

The Barrys lived with Mr. Shoun while their house was being built on the homestead they had chosen, north of the Belle Fourche River. Robert and Stanley also took homesteads near their parents. The lumber for the J. H. Barry house was hauled by team and wagon from Black Hawk. There were no roads northeast of Rapid City, you chose your direction and kept going.

The J. H. Barry family did not run a road house, but they never turned a traveler away. Sometimes they kept as many as twenty-five or thirty people over night.

The J. H. Barrys lived on their homestead until Mrs. Barry's death in 1918 broke up the home. J. H. spent much of the rest of his life living in Lead and Rapid City until his death in 1939.

Ralph Harwood acquired the James H. Barry homestead. He later sold the original house to Orville Rankin, who moved it to Underwood. It is still being lived in.

Robert Barry married Josie Grove in 1908 and they spent the rest of their lives on their homestead. The homestead is now owned by their sons, Clinton and Clyde.

Bessie Barry married Tim Philips in 1908.

Stanley Barry married Abbie Leary in 1909. Mrs. Stanley Barry had taught school in the Elm Springs vicinity. Stanley lived on his homestead until his death. Mrs. Barry still lives in her original homestead house.

Cordie Barry married Olin Harris in 1918, and they later acquired the Isaac Barry homestead.

In the early days there were only three houses between Elk Creek and White Owl, Bob Shoun on the Belle Fourche River, J. H. Barry and Harry Strong.

The first schoolhouse in the neighborhood was built of logs and was located south of Emory Barrys at the head of the breaks. Cordie and Bonnie Barry attended school there for three weeks, until it was closed because of diphtheria. The girls then attended school in Underwood.

In the spring and again in the fall three or four men and maybe their families would make a trip caravan style, with team and wagon to Rapid City for food and supplies.

The Barrys first got their mail from Elm Springs, once a week. The Joe Burton family lived on the Belle Fourche River, eight miles from the Barrys and they brought the mail to their house, where the Barrys would pick it up.

Wrightsonville post office was established in 1909, a mile north of the present Stanley Barry home. It was run by Nellie Wrightson-Lapp until 1912.

McKeigens ran the first post office at Haydraw in about 1910 at the place where Halvorsons now live. Later McKeigens son had the post office.

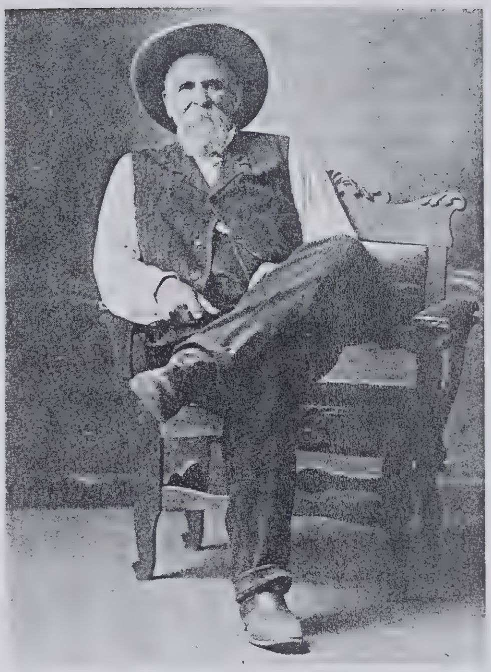
James Barry, Stanley, Mrs. J. Barry, Bonnie and Mrs. S. Barry holding Ethel.

Then Mrs. B. F. Norris, who lived a few miles south of the McKeigen house ran it. Then Mrs. Ray Godfrey ran it, back at the McKeigen house, Mrs. Norris took it again. When she had to give it up on account of her health, Halvorsons ran it until Francis Barry took it in 1936. He kept it until it was discontinued.

Stanley Barry, Mr. Strob and James H. Barry.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Harwood, Ralph, Elmer and Iva.

Irving Walthall, Will Pratt and Cleve Hart cutting wood on the Belle Fourche River.


V. P. Shoun

Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Harwood, Laura, Pearl, Myrun, Myrna and Andrew.

School at the Edgar Pratt place.

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Wrightsonville

Nellie and Daisie Wrightson on the homestead in 1909.

By Nellie Wrightson Lapp

My father John Wrightson and my brother, Charles came to Rapid City in October 1907, to file on homesteads at Wrightsonville under the law requiring them to stay eight months or five years. I, Nellie May Wrightson, filed in March 1908 and had to stay fourteen months. When the first lumber mill in Rapid City was shipped in, in October 1907 my father and brothers helped unload and erect it. The mill was owned by Lamphere Hinrichs. Later the mill was owned by Warren and Lamb.

Charles, Ralph, and Daisie Wrightson, Mother and I came out in a covered wagon. I established the post office and Charles a store, blacksmith shop and newspaper. I also served as notary public. Swander, the baker of Rapid City, and Jim Barry who lived two miles southeast of the post office were my bondsmen. Barry and I rode to White Owl run by the Spaws to get to a notary public. Jim Evans was freighting with six horse teams for Spaws from Rapid City at that time. There was a shack on everyone's claim.

I had to carry mail for three months before the government would let a contract. I rode south from the post office and crossed the Belle Fourche River at Joe Burtons. He loaned me a big roan horse that would stand until I loaded a letter sack on the horn, and paper sack on back of the saddle, which got to be quite a hump to get over. I got mail at the Lou Shaffer place at Elm Springs, and later at the Caudle home. While I was carrying mail for Wrightsonville, Otto Langhinrich was carrying mail for Boneita Springs, which was east of us. Boneita Springs was run by the Limbo sisters.

On August 2, 1911, Wrightsonville store and post office was struck by lightning. I rebuilt the post office but discontinued it in 1912 when I was married to Fred Lapp, and moved seven miles east and south. He was the first and last customer. We hauled the post office supplies to Haydraw Post Office, run by McKeighans.

When homesteading it was dangerous to be out on foot. C. K. Howard had big horn Texas steers on the Cheyenne and Belle Fourche Rivers, and big herds of horses came close to our shack. My sister Daisie and I used to scare them at night by drumming on a dishpan, one staying at the shack to holler to the one out in the dark.

My Mother's shack had dirt floors, and we found a rattlesnake hidden under the cupboard which was made from apple boxes. The shack was covered with tar paper and when it rained one sat in the rocking chair at the foot of the bed, and the other at the head of the bed with oil cloth to keep part of the bed dry. My shack was sod and all right when the roof stayed on.

My neighbors were Harry and Bill Strong on the north, and east. Many a time I sat on the pole corral at Porters while real cowboys roped a bronc.

About 1910 we had a ferry in at Bob Shoun's crossing. In 1911 the river was so dry we had to go to a water hole to water our teams. The hole was between Bob Shoun and Joe Burtons where we had fishing parties that summer. Griffens and Del Anderson were some that went. We seined the water hole and had fish fries by moonlight at night. The corn never came up until August that year. Nearly everyone left the country.

My sister and I rode horse back from Rapid City to Wrightsonville, June 2nd in one day. We left before sunup and got home at eleven that night. A forty mile ride was just a good days ride then. I came in on horseback on a cowpath.

Wesgate School in 1912.

Now we have good roads, phones and electricity.

Del Gilliam was very good with a boat in high water and crossed many people on the Belle Fourche that way. At one time we had a cable at the Huddleston crossing and people crossed on that on a single tree. One year the ice in the river went out and left so much ice on the sides that men had to clear a road before they could get to the river. When Dr. Heinneman of Wasta, was called into the north country, he would change teams at the Deerings, at Asheims, again at the river, and so on. Dr. O'Toole would come as far as the road was passable, and I would give him food. Then Fred would take him on with the team and buggy. Dr. Mathais on the Belle Fourche River, two miles south of us usually furnished his own horse to visit homes. Frank Postlewait called in the night once, but the Doctor waited until morning as he was real old. At that time there was a neighborhood phone with the central at Elm Springs.

Before trucks were used the bank at Wasta would order railroad cars for people north and we could take hogs in by team. Certain days cattle were driven overland in three days to the railroad. There were no fences.

For fuel we got dead trees from John Reimer who lived on the river. To get lignite coal, Fred took three horses and two wagons, a bedroll, and lunch to Stoneville where he waited his turn to load coal at the mines there.

My close neighbors after I was married were Wilfred and Guy Harwood, Graham (a minister), Goodell, Lura Winters, John Bristol, Bill Loomis, Ernest Ainsworth, Levi Snook, Claude Crely, Old Mrs. Crely and Charles Earl and Harry Muckler.

I think about 1915 the Milwaukee Railroad was built from Faith to Rapid City, and the Northwestern from Philip to Newell. Before this was accomplished we had the war which stopped it. The railroad right of way was sold for miles, not too far from old Haydraw.

Bob Shoun's crossing in 1910.

I am past eighty years and still live on Fred's homestead with my daughter and grandsons.

School held in Lon Arnold's cabin.

TEACHING SCHOOL IN MEADE COUNTY IN HOMESTEAD DAYS

By Daisie Wrightson Benson

In September 1911 I started to teach a six month's term of school in Rapid Valley, four miles east of Rapid City, on what is now Highway 40, and boarded with Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Read. When my school was finished in March I mounted my little six hundred fifty pound pony, named Rudolph, which Mr. Read had purchased for me from some one at the Corb Morse ranch,

Mrs. John Wrightson, Fred Munste, Ralph and Harold Wrightson. Sam Williams and boy on horseback, Glavin wagon, John Wrightson with load.

and rode to the home of my folks at Wrightsonville, Meade County, S. Dak., near what had been known as the post office of Haydraw, for the past several years, but is now discontinued.

The middle of March I began to teach a six months term about a mile South of the Fred Westgate ranch. As there were no regular schoolhouses we used Lon Arnold's homestead cabin. The seats were made out of boards and the desk was another board fastened to the top of the back of the seat. The stove was a low flat heater and when I wanted to sit down I put my saddle blanket on it. That is, of course on warm days when we did not need a fire. The room was too small for desk or chair.

I do not know where all of those pupils are now but am going to name some of them and I think that maybe you will know them too: Emma McDonald, - Mrs. Delbert Lettau, Irene - Mrs. Charles Limbo, Hannah - Mrs. Jerry O'Brian, and James. The Kerwin family, Josie, Adeline and Merle. The Derby family, Leona, Laurel, Buster and Lela. The Huglin family, Berneice, Earl and Stella. Freda Westgate, Jack Brimmer's family, Genevieve, Arlie, and Ray.

There was also the Burris family, Frank, and his little sister, Gertrude, who promptly proceeded to faint dead away one day when a snake crawled through a knothole in the wall when we were singing. Guess the music charmed it, as by this time we had moved into a new frame building, and I had taken my organ to the schoolhouse.

We had school for three months in this building (Lon Arnolds) then we moved into an old sod building with a dirt floor and some of the windows out. But as it was summer time we didn't mind. At the completion of three months in the building, my six months term was ended. I left at once for Avon, S. Dak. where I taught six months, coming back to the Westgate School in the spring to teach another three months. This time we moved into the new frame building. Thus, I had finished twenty one months of continuous teaching and thoroughly enjoyed every minute of it.

During this time my folks had moved away but my brother, Ralph, had filed on a homestead west of the Westgate ranch so I decided I would be a homesteader, too. I bought a relinquishment from a young man by the name of Larson who decided he would go back to Chicago where he was employed by, Sears, Roebuck and Co. helping to print the catalogs. I bought a cabin twelve by sixteen, and hired it moved to a place on my land a little over a mile from the Haydraw Post Office, and so I could see it from my north window, which was three and a half feet by five feet long. A large window for a claim shack.

At this time I was teaching the Phil Miller School, this time in a log schoolhouse. My pupils were Jessie and Florence Miller, Orville and Earl Barry, Bessie Wright and Bonnie Barry. I lived on my claim and rode my pony back and forth to school. The mail came into Haydraw three times a week, and on mail nights I would stop at my cabin, make my grocery list, and then go

Nellie (Wrightson) Lapp, in buggy. Anna (Newell) Strong standing. Jane (Newell) Knutson sitting - 1909.

Galvin Family-1911.

The Doyle Homestead-1909.

The Haney Homestead-1909.

on after my mail and groceries. Sometimes it would be getting quite dark, but I was never afraid. One night while sitting alone in my cabin all was quiet, all I could hear was the beating of my heart, when all at once a coyote let out one of their startling yelps. Well, yes, my heart stopped then! Now I think the coyotes are very scarce, but at that time they were very numerous, and could be seen any time you were riding across the prairie. How I used to love those rides across the prairie. My pony was such an understanding pal, and always knew which way was home.

Another time I rented a building to the school district and rode eight miles. This was later, about 1917, and they began to have school in the winter time. One afternoon as I was riding home, Gary Simons asked me if I knew it had been 38 degrees below that morning. We had no thermometer so I had not known it. I had plenty of good warm clothes and was used to riding so never realized it was so cold. I always worried about the children who had to walk home. If there was loose snow on the ground it did not take much wind to fill the tracks so they couldn't see where to go. I well remember how my sister, Mrs. Lapp, and my oldest brother, Charles Wrightson, had to stay in the schoolhouse all night in a blizzard. I remember my father, mother, and myself had been visiting my grandmother that day, and got within a mile from home and had to stay all night with this neighbor. The wind went down and Dad went to the schoolhouse at daylight. Everyone was just fine, they had brought in plenty of coal, slept the best they could on the seats pulled around the stove. This was in Hanson County.

How different teaching in those days and the present time. Now we get in our warm fast cars on a paved road and drive from forty to a hundred miles to a nice warm school room. But one time I started on Sunday to go one hundred miles to my school and did not get there until Tuesday afternoon. It had rained and frozen, then fine snow. We could not get up an icy hill so backed down in a sheltered spot and waited for day light. Then we started on again. This time we got up the hill and within six miles of school. It had been snowing real hard and the snow got so deep we just could not travel. Our radio told us that the wind was blowing forty miles per hour, and the snow was really coming down. All travel was advised to stay off the highways. We knew where we were and that were not far from a house but the storm was so severe we knew our safest place was in our car. We figured we had gas enough to last until the wind would go down, at daylight the next morning as our radio was now saying. We had milk, cookies and crackers and several blankets. It was so nice and warm when we left home that my husband had worn just a light leather jacket, but we really did not suffer with the cold. Finally about four in the afternoon three men came and took us to their home where we stayed until the next day in the afternoon.

The school board and the County Superintendent readily agreed that I did not have to make up those two days. You may be sure my car has extra wraps, blankets, a shovel and some food for a trip in the winter time. This was December 4th, 1960 six miles north of Owanka, S. Dak.

Let's go back to Meade County. In 1915 I married, and moved to Fall River County in 1924. I have three daughters, Fern - Mrs. Harold Flesner, who lives in Orange. California. Her husband is head consultant for American Aircraft. Dottie - Mrs. Wayne Peters, Edgemont, S. Dak., whose husband is in Civil Service, Igloo, S. Dak., and she is a beautician in Edgemont. Marian - Mrs. William Lutes, Hot Springs, S. Dak. She works as clerk typist in the Veterans Hospital, and her husband is chief fireman.

In 1940 we moved to Rapid Valley, and I renewed acquaintances with many who were there when I taught school in 1911.

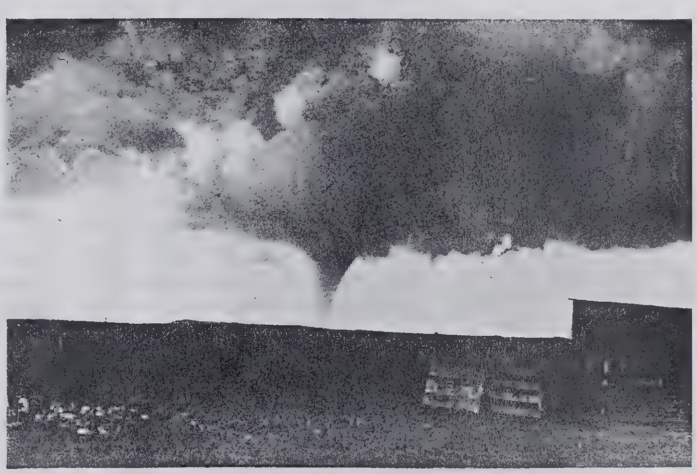
In 1942 I started teaching again, and taught until the spring of 1956 when I decided that more than twenty years of teaching was long enough, although I knew I would never be satisfied doing anything else. From September 5th, 1956 to January 1st, 1959, I was Librarian in the Newell City Library. I then resigned to complete a term of school in Owanka, S. Dak. After three years in that school I really ended my teaching career.

The children of today have so many more advantages. Back in the homestead days the terms were short, a child did not know how to use a telephone, and television was unheard of no radio to bring the news as soon as it happened. And none of the wonderful books of today.

In 1950 we purchased a small farm adjoining the city limits of Newell. We moved to this place in 1952, and like it very much. During the last twenty years or more I am sure many of you have danced to the music of "Benson's Band."

I have certainly enjoyed my teaching, and our playing was very pleasant work, and I am sure we met many of you that we would not have met in any other way.

Meade County Courthouse built-1894.



Cyclone-near Isabel, S. D. June 25, 1914.

Wasta-1908.

Hereford

Hereford S.D.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Lodge and family-1910.

HEREFORD
by Mrs. Roy Horton

The first Hereford postmaster after the post office was moved to the west side of the Belle Fourche River was James Lodge. The post office building was built in 1910.

In 1913 Lodges moved east and rented the place to Adolph Bedner and he was postmaster until 1915. Then Mrs. Lola Johnson became postmistress and the location moved about five miles northwest. In 1917, Mrs. A. F. Behrent took the post office. It was moved several times but has been in the present location since 1922.

HEREFORD COMMUNITY CHURCH
by Mrs. Leonard Wright

The Hereford Community Church of Hereford, South Dakota, was started by the American Sunday School Union by the Rev. J. B. Stahl.

It has been hard to get the full information I should have; but as near as I know the first Sunday School was started about 1927 or 1928. Some of the original members were the Adoph Behernts, L. D. Forneys, Feltons, John Pollords, Dick McCormicks (Mrs. McCormick was S. S. Supt. for several years), George Relcherts, Adolph Bedner, Mrs. Kreger, Jack Kregers, and many others.

At that time this area was quite heavily populated and they often had around 60 to 65 in attendance.

Rev. Leon Decker succeed Rev. Shahl in the mid-40's for about 2 years and was followed by Albert Lange.

During that time Sunday School was quite regular, but church services were only held when the minister could come out. This was about once a month or less often.

Sunday School was held in the Lodge Schoolhouse until about 1935 when it was moved to the old high school.

In about 1943 the Sunday School was reorganized as there was a short period of time just before that there was no Sunday School.

Our first full time minister was Paul Ferguson (Storekeeper of Elm Springs - now pastor in Pollack Pines, California) in 1947, as near as I can remember. He also pastored the Viewfield and Boneita Springs churches. He began as a layman but later became ordained. Since that time we have had a regular minister.

In 1952 the community built a new basement church and at that time we withdrew from the American Sunday School Union and became the Hereford Community Church and Sunday School.

We are at present still located in the same building and are working and praying that we may soon be able to build a top on our basement. Our present pastor is Ralph Cotton of Deadwood, South Dakota.

ED PRATT FAMILY
by Roy E. Pratt

My father, Ed Pratt, came to western South Dakota about 1882 from Illinois, near Chicago. Traveling by oxen train from Pierre to Sturgis. He worked for sometime in Sturgis in a butcher shop.

About 1884 my father worked for the U-Bar cattle outfit on the Tongue River, southeastern Montana. Some years later father acquired a bunch of horses and trailed them to South Dakota. He settled about twelve miles north of Rapid City where we three boys were born.

Nineteen-hundred was a very dry year. Water being a necessity, father moved to the Belle Fourche River twenty miles north of New Underwood and filed on a homestead. There was plenty of wood, water, and shelter. In those days there was open range and the cattle and horses could wander for many miles from home.

I remember in 1905 we had a blizzard on May 5. My father had turned eighty-eight head of cows on the open range and after the storm he rounded in fourty-four head. I remember the year 1905 very well although I was only five years old. My mother died of a heart attack and my grandmother, Mrs. E. B. Pratt came from Rapid City to make her home with us. About the year 1908 father acquired quite a band of sheep. At shearing time, wool wasn't worth much, so we hauled it to Rapid City and stored it in a basement in hopes of a higher price later. Rapid Creek flooded filling the basement and spoiling our wool.

In 1907 and 1908 many settlers came in, filing on all the level ground. Some built sod houses, others built frame shacks. There was no timber on the flat land north of the river known as the Cross S Flat and these early settlers burned cow chips for fuel.

The years 1910 and 1911 were so dry many of the people left the country. The Belle Fourche River quit running. Father sold all his sheep and went to work at Fort Meade.

There was no school in our community for a number of years, Father bought a home in Sturgis in 1907 and we went to school in Sturgis until 1913 when the Doyle School was started.

There were no roads in this country until 1920. That year a road was built from New Underwood north. The Pratt bridge was built across the Belle Fourche River by state aid.

The community built a telephone line in 1920, connecting with Bell Telephone line at New Underwood.

Perry Smith age 6, Eleanor age 3.

HOMESTEADING DAYS

By Herbert Smith

My wife (Maude Dawson), two children Perry 4 years and Eleanor 3 months arrived in New Underwood in April 1908.

We went by wagon and team to our claim some 25 miles north of New Underwood. There was a trail to follow, we also forded the Belle Fourche River coming to our land, a few miles northeast of Hereford.

Luckily we had an empty claim shack (tar papered) to move in. The homesteader on the adjoining quarter had given up. We had brought with us a 4 hole cook stove (Sears, Roebuck & Co.) which we continued to use for many years. The mice and even some snakes came up through the cracks in the floor. It was unbearably hot during June and July. The latter part of July my wife and children went back to Tyndall to live until the sod house was built.

I had brought with me to the claim, a milk cow, team of horses, wagon also breaking plow, and necessary tools.

Water was essential. Wells were dug and dry holes were common. I struck water close to the house, a 6 foot well, which we bucketed the water from, the water was soft too. We also relied on rain water and snow. After the first of July it was too dry to break any more sod.

I made a trip to Redfield during late summer with my team and wagon to work for awhile. I had heard there was plenty of help needed. But the trip was useless, as I found no work and returned to the homestead.

Our sod house was constructed of sod strips cut from the prairie. The sod was turned up with a breaking plow. The strip of sod is spade cut into pieces 2 to 3 feet long about 14 inches wide. It was wagon hauled to the building site. Joe Baker and I exchanged work on our soddys. I went to Rapid City and bought the stucco for plastering the inside walls, 25¢ a 100 lb. sack, also some flooring, windows, roofing and a door. Although before I got a good roof on a severe hail storm came, ripping off the tar paper. We had had some frightened children and a great deal of water in our cabin.

When we were finished we had a 14 by 28 room. It was real comfortable, cool in summer and warm in the winter. We had several dances in our house that winter as it was one of the larger ones for miles around. Florence Crippen, a neighbor lady and Maude had a surprise birthday party for me in Feb. 1909. Many of them came in bob sleds, children and all. We had a couple of fiddlers and an accordion player. We square danced, waltzed, schottische and two-stepped till

Mrs. Herb Smith holding Eleanor Perry age 5. Taken in front of our sod house built in 1908.

sunup. I recall Mrs. Charles Horton and son Jess were down from Stoneville. She stayed with her borther Nels Culbertson on a nearby homestead.

It was a busy spring, building fences. Breaking the sod, I planted 20 acres of wheat in 1909, which was threshed by Zip Young of Viewfield by a horsepower thresher. The following year I planted 10 to 12 acres of corn.

I was the first mail carrier from Jonesville to Viewfield, with a team and buggy. The contract stated I was to carry mail on Mondays and Fridays. The mail must go regardless of weather, the only time I was excused from going was when the ice was going out the Belle Fourche River. I crossed the river many times when the water ran in the buggy. I carried passengers too, part of my job. There was one patron on the Star Route. He hung his sack on the wire fence.

Gussie Jones was the postmaster at Jonesville. He and his wife had a grocery store also. Here many settlers gathered. I usually took the mail to our house for our neighbors to the west. Some of the close neighbors were Joe Baker, Jim Rankin, William Lodge, Henry Neiderwerder and Art Doyle.

MY RECOLLECTIONS

by Mrs. George Reichert

It was a beautiful morning in early May 1909 that my husband George Reichert and my brother Ed Boshart in a covered wagon and with six horses left my father's home near Joy, (long since off the map) Nebraska to seek a new home in South Dakota, leaving our son John, then nearly three years old and daughter Ruth soon two and myself, to follow later on the train. It was hard trip, much rain and layovers because they couldn't cross swollen streams. Ed became very ill, lived on a milk diet for sometime. It took them six weeks to reach the Promised Land of homesteads, finally located about midway between Clough and Jonesville. (Both long since off the map). Their first headquarters was the George Derby home, friends we had known in Nebraska.

Elm Valley Stock Farm

They began building, hauling the lumber from Underwood, but it was a rough time for the men, snow came early and lay deep on the ground all winter. It was hard to get both food and fuel. I recollect George wrote me that he bought some navy beans at Jonesville, and they just disappeared, later found them under their mattress on the floor, where the mice had carried them, the house was not plastered yet.

Ed did most of the cooking, which was a new experience for him. I remember him telling about wanting to hurry the breakfast, poured hot water on the flour for the pancakes.

In late March the next spring the children and I boarded a train at O'Neill, Nebr. bound for Sturgis, S. Dak. on arrival stayed at the Scollard Hotel one night, where George met us in the covered wagon and four horses. About three inches of snow fell in Sturgis during the night, but there was no snow as we got into the country, but it was muddy and travel was slow. Not all people would keep travelers, it got dark, we were looking for a lighted home, and in trying to get there, Fritz one of the horses (had four abreast) fell off the bridge over a small stream. Quick as I could, I got John and Ruth on the ground on a blanket, while George worked with horses and then walked to the home of a Mr. and Mrs. Stoltz who kept us for the night. The next day we made it as far as the ranch home of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Hamilton and stayed all night. (We always took some hay and oats for the horses). In the morning George thought we could make it home that day, but the gumbo was very wet and sticky, George getting out frequently to clean gumbo off the wagon wheels, we made little progress and the horses played out about two miles west of the John Custer home and could not pull the wagon any farther. Then leaving me and the children in the covered wagon, George leading two of the horses walked the two miles to the Custer home. Mr. Custer hitched his team to a spring wagon and the two men came and got us, reaching the Custer home about two A.M. where we spent the rest of the night. After a good breakfast the next morning the men got the covered wagon and we made it the one and one-half miles home on the first day of April 1910. It didn't look very good to me, the country was very heavily grazed for some years.

George soon became quite ill, and was for sometime. I didn't like the pond water we were using, thought it might have caused his illness. So one of the first days dug a shallow well a few feet from the pond and covered it. Later we hauled water from George Derbys for drinking and cooking, just using the pond water for washing.

Our neighbors, the John Custers had worse luck in getting to their homestead than we did. Up set one of their wagons in the Belle Fourche River, drowning a pig, losing several crates of chickens and suit cases with best clothes and barely saving the team that pulled the wagon.

We had many neighbors, some had proved up and already left their claims. If I remember right, one could prove up, that is establish ownership to one hundred and sixty acres of land by doing certain things, fencing, building a shack living there six months and paying the government eighty dollars. Few stayed the five years allowed for free ownership.

People who had claims within ten minutes to a half hours horseback ride from our place were, Mrs. Tom Griffin, Mike Ryan, Pat and John Cane, (not relatives) a Mr. Wrightson, Mr. and Mrs. George Derby and family, Mr. and Mrs. Stolkop, Mr. and Mrs. Hull and family, May Jones and boys, Mr. and Mrs. Pete McDonald and family, Pat and Margaret Ohora, (brother and sister) Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wesgate and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Burris and family Madge Satterlee, Martin Mausser, Mr. and Mrs. John Thornhill and sons John and Gus and daughter Emma, all had homesteads, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pilaut, Mary Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Ivory and family, Ed Aaron and Ida Boshart all had claims, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Condon and family and Mrs. Condon's sister Catherine, Lucy Fuehr, the Brimmer family also son Ed and daughter Lena, the Wilson brothers, Pete and Elmer and their families, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Rankin and family. Joining us on the north was Mark Stratman and a little farther north his brother Bill, the Dummer family, Theresa Pape, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Raue and family, two Hying girls, sisters of Mrs. Raue, the Gensler families, several of whom had claims, the Wildberger family, Solburgs, Mr. and Mrs. John Custer and family, Mrs. Walsh and family, several of whom had claims, Fred and Walt Smith (not related), Mr. and Mrs. Tom Ivory and family, Win Wilcox, Billy Stevenson, Earl Peed, Mr. and Mrs. Perine, Mrs. Bishops, Mr. and Mrs. Biddleman and family, Bert Lewis and his sister, John Hoffman and Frank Greise, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Unger and family and the Fennema families. There were several claim contests.

With the exception of the Rankin family, the younger generation of the Wilcox family and my family, none of the above named live in the immediate neighborhood now. Except for the Wesgate home, the Raue and Custer homes and our 16x20 (two rooms with a low upstairs, later with a lean-to), most of the people lived in what they called shacks, mostly one-room and unplastered. Some that stayed built onto the shacks.

There were ups and downs, lean years and good. I recollect one of the first years the onlv green thing in the yard was a large cockle burr that flourished. I was a little disappointed when Mr. Pilaut pulled it out while walking through the yard. The grain we sowed one spring came up in the fall, and I remember walking to the field to gather the wild mustard plant for greens to eat.

We stored many bags of flour in the fall as our trips to town were few. We sent to Sears for large quantities of groceries, rice, tea, crackers in ten-pound wooden boxes, twenty-five pound boxes of prunes, large quantity of raisins, dried pears, peaches and apricots as we were unable to get fresh fruit. I once went near Jonesville with Fritz hitched to the cart to the home of the Thompson Brothers to get what I could of garden truck. They had a garden they could water in a draw. They sold me some yellow pear, small tomatoes for two cents a pound I believe. We also got oatmeal and sugar in one hundred pound gunny bags when we got the flour. The sugar had a muslin cloth bag inside the gunny bag. The price sometimes was as low as five or six dollars a hundred.

There were no schools near when we came but soon makeshift buildings were put up. They allowed us two hundred dollars apiece to build three schoolhouses; everybody helped. Some homestead shacks were used for school purposes. The buildings were not warm enough for winter so just had school in the spring and fall mostly. When it was a long distance to school, the children rode on horseback or drove a cart with one hitched to it.

Many of the settlers banked or covered their entire building with strips of sod.

The Wesgate family had the first car in this locality but could use it only in dry weather as there were no roads. The settlers were mostly young people and did a lot of visiting, had parties and dances. Soon there was Sunday School held in some of the schoolhouses with very good attendance.

On Sunday, March 13, 1911, the John Custers were our guests for a roast chicken dinner. That night after ten p.m. I awoke George and told him that if he wanted help to go at once. He hitched Fritz to the cart and soon got back with Mrs. Raue. About fifteen minutes later the stork arrived with a package which we later named Paul. In the years that followed that same old bird brought Edna, Lois and Hugh who are all in their own homes now. On February 5, 1952, we laid George's body to rest in the beautiful Bear Butte Cemetery at Sturgis, South Dakota.

A FEW NOTES

by Edna Reichert Basler

One experience I remember vividly is the coyote hunt. Dad went to Clough in the morning in the Model T to get the mail. He came home about ten o'clock with a coyote and told Mother to pack a lunch and the boys to get their saddle horses as he had seen seven young coyotes playing on the hillside west of the road. The boys took their horses and the rest of us, including my sister Lois who was six, and Hugh, then a year old, went in the car. I was left in the car to watch the two children, Mother, Ruth, and Dad went on foot, and the boys rode their horses through the willows on the creek north of the Wilcox place to flush out the coyotes. Mother stayed by the den on the top of a hill, so that they couldn't get back in there, and soon there were young coyotes running back and forth across the road and prairie. Dad shot two and brought them up to the car and put them on the running board. I believe that there was a bounty on coyotes at that time, but the main reason for hunting them down was our herd of several hundred sheep which grazed the prairie only several miles from the coyote den.

After Dad put the coyotes on the running board he went back to hunt some more. I sat there with the baby and my little sister and looked over the side of the car at the coyotes with their bloody mouths with the white teeth and red tongues showing and wondered if they were really dead or if they would come to life and eat us. Some time after noon the family all came back to the car and ate lunch and then went back to their hunting. At the end of the afternoon they had six young coyotes. We went home and hung them up with the one Dad had shot in the morning and took their picture. It was quite an exciting day.

Another event that I remember very well, and I must have been quite small, was a box social held to make money for the Red Cross during World War I. I think my father was the man who got the idea going and everyone entered very enthusiastically. The social was held at the Jonesville Hall. Mother sewed two shoe boxes together in the shape of a cross, covered it beautifully with white crepe paper with a red cross on the top and filled it with sandwiches, cake and fried chicken. One knew to whom the boxes belonged before they bought them and the bidding was very spirited, expecially if some of the young, unmarried men thought that the box belonged to one of the young, unmarried lady homesteaders. Mother's red cross box was the biggest and prettiest one there and it sold for $7.00, which was an awfully lot of money for a homesteader. I can't remember who brought it, but I know he got a lot of good food.

One other thing, in this day of babysitters. I well remember the dances at the Jonesville Hall, with the babies and small children asleep on a big double bed in the back room while the parents danced in the big room, to the music of someone's fiddle.

Martin Long in car. Geo. Reichert holding stallion. John and Edna in front. Mrs. Geo. Reichert, Lois at her feet. Ruth and Paul.

William Phillips and George Reichert families.

Geo. Reichert's wool on Wm. Phillips truck-1919.

Country high school 1921-22. Teacher, Maude Ballard. Lela Derby, Mildred Eppenbaugh, Ethel Horton, Ruth Reichert, Hazel Rankin. LOWER GRADES: Paul, Edna, and Lois Reichert.

Ruth and John Reichert and Charlie Custer.

William Stratman and his homestead shack.

HOMESTEAD MEMORIES
by Ruth Reichert Hudson

I was born in 1908 on my father's farm 10 miles northeast of O'Neill, Nebraska. I came by train accompanied by my mother, Mrs. George Reichert, and my brother John to S. Dak. arriving in Sturgis on April 1, 1910, fifteen days before I was two years old. Coming here when I did, I feel as though I have sort of grown up with this part of the country.

My father, George Reichert, and my mother's brother, Edward Boshart had come up from O'Neill by team and covered wagon in Sept. of 1909. My mother, brother and I had stayed with Mother's parents in Nebraska. Dad filed on a homestead, built a four room house and a barn, then sent for us to come in the spring. He had located on East Elm Creek, about 35 miles north of New Underwood.

Mother tells this little incident of our arrival in Sturgis. Dad had not shaven all winter, but had not mentioned the fact in his letters to Mother. She was a bit chagrined with a bewhiskered stranger picked up her little boy, and did not recognize him until his deep voice said, "Wegatze, Drusilla."

My story is of the things that standout in my memory of a happy childhood spent mainly on our homestead in central Meade County.

I remember a ring of our chickens circled about a snake in our yard. There were many more snakes here then than there are now. Shortly before coming to Dakota, we had attended a circus at O'Neill. John was calling, "everybody come and see Jargo--Jargo the Wonder," as he had heard the circus barker advertise his boa constrictor.

I remember visiting my Aunt Ida, now Mrs. Wm. Phillips, in her claim shack, a soddy with a little frame bedroom built on, and her bed a little wooden manger built in one wall, and filled with hay on which her bedding was placed.

One 4th of July we had a celebration in the trees at Win Wilcox's home, about two miles north of us, they had a bowery dance that night, and I could hear the strains of violin music growing fainter as Mother led me to the spring wagon and tucked me to sleep on hay and quilts on the wagon floor, while she and Dad stayed a while longer to enjoy the dance. Another 4th of July was spent at Jonesville under the trees at Gussie Jones place and a dance in the Jonesville Hall. Another 4th I remember riding behind Wm. Phillips' gray team, Hans and Jack, as he took my Aunt Ida and me to a celebration under the trees at Pete McDonalds place. Still another year, under the trees at the Fred Wesgate home.

Those old homesteaders believed in mixing pleasure with their hardships. I remember a bowery dance at our own home--Dad had hauled out lumber to enlarge our barn, built a bowery floor and had a dance on it before building on to the barn. House parties were held at the George Derby home, one at Molly Condon's homestead shack and one at our own home. The music was furnished by local fiddlers, two whom I recall were Lud Solberg and Ralph Wrightson, and local piano players, Daisy Wrightson and Molly Condon on Molly's piano.

I remember Clara and Della Custer, two neighbor girls to the west of us, hanging May baskets on our door, knocking, then hiding as we answered the door. There was a basket social at our little schoolhouse when I was in the second grade, and tall Joe Hayes came courting one of my favorite teachers, Helen Grebner.

I remember a Christmas program at the Westgate School. It was a clear cold night, so very cold that Dad stayed home with the younger children, as we especially wanted Mother to see our program, so Mom drove old Lubber, a tall long legged horse on a sled, which Dad had made by removing the wheels from our buggy and placing it on a pair of sled runners. Everything went fine even old Santa's visit, (John Stukey playing the part) and we were driving home again in the clear, cold night air with stars sparkling and quilts tucked around our knees, when a sleigh driven by Henry Wildberger with a fast trotting team and bells jingling, passed us. Old Lubber was not to be out done, and he began to run. My mother could not slow him down and was afraid he'd tip us over the creek bank. She told us to jump out, and she was going to jump out too, and let him go. John did get out behind the sled and receiving some badly skinned knees, but I pictured the axles where the wheels had been sticking out on the sides, and fearing to be dragged, refused to jump out. Mother finally turned the horse up a steep bare hill, where he slowed and finally stopped. I jumped out and got to his head and Henry Wildberger quickly arrived and drove him home for us.

We had many neighbors in those first years of our life in S. Dak. There was a homesteader on nearly every quarter section. To the north of us was Mark Stratman, his brother Bill, Win Wilcox, the Hine's sisters, Mr. and Mrs. Tilford Anderson and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Raue and family. To the east of us were the Genstlers, Lud Solbergs, Hulls, Daisy and Ralph Wrightson, Jim Burris and family, Mrs. Bishop, Fred Westgates, and the George Derbys, without whose help and neighborliness it would have been hard to have gotten along. To the south was Molly Condon, Pat O'Hara, Pat Cain, Mike Ryan, the Thornhills, Bill Whalen family, Pilants, Wilsons and Bidlemans. West of us lived the Condons, Andy Lamb, Jack Jewell, John Custers, Emma and Mattie Talburt, Mary Cummings, Mary Murphy, Fenemas, the Walshs and Tom Ivorys.

The very dry year of 1911 caused many of these people to go back to their original homes, or to move to the Hills or into a town to find work, but some, my father among them, stayed on.

March 13, 1911 brought a new brother Paul to our house. He arrived a bit unexpectedly on a Sunday evening after my mother had entertained a house full of company all day, and almost before my dad had had time to drive the team to the Raue home, 2 1/4 miles away, and return with Mrs. Raue to assist the stork. I remember searching in our yard and under a near-by building trying to find some place from which he might have come. Later two sisters, Edna and Lois and a brother Hugh arrived in our home. Mother went back to her parents home by train for the birth of Edna and Hugh, while Lois, born in 1915, arrived in our homestead house assisted by Mrs. Harry Mick, a beloved little nurse in our neighborhood. Mrs. Mick was the daughter of Mrs. Kate Childs, who was the postmistress of the Clough Post Office, where we got our mail for many years. Clough was Mrs. Childs' maiden name. Dad's first post office was Jonesville, with Gussie Jones as postmaster.

I enjoyed several trips on the train with Mother and my brothers, as she went back to O'Neill to visit her parents and friends.

There was a terrible accident one time in which a team on a hay rake ran away with my Aunt Ida. She was rolled and tumbled under the rake teeth and was badly cut and bruised. She was brought to the Derby home and neighbors gathered to do what they could. Several men went for Doctor Mathias, a retired doctor who lived on the Belle Fourche River, who came and sewed up her wounds. Mrs. Mick stayed with her for a time as she slowly recovered.

My mother made a habit of placing a kerosene lamp in the window during blizzards, so that anyone lost in the storm might see the light and be guided to shelter. There was a report after one blizzard that "Dad Wagner" was found clutching a wire fence and frozen to death about seven miles from our home.

My father walked out from New Underwood one time. He had been to Sioux City with a shipment of cattle and when he returned to Underwood, a blizzard was reported to be on the way. There was no one coming his way so he started walking home. He thought of spending the night as he reached Jonesville, but the thought of the coming blizzard drove him on. We were all in bed when he arrived and were very startled when the door opened and no one had knocked. I thank God that he did reach the end of his 35 mile trek before the blizzard struck.

One time Adolph Bedner and his fiancee, Ora Wright had left her school when it was dismissed and were going to New Underwood to buy the material for her wedding dress. They were crossing the Belle Fourche River when the rain swollen waters upset the buggy in which they were riding and washed Miss Wright away. Somehow Adolph got to shore. The neighbor men spent day after day combing the river and its shores until finally Miss Wright's body was found.

Another drowning occurred when the Peter Wilson family were crossing the Belle Fourche River returning from a visit with Mrs. Wilson's parents. Apparently a wall of water came down on them, washing one of the children, Lial, from the buggy. Again the relentless searching was done by the neighborhood men until the small body was recovered.

We attended the "bridge" picnic, the purpose of which was to help raise money to build a bridge across the Belle. By the untiring efforts of many people, the present Pratt Bridge was finally built.

A number of "firsts" stand out in my memory--my first ride in a car. It was Westgate's seven passenger Apperson Jack Rabbit. Dad taking us to Newell to a Labor Day celebration to see our first airplane. Incidentally, I saw my first plane crash that day, also, but luckily no one was hurt. My dad's first car was a Model T which didn't slow up even though he often said "whoa" to it, and we pushed it up many a hill. I also remember the first radio.

It was always Dad who made the trips to town to lay in our winter's supply of provisions and coal. It took at least three days to make the trip, so it was a very special treat to us children when Dad took the bows down from where they hung in the barn and made a covered wagon again to take us to Sturgis to the Meade County Fair in 1915. Stars were still in the sky that morning as our family of six and Mrs. Derby, Buss, Lela and Lynn started our journey. Mr. Derby remained at home to do the chores at his home and ours. The wagon was full to capacity with 10 people, suitcases, oats for the horses, quilts for camping if need be, and food for our meals on the way. We followed the route which is now Highway 34. It was a steep narrow graded dirt road with deep ditches on each side. We passed through prairie dog town, and saw an occasional coyote a safe distance from the road. Herds of antelope also grazed not too far away. The older children walked behind the wagon at times, rode the reach, or rode in the wagon. We ate our dinner just across the Belle Fourche River where Dad watered his horses and put the nose bags on them to feed them their oats, then picketed them to eat grass while we finished our meal and packed up again. The children had fun running back and forth on the bridge. We ate our supper on Bear Butte Creek. Huge Bear Butte looked very near and the boys wanted to climb it. They could hardly believe Dad when he told them it was at least three miles away. Since then I have climbed Bear Butte four times. Mother had always wanted to and in June of the year she was 78 I went to the top of the Butte with her and my brother Hugh and I assisted her down. She enjoyed the climb very much and was none the worse except that she wore a hole in her stocking.

By night fall a tired group of people reached Sturgis, and were able to get one room in the Fruth Hotel. Dad took his team to the livery barn, and he and John and Buss Derby slept on mattresses in the courthouse.

The fair was thrilling, the many exhibits, horseracing and the Indian dances still live in my memory. The town was exciting too, to us children. We spent three days enjoying the fair and shopping then started for home.

I was surprised one Christmas morning when I came downstairs to see a white tree and a big bowl of popcorn balls beside it. Mom had brought a cottonwood branch from the creek and had wrapped it with cotton after we had gone to bed.

I attended the noisy charivari when Win Wilcox came home with a bride and Mother helped several of their babies into the world as the years went by.

I remember a Thanksgiving when we were invited to the Jake Wahl home. We traveled there by wagon and I ate so many good things for dinner that I had a tummy ache.

The study of the word of God was not neglected. We attended church services in the Paul Wildberger home, and went quite regularly to services in the Westgate Schoolhouse. Services were conducted by a minister from Underwood.

School was a major problem in those days. My first teacher was Maybelle Bridgeman in a little shack to the west of us, later a little schoolhouse was built by donated help and my mother donated the meals to the builders. During these years I had many teachers, partly because of short terms, sometimes 3 months in the spring and 3 in the fall. During World War I, there was such a shortage of teachers that any 18 year old girl who had passed the eighth grade could teach for a month on a permit, then would have to stop teaching if they could not pass the required examination. Other teachers I had besides Maybelle Bridgeman, were Helen Grebner, Margaret Condon, Bernice Kern, Grace Konechne, Grace McMurtry, Della Custer, Genevieve Keating, Belle Stephens, Molly Condon, Vivian McCoy, and Bernice Huglin. I well remember the long cold horseback rides or drives in a one horse buggy or sled to the Westgate School which was three and a half miles away, and of several times we tipped over when a passing automobile would frighten our horse and cause him to run away. Often the teacher would ride with us, as we passed her shack and the schoolhouse would be freezing cold since no fire would be built until we arrived. Many a morning all of the school children and teacher would crowd around the stove holding school until the room warmed up.

In the fall of 1922, John and I were ready for high school. Roads were ungraveled and distances too far to go into town, so Mother and Dad traveled over the country in our Model T, searching for a teacher with a state certificate who could teach the 9th grade in a country school as well as the lower grades. They found one in the person of Miss Maud Ballard of Marcus. Dad bought and moved in a two room shack which we called the "Dormitory" and five girls, Hazel and Marie Rankin, Ethel Horton, Mildred Eppenbaugh, and Lela Derby batched there and also attended the ninth grade, making a class of seven ninth graders. This year stands out in memory as one of my happiest with all the fun we had with the five young girls living in our yard. Miss Ballard boarded with us, and Miss Murphy who had a homestead to the west of us and would "freeze out" in her little one-room shack and at different times come and spend a part of the winter with us. Roy Horton and Fred Smith worked for my father, breaking horses to drive.

In the fall of 1924 John and I went to the New Underwood High School. I felt very young and green, my first time really away from home, not realizing till I helped New Underwood celebrate its 50th anniversary in 1958, that the town had had its beginning the same year that I had.

After graduating from high school I attended Spearfish Normal and earned a first grade teacher's certificate. I taught school for seven years in District 6.

I remember an incident which befell a neighbor, John Hoffman who lived to the north of us. He had come from Germany and spoke with a deep voice and a heavy German accent. He was a thrifty bachelor, who was a butcher by trade, and raised both cattle and pigs. He was one of the people who stayed on through the dry years and made his home here.

On this occasion he was taking a wagon load of hogs to New Underwood. He came walking in to our place wearing wet clothes, and told my father, "I was crossing West Elm and some of the hogs jumped out of the wagon as I started down into the creek. When I looked in the water I got dizzy and fell in too." Dad saddled up some horses, rode over to the creek with him, helped him round up his escaped hogs and get started on his way again.

In 1935 I married Miles Hudson whose father, Henry B. Hudson, had been among the really old timers in Meade County, having spent the spring and summer of 1892 on the place where F. A. Mooney now lives on the Belle Fourche River. The place was then the property by squatter's rights, of Fred Holcomb I believe. Henry Hudson worked for him. Henry Hudson also spent the winter of 1892 and 93 living in a dug out in the side of a creek bank near where the post office of Opal now is, caring for a herd of horses owned by Fred Holcomb. He took these horses to Ft. Pierre in the spring of 1893.

My husband and I are the parents of five children, Michael, Marilyn, Drusilla, Hugh, and Romona. We still make our home in central Meade County.

Many changes have been made since my arrival here. Sounds which were familiar then, waking to the sound of Mother grinding coffee in the coffee mill, Dad shaking ashes from the wood and coal range, the creaking sound of wagon wheels on a frosty night or a clear cold morning, the lonely howl of coyotes on a moonlit night have vanished with the passing years. New sounds are the whir of a car, the sputter of a tractor or the throbbing of an airplane or helicopter in the sky.

New sights are the Minuteman Missile sites, the black-top highways, with their cars and trucks, and the modern homes replacing the homestead shacks of which no trace is left except an occasional bit of cement, a slight mound or depression where a cellar was dug, a pile of stones and maybe some broken china or glass, and perhaps a stove leg.

My father passed away Feb. 2, 1952 and is buried in the Bear Butte Cemetery near Sturgis.

As I think of the friendly people and view one of our beautiful S. Dak. sunsets, as the sun sinks to rest beyond the horizon which from our home is a view of the Black Hills reaching from south of Harney Peak, north beyond Bear Butte and Crow Peak, I thank God that my father chose central Meade County in which to locate and build his home.

ANDREW AND HULDA HENRY

by Mrs. Wm. Haley

My folks, Andrew and Hulda Henry, moved to the Cross S Flat in the spring of 1909, coming here from Laurel, Nebr. with my older sister Mable, 15, myself Grace 8, and Edna, 1 year old. We lived in Johnny Owens 10 by 12 shack during the time it took for Dad to build a sod house. Part of our furniture was left stored in a barn in Sturgis, and some was kept outside, covered with a tarp.

My Dad managed to break a few acres, or have it done that spring, so had a little sod corn, and my mother raised a good garden on some ground Mr. Wm. Lodge let her use, as they had come here the year before and the ground was better for gardening than sod. After Dad had his buildings up, he got a couple of men together, Frank Cahoy and Frank Hlousek who had a well drilling machine to dig a well. The thought had never entered his head he might not strike water, but he didn't realize that till later.

It was a wonderful well, good water and lots of it, for many people hauled water from our place during the dry years which followed 1909.

1910 and 1911 were the driest we'd ever seen and although my folks had come to Nebraska from Ohio years before and had seen drought, grasshoppers and what have you, they had never been through anything like these years.

The grass did not get green until August in 1911, and people cut and stacked Russian thistles. The thistles did not make very good hay, but most of the stock lived through the hard winter of 1911.

When we first came to S. Dak. Jonesville was our post office. Mr. and Mrs. Gussie Jones had a store and post office on Elm Creek. It was about 10 miles from our place, where Kennard Hart now lives, to Jonesville.

There was a shack on every quarter on the Cross S flat. Some of the homesteaders even subscribed for a daily paper, my dad was one who liked to read even though his daily paper was delivered only once a week. Once a week some neighbor who had a team would go to Jonesville to mail letters for all and bring the mail, and groceries which would be needed. There was always a grain sack full of mail to be distributed. Each would come and get theirs. The first year on the Cross S flat many things were new and it was all a big lark for me. My folks seldom both went to town (Sturgis) as the trip took three days with a team and wagon. Sturgis was nearly 40 miles away.

As fall approached the absence of a school worried my folks. So both my dad and mother went to Sturgis to see about getting a school started on the Cross S flat. When my folks arrived home, my mother contacted all the neighbors with children in that vicinity and they each pledged ten dollars a piece and agreed to haul material from Sturgis and donate their work in building a school. It was just an unplastered tar paper covered shack. Some donated a stove. For a black board a piece of black rubberoid was used. The men made the desks and though they were very uncomfortable,

Andrew and Hulda Haleys homestead.

they served the purpose. We had to buy our own books at that time, and could only have school 3 months in the fall, and 3 months in the spring for two or three years. It was a real treat when we were able to have real desks.

THE HALEYS

by Mrs. Wm. Haley

William Haley and I were married at Fairpoint, S. Dak. on December 22, 1915, by the Rev. Father Anthony O'Hora who had a 600 mile circuit. The good father covered this circuit by team and buggy. He would send cards out ahead of time stating at whose home he would hold Mass, as there was no church. One time Father O'Hora's team went through the ice while crossing Elm Creek. It was late at night and the tongue of the buggy broke so Father gathered up his vestments and mounted one of the horses and rode about six miles to the old Clover post office. His clothes were all frozen on him, and he nearly froze to death.

Our first year of marriage was spent in a cow camp about one mile southeast of the ranch where Walter Haley now lives. My husband herded cattle that coming year as was his custom. I learned a lot about cow buying I had never known about before. My husband, nicknamed Slivers, used to take me on long rides sometimes when he was cutting out cattle. He used to tell me I was a better cow hand than some who had ridden for years. Of course, that pleased me.

He had a lot of long horned dogies in the herd that were shipped up from the Texas country by his boss, Cobe Eveleth, this was an uncle of the Cobe Eveleth who at one time ran Cobe's Corner. These cattle were really wild and would take after you if you were on foot. Slivers had been picketing his saddle horse out at night. One very dark night I heard him coming. I thought he would want me to bring out the lantern to help him find the picket pin. As soon as I got out away from the house he hollered for me to put out the light and get back to the house as fast as I could go. I was puzzled at that and stood there a moment too long. He had picked up a steer, who had strayed from the herd, and was bringing it in to corral. The steer made for me and would have gotten me sure, if he had not roped him. He had his rope down and made a very fortunate catch in the dark.

One time Slivers, Oral Bidleman, and I were going home from Haleys'. Suddenly Slivers said, "See that jack rabbit setting by that sage brush? Watch me catch him." He took down his rope, made a very small loop, jumped his horse ahead, and as the rabbit leaped, he caught him with the rope. Oral could not get over that and talked about it for days.

In the spring of 1916, we bought a house and moved it to our homestead. It was about 3 miles northwest of the present Haley ranch. We lived there for many years.

Slivers went into the Army in the spring of 1918. Francis, our first born, was only one year old. While my husband was away I took care of Mrs. Chris Johnson's children. Mrs. Johnson taught school and her husband was in the service, too. The Government allowed me only $40.00 per month for Francis ($20.00 of which was made up from Slivers army pay), so I had to do something to make ends meet.

During the flu outbreak, I helped care for the sick. I was fortunate that I did not catch the flu.

After my husband came home from the Army he ran cattle for George Price.

One day Slivers came in from riding, tied his horse to the clothes post and went to the outhouse. The clothesline went from the post to the outhouse. The horse caught the saddle horn on the wire, got frightened and took off. He tipped the outhouse over and over. By the time Slivers quit rolling, the horse was going across the flat kicking and bucking. My old man never tied his horse to the clothesline post again!!

One summer when Bobby, our fourth child was a few months old, we were preparing to go to a ball game. Francis, our oldest boy, went in the bedroom to change clothes. Bobby was asleep on the bed. Francis heard what he thought sounded like a rattlesnake and told his dad. Upon investigating, the rattler was located under the bed. The snake was shot at once with a six shooter.

We had lots of fun those days. We used to ride many miles horseback to a dance. Sometimes we would take a team and wagon as a whole group would go together. Sometimes it would be below zero and we would get pretty cold. These dances would be held in people's homes and would last until daylight.

Slivers, George Keffeler, and I formed an orchestra which we called the "Sauerkrauts." We played many a dance for $4.00 or $4.50 per night.

We raised a family of eight children, two of them being born at home with Mother Haley, the only doctor and nurse. Mary was born on the 1st of December. The temperature was 37 degrees below zero and there were large snow drifts. Edna was born in February, when the ground was so wet it was next to impossible to get to town.

Our oldest, Francis, lives in Whitewood. He is an auctioneer. Mary Haley Sturm lives in Puyallup, Wash. and is in the lumber business. Alice Haley Fisher lives in Rapid City and works in the A.S.C. office. Robert lives in Tchachopi, Calif. and is a guard in a correctional institution. Belva Haley Junkman lives in Rapid City and works for the Rapid City Journal. Richard lives near Newell and does custom spraying, hay baling and plowing. Edna Haley Smith lives at Union Center and is bookkeeper for her husband, Jack, who runs the Farmers Union Co-op. Dorothy Haley Evans is a housewife and lives in Rapid City.

When our youngest was ten, we moved to Sturgis. My husband went to work at Fort Meade as a guard, later as a boiler fireman and engineer. Billy Circle Eagle, an old time Indian cowboy and friend of my husband, asked Slivers what he was doing. "Working at Fort Meade," he replied. So Billy wrote one time, "Slivers Haley old cowboy. Him chamber maid now."

My husband retired 6 years ago. He has been in poor health. We still own our homestead northwest of Hereford.

I worked several months at the Sturgis Laundry (now closed), and have worked off and on at the Kozy Kitchen Cafe. I play for dances at Whitewood on Saturdays. I sometimes play at Fort Meade for the patient's dances.

We have 18 grandchildren. All live in the vicinity except Bob's two little girls who live in California.

WINFORD AND ILEEN WILCOX

by Lloyd Wilcox

Winford Ozile Wilcox was born on October 6, 1876 in Jackson, Minn. He came with his parents, Lyman and Ellen Wilcox, to a place on Elk Creek about eighteen miles southeast of Rapid City in 1885. They stayed there only a short time and then took up a homestead on Coyote Creek near Fairpoint.

When he was just nine years old another boy threw a piece of iron at him and broke his leg. The bone was badly splintered and he got an infection in his leg. He was taken to Rapid City where he had surgery on his leg. His left leg was shorter than the right leg from that time on.

While he was a young man he worked for several cattle outfits, including the Flying V.

In 1900 Winford Wilcox took up a homestead on East Elm Creek. His first home was a dugout. In 1906 he built a frame house. He had several visits from Indians. They could not talk to him-just grunt. The country was not very well settled at that time.

He was married to Ileen Galligan on February 22, 1915 in Rapid City. They left Fairpoint early in the morning. They traveled by team and buggy and were married about 2 o'clock the same day.

Ilene Mabel Galligan was born at Osceola, S. Dak. on July 9, 1899. When she was about two or three years old she followed her father to the nearby railroad tracks where he was burning weeds. Her father did not see her and her clothes caught on fire. Then he heard her scream and rushed over and pulled her out of the fire. Ilene's clothes pulled right off of her when he grabbed her. Her hands, legs, and face skin peeled off and swelled.

The family lived for a while at Huron and then Willow Lake. Then they moved to a claim near Fairpoint.

Eleven children were born to Winford and Ilene Wilcox. They lived on the homestead until Winford passed away on October 3, 1939. The rest of the family lived on the place until 1946 when they moved to Sturgis, S. Dak. Ilene passed away there on October 8, 1952. Lloyd and his family still live on the homestead.

Winford O. Wilcox - 1915

MR. AND MRS. FRANK WURNIG

by Mrs. George Wurnig

Mary Wurnig, formerly Mary Hauser and Frank Wurnig were married in 1892 in Austria, Hungary. They lived in Austria for three years. In 1900 Frank left Mary and two small children, Annie and Joe, and came to the United States to work in the gold mine at Lead, S. Dak. After working long enough, nine months or so, he sent enough money over to Austria so Mary and the two little ones could come to the United States.

It was very hard for them at first, as they couldn't understand anyone, because they could not speak the American language. Frank and Mary both worked hard and saved their money. In the required time they became American citizens.

In 1906, they left the gold mine and moved to a homestead at or near Volunteer, northwest of their present ranch about twenty miles. They spent most of their money buying cows, horses and some machinery. The first year there, there weren't any crops so they became pretty hard up. By that time there were two more children, Frank and Elizabeth. Some of the time about all they had to eat were potatoes, milk and flour. As Mary was a good cook she made good eatable things out of the flour. Once in awhile Frank Sr. would bring in wild meat. The winter of 1907 was a very bad one with lots of snow, ranging four feet deep. Nevertheless, they had lots of courage so they stayed with it and worked hard. They only went to town once a year and that was at Easter time to go to church.

In 1909, Frank Wurnig freighted lumber and supplies from Sturgis to Stoneville and Bixby.

Along came the severe drouth of 1911, which was very bad here. There wasn't any feed at all at Volunteer, so Frank went away horseback to buy a ranch. He located a ranch on the Belle Fourche river which belonged to Louis Grubl. Mary and Frank again had to struggle to make payments and buy groceries, but they managed even if the Indians stole some of their cattle and horses. There were two more girls, Katie and Clara at this time.

There wasn't any church at all in the community, and the closest school was the Doyle School which was six miles away. The four older children Annie, Joe, Frank and Elizabeth drove a horse and cart to school. They had to cross the river which worried the Wurnigs very much. Many times Mrs. Wurnig and the younger children would walk to the river and wait for the school children so she could warn them not to cross because it was too deep. The children would wait there until their dad came after them on his horse. The water would be deep enough to swim the horses. Due to the distance and crossing the river the children received very little schooling.

The closest neighbors were about two miles, but the Wurnigs always had a lot of company.

By 1918, they bought another ranch just a mile west of where they lived. Again there were two more boys, George and Albert. That made eight healthy and happy children. This ranch was a well built up place, lots of trees and alfalfa hay on it, the hay is what always took the Wurnig's eye.

School was in the same yard, so that was one worry off their mind. Things were just about wonderful by that time, nice place, lots of hay for the livestock, the children doing well in school, but they needed a church. The Wurnigs talked it over among themselves and they thought they could afford to contribute to a church. But what do you suppose happened in the spring of 1920? The flood or high water came and flooded their nice place. The water took lots of little calves, pigs, chickens and some buildings. They estimated the loss at four thousand dollars. So again they became hardup people, the same old story. The Wurnigs still worked hard and managed well and with the help of God they continued to live and do well and paid their share on the building of the Catholic Church on the Hereford Flat. The church was completed in 1923, and the same year the flood came again which caused them to lose several thousand dollars.

That time they bought a place on the Hereford Flat and built it up and moved there in 1924. They saw to it that school and church was carefully considered. They lived on this place at Hereford until November 1944, then moving to Sturgis to retire and be handy for church. Mr. Wurnig passed away in August 1945 and Mrs. Wurnig passed away February 8, 1962.

Their son, George is now living on the home place with his family.

The Lodge Family - 1912

Peter Meekma and Dwight Brown by Brown's shack.

Albert Eppenbaughs Buick

A typical sod house in 1917

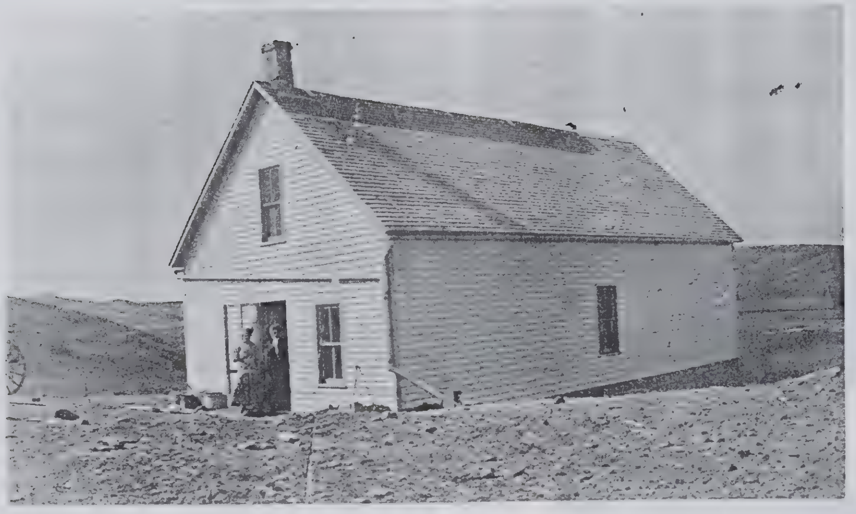
Custer and Reichert Families.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack McMahon- 1912.

George Reichert family and coyotes.

John Owens' and Dwight Brown by Owen's shack.

Jonesville



Jonesville Store, Post Office and Dance Hall built on the east bank of Main Elm Creek by A. G. Jones, later sold to Frank Cahoy. Girls in doorway are Lucy and Emma Cahoy, sisters of Frank Cahoy.

JONESVILLE

by William Philips

A. G. (Gussie) Jones started the Jonesville Store and Post Office, twenty-two miles north and two miles east of New Underwood in 1908. It was located in a log house on the east bank of main Elm Creek.

A couple of years later he built the Jonesville Hall about 1/4 miles east and moved the store and post office to it. The store, post office and living quarters were in the basement. The first floor was a dance hall and the upper floor was sleeping rooms.

In 1913, Frank Cahoy bought the store and took over the post office. In 1914 it started on the move and the following people moved it to their places and were the postmasters: Robert Walker, Charles Gray, A. B. Hugglin, and Mrs. Goodfrey.

The closing date is unknown. The Jonesville route started at Viewfield to Jonesville and back to Viewfield twice a week, on Monday and Friday. Herbert Smith was the first mail carrier.

AUNT MYRTLE'S SOAP RECEIPT

Heat 1 and 1/4 gallons of water to boiling point. Add 1 can lye and stir until dissolved, add 1/2 gallons rendered lard, or tallow. Boil slowly 1/2 hour, then add 1 1/2 gallons warm water, and boil 15 minutes longer, or until it gets like thick syrup. This will make a big dish pan of soap.

Home of Mr. and Mrs. Jim Sage- 1910.

A gathering at the Jim Rankin home.

Viewfield

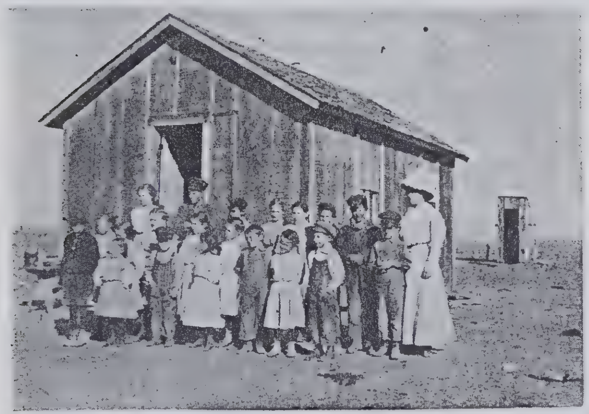
VIEWFIELD

by E. H. McPherson

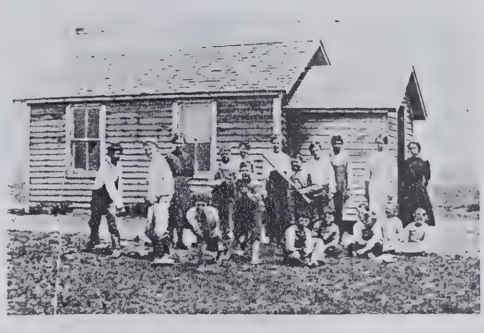
Frank Sands and O. T. Sevareid started the Viewfield Post Office about 1885. It was located one mile north of its present location, but on the west side of the road.

In 1891 or 1892, B. N. Oliver moved it to his place about half a mile north of the present location. The next move was north about a fourth mile and on the west side of the road to the M. L. Bowen place. Next it moved half a mile north and one mile east to Pratt's place, then back to Bowen's again. Next Allen Bridgeman moved it to its present location and the following people were postmasters: Allen Bridgeman, Mrs. Albert Sparks, Delbert Stinson, Walter Weiser, Rose Tye, and Blanch Gossard.

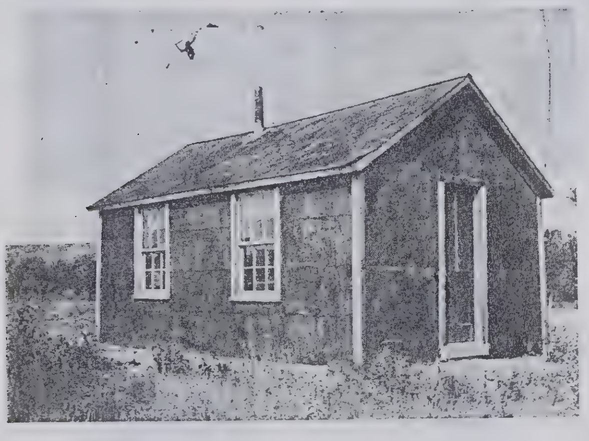
Rev. Griffith is the present postmaster, in 1964. The present location is nine miles north of New Underwood, S. Dak.



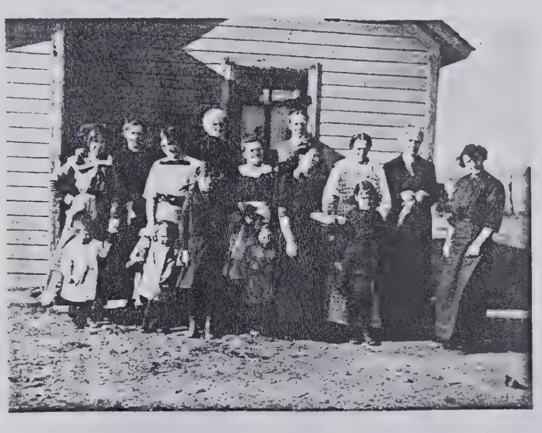
Lodge School - 1910



Lodge School - 1915



Little Red Schoolhouse, South side of the river, Straight east of Irving Walthalls, Sunday School was held until 1923.



1913 BACK ROW: Mrs. Mike Olson, Mrs. Pountain, Mrs. McNenny, and Mrs. Hayes. FRONT ROW: Mrs. Wm. Behrend, Mrs. Vern McCollum, Mrs. F. E. Sloan, Miss Jennie Bednar, Mrs. A. O. Henry and Chris Johnson.

EUGENE H. McPHERSON

I was 83 years old last Jan. 16th. I was born on my father's Hereford Farm in Iowa. My father, George B. McPherson brought the first Hereford cattle west of the Missouri River to the Black Hills in 1883. He shipped them to Pierre which was the end of the railroad at that time. He ferried them across the river on the ferry boat called the "Jim Leighton" and drove them out over the Pierre and Deadwood trail. Then in 1885 he shipped a bunch into Buffalo Gap and drove them up the rest of the way. I might say here, the railroad known at that time as the Fremont Elkhorn and Missouri Valley was in the process of building this way, doing all their grading with horses and mules which was a slow process compared with the present day methods. They later sold out to the present Chicago and North Western Railroad Company.

I was 10 years old when I came to S. Dak. in 1890. We unloaded some stock in Tilford and drove them to the ranch. That fall when the weather got cold some of the older cows went back to the stockyards at Tilford.

My father located on Alkali Creek before that vicinity was surveyed. He lived there nine years on a squatter's right, whatever that meant, then filed on a homestead and held that seven years before making final proof.

He was influential in getting Hereford post office established in the early nineties, and I was the first mail carrier on the Hereford route. I only carried it a short time until a four year contract was let. I carried it on horseback, had a leather bag to go on the back of my saddle and straps to buckle into the back latigo rings.

The Hereford post office patrons covered a large territory as the country was very thinly settled. Julius Julfs, better known as "Jim Jolts" had a horse ranch on Elk Creek, known as the Diamond S. A lot of horses with this brand ran in the breaks south of Hereford. Then he moved and located out in the Elm Creek country, about thirty miles north of Hereford. His old horse ranch is now part of the Wahl ranch. He got his mail at Hereford, and the only ranch between his and Hereford was the Cross S on the Belle Fourche River.

Bert and Edith McPherson

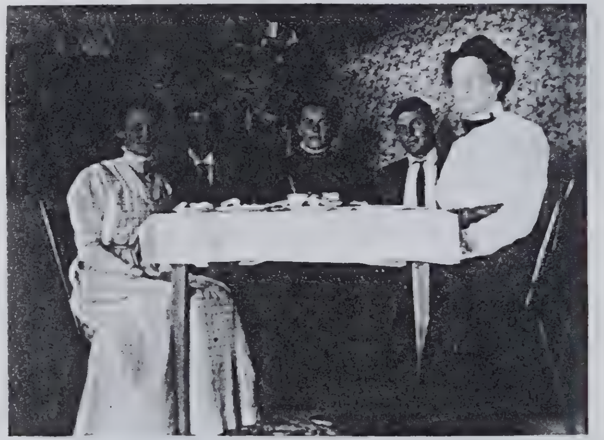
BERT McPHERSON
by Margaret McPherson

My father came to S. Dak. in 1890. His father brought the first Hereford cattle there, west of the Missouri. They unloaded the cattle at Tilford and drove them to the ranch on Alkali Creek. He was engaged in raising purebred Herefords all his life.

In 1900 he homesteaded, and during this time he and two other men were caught in a flash flood and had to spend the night in a very small tree. The next morning, when they were able to leave it, they marveled that it had been strong enough to hold them all.

In 1909, my mother, Edith Lang with two young women friends, Ada Hutchins, and Anna Manson, and George Hutchins, brother of Ada, all homesteaded near my father's place and those of Charlie and Gene McPherson. The three young ladies were called the "Gumbo Lilies" and from pictures taken at that time, it would appear that they had many good times.

In 1911, my father and mother were married in Lead, S. Dak. and went to the ranch now owned by Earl McPherson to make their home.



Ada Hutchins, Ben Flathers, Anna Manson, Bert McPherson and Edith Lang.

CHARLIE McPHERSON
By George McPherson

Charlie McPherson came to South Dakota in partnership with his father, locating on Alkali Creek east of Sturgis.

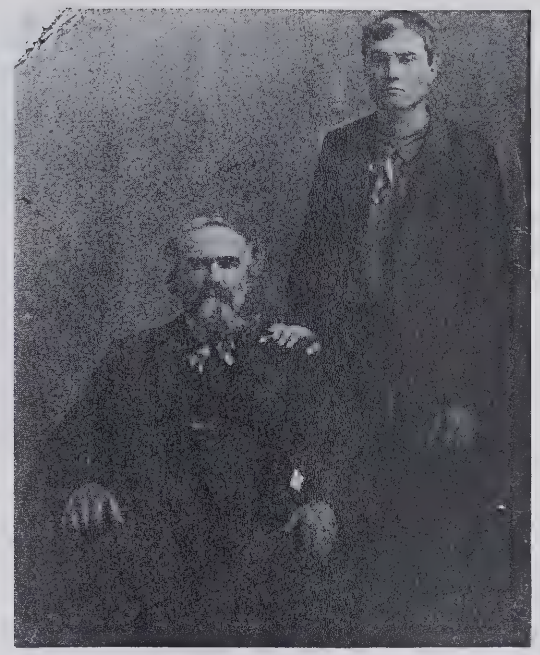
Bringing with them their registered Percheron horses, Shetland ponies, and registered Hereford cattle. This was the first straight herd of white face cattle west of the river in S. D. and many old timers said the first in the state.

His father died in 1907 and Charlie carried on in the same business on Alkali Creek till the time of his death Nov. 11, 1946 at the age of 73 years.

Family of Charles McPherson

Edith Lang holding rope, Ethel McPherson on horse and "Gumbo Lily" friends, Ada and Anna.

Tine Wollen, Bert McPherson, Ben Flathers, Ada Hutchins, Edith Lang, Anna Manson.



Benjamin Oliver and son John

BENJAMIN J. OLIVER

by Edith Chaffee

Benjamin J. Oliver, born in 1840 (known to many as "Uncle Ben Oliver") and his wife Debra Hickman came to Viewfield in 1884. They ran a store and a road house (sleeping quarters for travelers) there for many years.

In his latter years he served on the State Legislature in Pierre. Their family included: John, Albert, Harlow, Bert, Clarence, and Arthur Oliver, and Mrs. Lois Judson. Clarence, the only living member of the family now lives in Yakima, Washington.

JOHN AND MAGGIE OLIVER

by Edith Chaffee

John B. Oliver was born in Waupaco County, Wisc. in 1862. He came with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin J. Oliver to Yankton, S. D. when he was seven years old. In 1883 he came to Pierre and hired out to a freighting company, driving a 10 yoke (20 oxen) team from Pierre to Deadwood. It sometimes took as long as three months to make the trip. He helped bring the first gold stamp mills into Deadwood. On one occasion while in Fort Pierre, he saw Chief Sitting Bull and he also saw the hanging of a Negro at Hangman's Tree in Sturgis.

He worked during roundup days for Cross S, the Flying V, and the HV cattle outfits.

In 1897 he was married to Maggie Josephine Elliot, who was born in Deadwood in 1878, and was the third white girl born in Deadwood. Her

John and Maggie Oliver

parents, the Joseph Elliots, moved to a homestead southeast of Bear Butte when Maggie was 2 years old. She attended school in Sturgis and later the Spearfish Normal, being one of the first students to attend that school. She remembered during the 80's the burning of Bear Butte after Indians had camped there for the night. It was covered with timber at the time and burned for days.

In 1896 and 1897 she taught the Lost Nation School at Viewfield, S. D. The school had previously been an old saloon and a billiard table served as her desk.

After John and Maggie were married, they homesteaded north of Square Top Three Hill (southeast of Hereford) on the Belle Fourche River. To this marriage 10 children were born, all of whom are still living at this writing. They include Roy, Earl, Ben, Kenneth, Gladys, Birney, and Howard Oliver, Mrs. Alice Kulesza, Mrs. Doris Fortin, and Mrs. Edith Chaffee.

The Olivers first built a log house but as the family grew, additional rooms were added on. There were lots of hardships; there never being a doctor in the house until the last child was born. Mrs. Tarrant and Mrs. Wright were her nurses.

Indians would stop at the Olivers wanting to trade articles for bread, butter, etc. In one instance they piled dirt in the shape of butter so Maggie would understand what they wanted.

The settlers had dances in their log cabins for entertainment. They seldom went to town for supplies but about twice a year, with a team and wagon, which usually took several days. 1911 was one of the driest years and there were just small puddles of water in the river. At night they could hear wagon wheels crossing the rocks in the river, settlers leaving, taking with them maybe a cow, horse, and some chickens.

In 1926 John and Maggie moved to New Underwood and he carried mail from New Underwood to Elm Springs for several years. They moved to Sturgis in 1942 where he passed away in 1946 and she in 1962. (both 84 years old).

Edward and Anna Nelson in 1910.

HOMESTEAD DAYS OF EDWARD NELSON
by Ethel (Nelson) Reichert

My dad, Edward Nelson, was born May 5, 1872 in Selvesburg, Sweden. When he was 14 years old he came with his mother and 12 year old brother to Boston, Massachusetts. From there they traveled to Kansas, where they lived for several years. He then traveled a lot and worked in various jobs from mining to ranching.

He was working in Lead, S. D., when he met and married Anna Johnson in 1905. Anna Johnson was also born near Stockholm, Sweden, May 4, 1887, and came to Lead, S. D., in 1900. All emigrants had to take first communion in the Lutheran Church, which was the church of Sweden at that time, before they were allowed to leave the country.

After their marriage they lived in Lead for awhile and then moved to Sturgis where he ran a business until 1915 at which time they filed on a homestead twenty-eight miles east of Sturgis, about one mile from the Belle Fourche River.

By then there were four children, Leona-nine, Florence-seven, Fred-four, and myself-two years old. Also two nephews and a niece, whose parents died at an early age and my parents took them to raise. They were Carl-fifteen, Fred-twelve, and

Melons raised from Gurney seeds in 1925 by Ed Nelson.

Ellen Boquist-eight years old.

We lived with a neighbor, Joe Olson, while my dad built a house with three large rooms where we lived quite comfortably. Several years later four more rooms and a large screened porch were added and water was piped from a spring nearby into the house.

I don't remember too much of the earliest days of the homestead but I do remember we always had plenty to eat: as we had a large garden and raised chickens, pigs, and cattle. My mother canned vegetables, fruits, and meat.

Two more children came to bless the home. John in 1917, and Edna in 1919.

In 1919 all the family except Dad, cousin Ellen, and my baby sister, Edna were seriously ill with the flu. I was six years old and I can remember clearly how ill and worried everyone was but by spring we were all well and happy again.

Several years after we took our homestead, a neighbor filed over our land and thought he could get us to move so he could have it, but in court Dad won. I can remember Dad saying that the only good that came of it, was it took several years longer to prove up and we didn't have to pay taxes until we proved up so he really saved us money. My dad spent many a sleepless night worrying about it, although it did turn out all right.

During the twenties we raised about five acres of watermelons and muskmelons. Maybe I'm partial, but I've never tasted as good a watermelon as those we raised in the sandy soil along the Belle Fourche River. We all looked forward to the harvest because people came to buy watermelons and muskmelons from all the neighboring community. A picture of Dad with the truck load of melons was taken about 1925, and was in the Gurney Seed Catalog also the Rapid City Journal with a story headed "Ed Nelson the Watermelon King" as he sold melons in Rapid City and other Black Hills towns.

The first few years the older children attended school at the McPherson Schoolhouse over three miles away. Then a school was built about one fourth mile from our house. Due to a shortage of teachers there were some years we just had three or four months of school. In my second year of school we didn't get a teacher until so late in the year, that we had school until the Fourth of July.

There were hard times during the homestead days, but everyone visited, helped one another, and seemed real happy and content with what they had.

My mother passed away in 1934 and my dad in 1940. My brother, Fred and family lived on the old homestead for several years, but it, along with other land is now owned by my brother, John.

FRED WESGATE

by John Reichert

An old log house partly fallen down, still stands in John and Hugh Reichert's sheep pasture on Haydraw Creek. It was at one time the ranch home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wesgate and daughter, Freda. They homesteaded there sometime between 1903 and 1906 and built up a very nice set of buildings and corrals for that time. All of the lumber had to be hauled from the Black Hills with horses.

When they first homesteaded, they ran a large band of sheep until about 1908, when all of the adjoining land was taken up by the homesteaders. Then they sold their sheep and went into cattle and built up a good herd of Hereford cows.

They had one of the first cars in this vicinity. I can remember one was an Apperson Jackrabbit. They had it just a short time, and one morning we saw a big black smoke from our place and my dad and I rode over there. The car and garage had both burned.

That summer or fall, he and Joe Burton went to Sioux City, if I remember right, and each purchased a new 7 passenger Apperson touring car. They cost about $1600.00 each. That same year, 1916, my dad, George Reichert, bought his first car, a black Ford touring car and the price was $402.00 delivered to the ranch. Then he had to learn to drive it.

In about 1918, Fred was elected Sheriff of Meade County, which office he held for two terms. They had various hired men on the ranch while he was sheriff, as they were not very satisfactory. They finally sold out. Shortly afterwards, Fred passed away in Sturgis. His wife was Clerk of Courts of Meade County for many years, now-Mrs. Christine Nichols. She lives in Hot Springs, S. Dak.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Walthall Jan. 21, 1912.

IRVING FRANCIS WALTHALL

by Delma Walthall Ness

Irving Walthall was born Sept. 23, 1891, at Segwick near Highmore, S. Dak. to Ada and Levi Walthall. He was the eldest of twelve children.

Later in 1891, Irving and his parents came west to the Black Hill settling near Nemo. Later moving to Black Hawk where Levi worked on the railroad.

In 1893 the family moved to Elk Creek Canyon west of Piedmont where Irving's father ran a lime kiln. Later that year the family moved to Moshoun farm on Elk Creek east of Piedmont.

The spring of 1900 the family moved to a homestead on the Belle Fourche River north of New Underwood. The children attended school in a shack on the Edgar Pratt place two miles up the river west of the homestead.

Irving Walthall worked for three years at the Farlow sheep ranch about five miles south of the homestead. The next two years he worked at the Verplais horse ranch south of Hereford, S. Dak. He next worked for Freeman Lewis caring for cattle the year around for four years. He rode on the roundup from 1902 until 1906.

Irving filed on a homestead in 1908 and moved on it in 1909. In July of 1910 he took the mail carrier job. He carried mail by horse and buggy and by saddle horse from Viewfield to Jonesville cross-country. During high water times he used a cable-car he built himself across the Belle Fourche River by fastening cable to trees on each side of the river and Irving with the mail, his saddle and bridle would ride the cable car back and forth.

On January 21, 1912, Irving Walthall married Viva Bennett, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Bennett who homesteaded two miles east on the north side of the river in 1909. In the fall of 1912 Bennetts moved back to Parkston renting their land to Irving, later selling the land to him.

Irving Walthall bought a model T Ford in 1917 to use carrying the mail. He forded the river when he could, otherwise he'd use his saddlehorse and cable car to cross the river. When the mail route was relet in 1918, the post office was moved on to the Ray Godfrey home on Haydraw Flat making the route ten miles longer.

During his twelve years as mail carrier, Irving never missed a trip for a blizzard. During this time the Viewfield Post Office had also moved from Martin Bowen's to Joe Pratt's which was two and a half miles northeast. Later it moved about four miles farther south and a little west to the Allen Bridgeman home.

In 1922 Irving quit as mail carrier, the route was too long for him to make anything. He settled down to ranching and farming. He raised cattle and horses. Irving owned a registered Percheron stallion he loaned out to his neighbors for a small fee only if they received colts.

From December 1912 to Feb. 1926 six girls were born to Irving and Viva. They are Ruby Miner of Elm Springs, Irvina Hellekson of Faith, Delma Ness of Viewfield, Naida Sherwin of Northridge, Calif., Vera Kendzora of Des Moines, Iowa and Vena Asheim of Rapid City, S. Dak.

In 1925 Irving Walthall gave a piece of land for a school for his girls and his brothers children, who had been riding five miles horseback to the North Star School. This new school was named Walthall School.

The spring of 1938, Irving installed an irrigation system in the Belle Fourche River. For two years he irrigated the flat by the river raising alfalfa and a large garden. The pump went down the river with the ice and high water the spring of 1940.

In 1945 Irving got another irrigation pump, and put all of the river bottom into alfalfa. In 1926 a new addition was built to the claim shack joined on the south with a full basement.

Irving Walthall didn't get to finish the eighth grade so he wanted all his girls to have a high school education and attend the college of their choosing.

In 1922 Irving built a large barn and piped water from a spring on the hill to both the house and barn.

Irving retired April of 1955 due to poor health to a home in North Rapid where he resided until his death October 18, 1963.

He had sold his ranch which had grown from 160 acres to 5000 acres in 1960.

Mr. and Mrs. Rankin on their golden anniversary with Grace Haley and Ernest Walstrom.

PIONEER DAYS

by Goldie Rankin

We came from Ill. to S. Dak. in 1906. We had two girls then, the oldest girl, Hazel, was two years, and Marie was 2 months. The first year we lived four miles from Springfield; and in 1907, two miles from Tyndall. In 1908, we came to western S. Dak. and took claims. My father and mother Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Baker, and my brothers, Floyd and Clifford, and sister Rea all took claims. My brother Roy, took up a delinquent claim. My folks took their claim west of West Elm Creek near our claim, which was one mile east of the Jonesville post office.

The store and post office was owned and operated by Mr. and Mrs. Augustas Jones. The little store was first in the log house, then later they built a larger house and a dance hall. I clerked in the store and helped with lunches for the dances.

Grandma Culbertson and son, Nelse lived about 2 miles west of us. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Faukner lived about 3 miles east of us on East Elm Creek. William and Rudy Phillips, Ida Bushard, Otto Beranks, Frank Oberschied, Mr. and Mrs. Thornhill, John, Gus, Emma, and George Derby, Charles Grays, Herb Smith, Jim, Joe, and Bart McCormick were all early homesteaders coming about this time and settling near us. After Grandma Culbertson's death, Charley Hortons moved on their place. At one time, we could stand out in our yard and count sixty some homestead shacks.

In the fall of 1910, Jim, I, and our 3 little girls, Hazel, Marie, and Edith, moved to the hills, as we hadn't raised anything and to put the two oldest girls in school. We lived at Tilford, S. Dak. and Jim was working at the lime kiln, and I washed and ironed for most of the boys that worked there.

In the spring of 1912, my brother Floyd and one of our neighbors, Frank Wagner, came after the girls and me with 2 wagons to move us home, as Jim stayed on to work there. We started home, but toward evening it started to snow and the wind was terrible. It kept getting worse, and when it got dark we could see lights on aways farther, but didn't dare to try and drive to any of them, as it was such a rough country. We were in a pasture west of Hereford and west of what used to be the Antelope dance hall. It got so bad, we finally decided to stop there. We unhitched the 2 teams and tied them to the wagons and pinned blankets around the wagons, but the wind was so bad it didn't do too much good. We took our nights lodging under our wagons, and I never did expect to live through the night. When day light came, our neighbor said he would go and try to find out where we were. It had quit snowing, but the wind was terrible. When he came back, he said we were only a little way from the Antelope dance hall. They hitched up our horses, but they were so cold they wouldn't even tighten a tug, just lunged in the air. We finally got them started and got to the hall where we stayed all that day and night. We had plenty to eat with us, and of course, our bedding. The next morning was so bright and nice, we drove on home.

Our two oldest girls went to school to Bernice Kern, who taught school in her sod house about 2 and 1/2 miles from our place. Then I rode horse back and got enough signers to organize a new school. It was called the North Star School, and all of our 7 children made the 7th grade here.

We made many trips to Rapid City with a team and buggy or wagon in the year of 1910. There were 40 acres of isolated land that bordered our homestead, and it was up for sale. It had to start at $1.25 per acre. We drove in to bid on it. We bid $1.25 per acre, and no one bid against us so we got it.

Jim and I took a load of wheat to Rapid City in 1915. We forded the Belle Fourche River going

James Rankin's tenth anniversary, March 11, 1913.

in, and when we came home the river was up so we stayed with Frank Wurnigs. We had to leave our team there for four days before the river got low enough to get them across. The second day we came across on a cable boat.

In 1916 Jim was binding grain near home, when he was struck by lightning and knocked off from the separator. His hat was full of holes, his face burned, his underwear scorched, and the crystal on his watch was in fine pieces. He was unconscious for 4 days. The neighbors were so good to us, they took turns sitting up nights. Wm. Phillips, John Stukey, and others kept coming to help.

In 1914, I hauled a load of lumber from Hammonds sawmill, 6 miles west of Sturgis, for Mattie and Emma Tulbert. Coming home the second day, we got stuck coming up the West Elm Creek hill. It was after night, so we had to stay there the rest of the night. We were afraid to sleep on the ground because of rattlesnakes. The next morning about daybreak one of their neighbors came by on his way to town and hitched his team on and helped pull us up the hill.

When Edith was small, I saw a rattlesnake crawling around a window in our sod kitchen. We called Elmer Wilson, who lived a short ways from our house to come and kill it.

Jim worked in N. Dak. in the early years we were here, tending separator. One time when he was coming home he went into a ditch, and his Ford upset on him. He was pinned under it, but he had a bird dog with him that attracted the attention of some people going by, and they took the car off him.

One time in the 30's, my girls and I started to my folk's place to be with my mother on her birthday. They lived west of West Elm Creek. The creek had been awfully high, and the bank was so slick on the other side we got both of our horses down. So Marie rode one of them back on this side and hitched them to the back of the wagon and pulled it out of the creek.

In 1949, our son, Orville, was the mail carrier on the Viewfield route. We were completely snowbound for several days. Richard Kuleza had an airplane, so he and Orville carried the mail by plane and dropped it at the homes; also food if they found out who needed it.

We had two boys in the service. Orville was in the army and was wounded in Italy. Clifford was in the navy for 8 years.

We had our ups and downs while proving up on our claims, but we never went hungry. We enjoyed it a lot, and I am sure we visited more in those years than we do now.

Edith, Ernest, Clifford and Herbert were born on the homestead. We celebrated our 60th wedding anniversary on the 11th of March, 1963.

HENRY B. HUDSON, PIONEER COWBOY AND RANCHER

by Miles Hudson & Mrs. Allen Shoun

Henry Hudson was born June 1, 1871 to W. D. and Lucina Hudson at Sand Hills, Missouri. His father was a carpenter and farmer. In 1883 when Henry was 12 years old, he and his parents and brother, Charlie came by ox team and covered wagon from Sandhill, Missouri to the Black Hills. It fell to Henry and Charlie to look after the livestock on the way. He rode horseback part of the way with only a blanket for a saddle. After crossing the Platte River many of their cattle died from Texas fever.

They settled on French Creek between Fairburn and Hermosa. They arrived in the fall of the year and while the log home was being built, Henry and Charlie had for their bedroom an up turned wagon box.

His first years in S. Dak. he helped haul logs out of the hills. They had no overshoes, so they wrapped their feet in paper and gunny sacks to keep them warm.

When he was eighteen years old he went to work for Fred Holcomb. The Holcomb place was about 6 or 7 miles west of New Underwood or the place where Harold Cox lives now.

In 1890 Henry was working for the U. S. Government, hauling supplies and mail for the army. He and Johnny Underwood, whom the town of New Underwood was named for, were with the supply train and so near the Battle of the Wounded Knee that they could hear the shots.

Later he worked for Gene Holcomb who owned the H. O. ranch on the Belle Fourche River where the Floyd Mooney ranch now is.

At F. Holcomb's ranch, Manuel Coy was the foreman. In the winter of 1892 he camped in a dugout at the mouth of Beaver Dam near where Opal is now, looking after a herd of horses. In the spring of 1893 they took the horses to Ft. Pierre.

He then hired out to George Mathieson. Later he worked for Scotty Phillips and Lewis La Plante. They sent him to Orin Junction, Wyo. to receive a shipment of southern cattle. He and his helpers waited for a month before the cattle arrived. Many of the cattle were poor and weak. It took a long time to reach the ranch near Dupree. Then in late November when they were gathering them they were caught in a Thanksgiving blizzard. Henry and the crew spent 2 days and nights in a tent. They put some of their saddle horses in a washout and covered them with tarps. They had to cut grass for them.

After the winter of 1896 and '97, out of more than 3,000 head of southern cattle only 365 were gathered in the spring. In the spring of 1897, La Plante again sent him to Orin Junction to gather up strays and weaklings they lost and left along the way. He had to leave the reservation because there was a law that no white help could work there.

He and Fred Holcomb went to Rapid City and bought a bunch of cattle and brought them to Plum Creek and started what was later known as the Hudson ranch. He still worked out some. In 1901 he worked for what was known as the 73 outfit on Bad River near Powell.

Regarding the 1902 roundup, Anton Fischer of Fort Pierre, said that next to the largest order the Fischer Bros. sold during those years was sold to Henry Hudson to feed the men on the roundup. In this order was five two-bushel sacks of beans and they lasted two weeks.

Henry married Mae Litteer on February 14, 1901 in Fort Pierre. She had come out here from Iowa to visit her aunts. To this union five children were born, Gaylord, who ranches near Midland, Miles who ranches and farms near Hereford, Phillip who owns a saddle shop in Ft. Pierre, Maxine who lives in Iowa, and Pauline who with her husband Allen Shoun ranches near Viewfield.

Henry was appointed head foreman of the 1902 roundup. After the roundup he spent time at the Sword and Dagger with head quarters on Cherry Creek as foreman. When he quit the Sword and Dagger in 1906 Ernest Edison took his place as foreman.

In 1930 Henry sold out on Plum Creek and moved near Viewfield where he passed away on February 16, 1945. He is buried at Underwood, S. Dak. Our mother Mrs. Mae Spurling resides at the home of her daughter Mrs. Allen Shoun.

ROBERT A. SHOUN

by Mrs. Allen Shoun

The name of Shoun has been known in western S. Dak. since 1875 when V. P. Shoun and S. S. Shoun came to the Black Hills from Tennessee. V. P. Shoun helped to organize the town of Deadwood, later he established a ranch at Viewfield. He had a trading post and the first post office at Viewfield, that would have been in about 1885.

Several other Shoun's and families from Johnson County came to S. Dakota about this time and one was his nephew, Robert A. Shoun. He did not stay too long but came back in 1895 and went in partnership, ranching with V.P.

In about 1901 he filed on a claim on the Belle Fourche River where he raised cattle and horses. During this time he met Clara Sparks, a school teacher, who was teaching then what is known now as the Shoun School. Her folks had migrated here in covered wagon from Canada. They were married in 1902. Three children were born to this union, Allen and Carl of Viewfield and Cora Moeller of Sturgis.

Lumber was hard to get in those days, so he bought a church on Spring Creek near Fairburn which my grandfather, W. D. Hudson had built in the latter part of the 1800's. Allen's dad tore the church down and hauled the lumber to the point on the Belle Fourche River where we lived till 1956. The house had three rooms and an attic. The frame work is all two by sixes and they used square nails. Maybe some people who have been in the house might wonder why the big double door, two sets of them, well those were the ones from the church. Later on three more rooms and a porch were built on.

In early days their place was known as Shoun's crossing. Many people crossed the river here traveling from the north to Rapid City with freight and bringing back groceries. There was a ferry run by a cable which hauled people across the river. This ferry was run by Eli Miller. Their home was a stopping place for many homesteaders and travelers, until Huddleston and Pratt bridges were built in 1920.

One night so many people were stranded there from high water, rain and gumbo, that there were 17 to sleep in one room, only two beds. How they slept no one will ever know. As many as 40 have been stranded there at one time.

Another time the river was so high a team was kept hitched to the buggy and tied to the porch for fear the water would get up to the house, but it didn't and never has.

His mother passed away in 1913 when Carl was a baby. Allen and Cora stayed with their dad, but Carl was with a lady in Sturgis who took care of him until about 1915, when he came home to be with the family.

Bob Shoun was remarried in 1916 to Belle Gibson who had been a court reporter to Judge Rice in Deadwood. She had come to Deadwood from Chicago.

Through the years he had always had horses and cattle. His hobby was raising bees, at one time he had 40 hives. Honey sold for $1.10 for a gallon pail. Through the dry years all his bees died.

Belle Shoun passed away in the fall of 1930. He passed away in May of 1938 at the age of 77.

V. P. SHOUN

From a newspaper clipping.

Vest P. Shoun was born July 18, 1837 in Jonnson County, Tenn.

In 1857 he, along with a group of mining men got an outfit together at Springfield, Mo. to cross the plains to California. They were well equipped for the journey and had 900 cattle with them. The trip consumed 9 months. After spending some time in the western states, he came back to Iowa.

In September of 1875 he organized an expedition to the Black Hills. He was one of the first men at Deadwood and helped to organize the town, locating on a claim. He opened mines and got them running and then sold his interest.

Being an expert marksman he passed the winter of 1875-76 hunting deer, clearing $1,000 on the meat and having 320 hides to sell in the spring. He then spent some time freighting.

In 1879 he located on his present ranch on Elk Creek about 35 miles from Rapid City on the old Pierre and Deadwood freight trail.

V. P. Shoun passed away on April 14, 1924.

Mr. and Mrs. Lucius Judson wedding picture in 1881.

THE PIONEER LIFE OF LUCIUS AND MARY JUDSON

by Mrs. Frank Arney

Lucius B. Judson was born in Ohio in 1851. When he was 20, he moved with his parents to the Dakota Territory settling near where Centerville is now located.

Mary Jane (Herlocker) Judson was born in Wisconsin in 1861. Her parents moved to the Dakota Territory when she was seven years old. They also settled near the present site of Centerville. Thus the two families became acquainted.

In the year 1877, Lucius came west and for a number of years he freighted between Pierre and Deadwood with ox team. There was a lot of hardship in freighting as well as a lot of fun.

They never knew when Indians would bother them. The Indians would always come up behind them, but it was not long before the Indians knew their outfit and found out they were their friends and would not bother them.

There was no Rapid City when Mr. Judson first started freighting to the Black Hills.

Mary and Lucius were married in 1881. They and four other families, the Whites, Olivers, Youngs, and McDaniels came west in 1884, and took land by squatter's rights on Elk Creek. Later when it became a state, Lucius filed on it. They had to go to Rapid City for mail so did not have it very often. Viewfield Post Office was started later.

The Judson family about 1900.

They were living on Elk Creek at the time of the Messiah Craze and the Battle of Wounded Knee. All the able-bodied men were called to go fight. The women, children and old men were left at home. Mrs. Judson and Mrs. White and family stayed together with Judson's father. They would walk back and forth between the two places to take care of things. Mr. Judson's father would go ahead with a shot gun over his shoulder. Mrs. Judson wondered what they would have done had they met a tribe of Indians.

They had built a little log cabin, just one room, which they lived in for several years. They then had a frame house which was built by Mr. Culbertson, the father of the famous Pete Culbertson.

School was held in different old houses until in the early 1900's when the Red Top School was built. The school term was three months in the fall and three months in the spring.

Sunday school and church were never neglected. Missionary ministers came and held Sunday school and church in the different homes. Many times it was held in their home, setting out what little furniture they had, and filling the room with planks to sit on. People came from several miles around. So often groups would gather in their home on Sunday evenings and sing hymns until midnight.

After schools were built, church was held in the "Lost Nation" school house four miles north of them. The Viewfield Church was built in 1908.

The Judsons lived on the same place until 1907, when Elk Creek came up into the house. Lucius was awakened at 3:00 A.M. by something that sounded like wind. When he looked through the window the trees were not moving and with a closer look we saw a wall of water ten or twelve feet high coming down the creek. Before they could get out, the water was in the house. It was quite an experience. The bridge could not be seen and all at once it raised up and went down the creek. The pigs, chickens and other livestock were swimming around. Some got out, some did not. None of the buildings moved. It had not rained at the Judson place at all.

The Judson family stayed at a brothers, Billie Judson's until they were able to cross the creek. The Judson family then moved to the George White's place. The house was farther from the creek so the water had not come up to it. Lucius bought it later which was their home.

During the dry years of 1910 and 1911, there were many prairie fires. One of the largest was two miles wide and about sixty miles long. This one could be seen for many, many miles.

The Judsons went through many hardships together, but with a strong faith and trust in the Lord, they would have had it no other way.

Lucius B. Judson died August 16, 1925, and Mary Jane Judson died July 6, 1926. There were eight children in the family. Seven were born on Elk Creek. No doctor was in the house until the birth of the eighth. Fred D. the oldest died in 1918. Ethel (Mrs. Blake Crowser--died 1951.) Margaret (Mrs. Alvin Moreland) lives near Red Owl. Kathyrn (Mrs. Walter Miller) lives on Elk Creek. Lucius B. lives on the home place. Elizabeth (Mrs. Frank Arney) lives in New Underwood. Ray F. lives in Rapid City. Ralph the youngest passed away in 1924.

THE A. B. (BERT) HUGLIN FAMILY

by Bernice (Huglin) Shrader

March of 1909 found the Huglin family getting ready to move to Meade County, S. Dak., where our homestead had been filed on the year before, and a small granary was built. We lived in this granary while the sod house was being built, that was to be our home.

We moved here from Knox County Nebraska, about eighteen miles south of Yankton, S. Dak.

We brought our belongings in two immigrant cars. A neighbor, Jim Sage who homesteaded one mile south of us, also came at that time with an immigrant car. The men came in the immigrant cars and the two women and the four children, Hazel Sage, 7 years old, my sister, Stella, 6 years, my brother, Earl, 7 years, and I was 9 years old. My father brought eight head of horses and mules including we children's two shetland ponies. That summer we lived in the granary and built our 20 by 24 feet, sod house, that we lived in for many years.

When we got here, there were already several homesteaders in the country. The Thompson brothers, and the Beraneks about one mile west and the Faulkners about one half mile east. We got our mail at Jonesville, about four miles west. This store and post office was started by Gussie Jones, and through the years it was moved and operated by several different people. We had the store and post office at one time. During this time we purchased a lot of eggs from the local people. One day my father was going to town for a load of supplies. He loaded the wagon with wheat and had the entire top of the wagon covered with cases of eggs to take to town. Papa always had a bronc or two. This time he had two broncs in his string of six. Going up the Belle Fourche River hill where the road was real narrow, one of the broncs got scared and crowded the rest and the wagon over a bank, where the wagon upset. You can imagine the mess papa found himself in.

1911 was the dryest year I ever saw. We did not raise any feed for the livestock, or anything to sell or live on. We moved over by Viewfield on the Brakken ranch, where they had raised some crops. Mama and we children stayed there and took care of the livestock, and papa took a four horse team and went down in Tripp County and did freighting to earn a living for the family and cash enough to start farming again the next year. There was no school near the homestead and we children could go to school in the Viewfield area, where schools were already established. That fall in November we had one of the worst blizzards I can remember. It lasted three days. We had the stock in the barn and could not get to them to feed and water them until the third day. As I remember we lost no stock, but did lose some of the chickens. In the spring when school was out we all moved back to the homestead.

Two sisters were born at the homestead. Aileen in 1910, and Carol in 1921. My brother Earl died in January 1921 as a result of the influenza epidemic of 1918 and 1919. Sister Stella died in Arkansas in 1938. Papa died in 1956. Aileen (Huglin) Goodwin lives in Spearfish, Carol (Huglin) Cathey lives in Denver, Colorado, Mama lives in Spearfish, and I live in Rapid City, S. Dak.

Ida Boshart (Phillips), Aaron and Edward in 1909.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS

By Adelaide H. Speed

Material by William Phillips

William Phillips was born at Long Pine, Nebraska, in the year 1888. In May 1909 Mr. Phillips filed on a homestead two miles east of Jonesville post office. This post office was discontinued in the years 1924 or 1925.

Mr. Phillips recalls that as a child his parents made many moves, his father being a railroad man.

In the year 1891 his parents were living close to the town of what is now Casper, Wyoming where they boarded a crew that ran the first oil rig. This was in what is now known as the large oil fields of Wyoming. This rig was a coal burning tractor that propelled itself, but needed a team of horses to do the steering.

Mr. Phillips also recalls that as a young child, his parents were living in a railroad section house near what is now the town of Newcastle, Wyoming. Indians came to the house and peered in all the windows. In fright, his mother grabbed him in her arms and fled out a back entrance, running up the railroad tracks, hoping to make it to where his father, and the other men were working. When the men noticed in the far distance a woman on the tracks they knew immediately she was in danger, and came to meet her.

Mr. Phillips remembers while he and his mother were running up this railroad track of seeing 15 or 20 big buffalo some 20 rods from the tracks. The buffalo were rolling and grunting, trying to keep the flies off, and when he asked his mother, "what are they doing', she answered in a frightened voice, "I think they are on the warpath."

By the time the men picked him and his mother up and returned to the section house the Indians were gone and so was all the food.

William married Ida Boshart in the year 1915. Ida was also a homesteader, having her claim shanty three miles north of where Mr. Phillips was homesteading. To this union were born four children. They are: Maxine, Ronald, Roy, and Howard.

The Phillips recall many good times among the homesteaders, and were fortunate in 1916 to have one of the first cars in their community.

Mr. Phillips states that Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Rankin were one of the closest homestead neighbors, and were one of the earliest settlers. The Rankins still live on their homestead site and are able to carry on with the farm and ranch duties.

In 1953 the sons of Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, Roy and Ronald, bought the herd of buffalo from the Talley estate. Mr. Phillips states he has no interest in the buffalo, but takes great pride in the herd, and often entertained the hunters and spectators in their home.

Roy has now bought our Ronald's interest and is sole owner of the buffalo herd.

Since homestead days, Mr. Phillips and his sons have greatly increased the size of the ranch. In 1959 his son Ronald moved to Nev. and now Mr. Phillips and Roy operate the ranch, and along with the buffalo, have a well stocked cattle ranch.

Mr. Phillips served one term as County Commissioner, and was instrumental in bringing about the building of the Pratt bridge in 1920.

Mr. and Mrs. Phillips have traveled extensively, having been in all the states but seven, and have appeared on television shows and spoke on the radio. In the fall of 1959, Mr. and Mrs. Phillips made a trip with the "First Captain Glenn Hawaiian Tour." Mr. Phillips presented the Governor of Hawaii with a twenty-four pound buffalo roast.

Where The Buffalo Roam...

Grazing Buffalo calmly go about their business in South Dakota, while in the background, a Minuteman ICBM transporter-erector emplaces a missile at Wing II. The herds are found throughout the Dakotas.

Mr. and Mrs. William Phillips-1916.

Mr. and Mrs. Lucius Judson and Ralph in 1908.

Bert McPherson, Tine Wollen and Audley Miller, others unknown.

Friends at Edith Langs

A masquerade!!!

Ora B. Wright, teacher in 1914. Amelia Grebner, Ora Wright, Marian Lodge, Grace Henry, La Rue Olson, Philip Behrend, Hollis Hitchings, Ernest Wichersham, Oliver Behrend, Willie Lodge, Elmer Behrend and Johnny Holston.

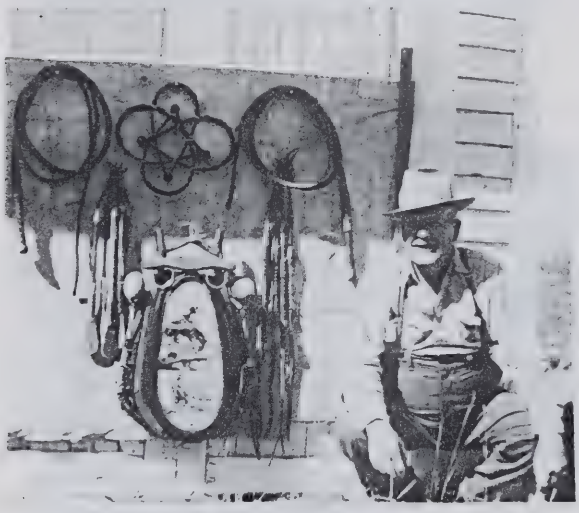
A plowing bee on Harwood flat for Rev. Baker; L. J. Baker, W. Harwood, Guy Harwood, Earl Muckler, Mrs. Muckler, Mrs. W. Harwood, Mrs. Godell, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. G. Harwood, Mrs. Baker. Kneeling at left is Rev. Baker, children are Harold Godell, Archie Harwood, Laura Harwood and Alberta Godell.

Volunteer

Mail wagon built out of an International and a Ford, which replaced the horses.

In 1900, Volunteer was located four and a half miles west of the present Belle Fourche River bridge, on the Deacon Sparks ranch. In about 1907, Ed Whitman settled on a place one-half west of the present river bridge, the shack still stands there. He had George Rounds build the store and post office, which was run by Jake Hough. There was also a blacksmith shop operated by Charlie Taylor. Later Mrs. Ed Whitman ran the post office, while Ed carried mail from Sturgis to Chalkbutte. Mrs. Edison Cogan also had a small store and cream station. The post office was discontinued in the late 20's.

In the early thirties, the store was moved to the present location and run by Mrs. Ed Whitman. Some of the later store owners were Ed Silwinder, Vic Schummer, and Bob McBratney who is there at this time.



Cowboy equipment made by "Rawhide Pete."

PIONEER COWBOY

By Ervin Peterson
"Rawhide Pete"

Ervin Peterson was born November 12, 1888 at Kiron, Iowa.

In 1900 my dad, Gus Peterson came to Redfield, S. Dak. in an immigrant car, with my older brother Edwin and I as stowaways. When the train stopped to switch on a side track, us kids dropped off, with instructions to meet Dad at the stockyards.

I went to school in the winter, and worked for neighbors in the summer herding cattle for five cents a day. The next year I worked at the same place for ten cents.

In 1904 four of us young folks started for Pierre where I was to meet my brother Ed. They all got jobs but me, and I walked on to a sheep outfit. They had dead sheep ricked up like bales of hay. I didn't get a job, but they told me an eastern kid worked for a rancher nearby, and when the young man had earned quite a little money and wanted to quit, the rancher knocked him in the head with an ax and buried him in a wash-out. That was all it took for me and I caught the first freight wagon back to the folks. My brother rode in one day while I was herding cattle and we made a deal that I was to save up enough money to buy a horse and saddle, and a fair pony.

Feb. 17, 1905, Ed had a spat with Dad, so we decided to leave while Dad was in town. The second night out a lady at the place we stayed, gave us a Bible and told us to read it every night, that there wasn't any God after we crossed the Missouri River. We had respect for the Bible, we didn't feel like throwing it away and couldn't pack it, so left it in a hen's nest. We made 100 miles in three days, crossed the Big Muddy at Fort Bennet.

We went to work for Bert Buttler, who was wintering cattle at Plum Creek. In April the cattle were moved to Ash Creek, where we built a dipping tank, fixed fence and gathered saddle horses, so we could turn out the winter horses that were all shed off and leg weary.

All hell broke loose as I remember on the fifth of May. It started raining, and rained for two days, turned to snow with high winds, blew one of the tents down, and then we had to push to higher ground because of high water. The ninth it cleared away and we started to pick up the pieces, all the winter horses were dead, literally frozen to death, and thousands of cattle and horses met death by drifting into bends and over cut banks.

A bunch of us were layed off so Ed and I took off in a northwest course for Montana and Canada. We worked for several cow outfits up in this country.

Dad wrote us that Mother was in a bad way,

Ernest Spetka (standing back) John Chaffee (on head) Henry Hill (branding) and Ervin Peterson.

and if we wanted to see her, we'd better come home. I got home around the fifteenth of December, but Mother had died the third of December. Dad was batching with my two younger brothers, Claude and Carl. I stayed around the rest of the winter helping out. Spring came and I was on the way to Montana once again. I worked seven summers following wagons from Canada to Wyoming and South Dakota lines, I became well acquainted with that range.

My dad filed on a place east of Sturgis, and when I came back to South Dakota in the spring of 1911, I filed on my homestead, four miles north of Volunteer. My brother Wallace helped me build a shack, and I fenced forty acres. I tried to do some sod breaking, but it was too dry, so in May I went back to Montana. Fall found me back in South Dakota. I borrowed a team and wagon from dad to haul my winter supplies. It took all my summer wages but thirty dollars, so I left it in the Meade County Bank, and on Monday the bank forgot to open. I did a little rawhiding to pick up a few dollars and got by until spring. I would break horses for the use of them, and one day I plowed my Stetson under in a runaway, and never did find it.

The Charles Beckley family filed on land adjoining mine. They had two red headed daughters, I married Octa in April, 1913. A daughter, our only child was born in April, 1914. There was plenty of open range east of my place, only a few homesteaders scattered around. I did well with a summer herd, got $1.50 per head for the season.

My father died about this time and my brother, Carl came to live with us, and finish grade school.

When the section law came in, I filed and established "Pete's" Camp, built good corrals and fenced three sections on Eight Mile. I took in a partner about then, John Chaffee. He and sons rode the east side and we would run about 2000 head of cattle. There weren't any fences and the cattle could go to the Belle Fourche River to the West, Owl Butte to the north, and God knows where else. We spent many hours in the saddle day in and day out.

There got to be quite a few horses, everyone had a few. I had about 150 head, mostly draft. We had a horse roundup every spring and fall. These would sometimes take four or five days. On some roundups we had 600 to 700 head.

The '30's proved too much for me one way or another. My son-in-law Francis Chaffee, took over "Pete's" Camp and my brother Carl, took over the home place. I spend the summers around Sturgis and winters around Phoenix.

On March 30, 1963 Ervin Peterson crossed over the Great Divide, thus ending the career of another pioneer cowboy.

LEONARD WEBER

By (Loretta) Mrs. L. C. Cooper

Leonard Weber was born December 31, 1869 at Hassel, Luxembourg, later he came to the United States. His uncle, Nic Keffeler, came in 1888. They came directly to Sturgis, and Weber worked at various places, including the Elsner Hotel, which is now the Fruth.

In 1892 he returned to Luxembourg and married Mariann Lakaff on March 15, 1893. They immediately started for the United States and a new home in Meade County.

A clipping taken from the Sturgis Weekly Record of April 7th, 1893, gives an account of a gathering of friends held at the Nic Keffeler home on Fifth Street, near the viaduct, to welcome the newly married Webers who had arrived in Sturgis a few days earlier.

The couple stayed at the Nic Keffeler home for a short while before leaving for a ranch near Sulphur, to make their home. Mariann Weber looked at the bleak prairie in the vicinity called the "coyote hole" and could picture vividly what a lonesome life she would be destined to lead. She flatly refused to stay and without unpacking, the couple returned to the Belle Fourche River where they rented the Blanden place, which was later known as the Tony Meyer ranch.

They later homesteaded east of the Belle Fourche River bridge on Four Mile where they lived until they moved to Sturgis in October 1907.

Mrs. Weber died at Hot Springs on February 7th, 1911, following surgery.

The Weber's had four daughters: Loretta, (Mrs. L.C. Cooper of Sturgis), Louise, (Mrs. H.L. Bromme), Clare, and Dorothy, all of La Crescenta, California.

The Webers will be remembered by such old timers as the Timmons, Simmons, Horlockers Sevareids, Dave Brown and the Quinns. Although they did not maintain a road house their ranch became a favorite stopping place for travelers enroute to Sturgis from Enning, Fairpoint, Sulphur, Stoneville and points east. The year following the death of his wife, Weber married Anna Even, who was also a former resident of Luxembourg. The couple had one son, Peter, now living in Sturgis.

Leonard Weber died August 18, 1930 at Sturgis, following a long illness.

THE STEPHEN ASHTON FAMILY

by Martha (Ashton) Howie

The Stephen Ashton family came by covered wagon from Mondamin, Iowa, in 1879 bringing a dozen chickens and 2 guinea fouls, beside their team of horses and few household items. There were Stephen and Mary Ashton and their daughter Nellie three years old, who is now Mrs. D. C. Jenks of Nisland, S. D. Nellie is now 86 years old.

After six weeks of travel and camping, also being stopped for hours to let long lines of buffalo pass their path, they arrived in Spearfish Valley, six miles east of the town of Spearfish.

Father worked there on a dairy farm and mother cooked for the hired men on the Conn Hood farm. Later father rented and did truck gardening for a few years. In 1886 they moved to the Belle Fourche River near Volunteer, and filed on a Preemption claim. By then there were 3 boys added to the family, Fred, Willard and Walter. They lived there and farmed until 1903. By then there were Martha, Sadie, Letta, Laura and Ada. Ada being 2 years old when we moved to Cherry Creek, near Cooper, S. D.

Father and the three boys all filing on homesteads adjoining.

Mother and father were each driving a team and wagon loaded with furniture and machinery. Fred and I, Martha, driving 25 or 30 head of cattle. We were 4 days making our way to our new home among the sage brush.

We only had a house built in a dugout hillside with the ends and front of lumber, pole and hay roof. But it was warm, and we were happy to have a home, where we could all be together. Fencing of the land and the killing of many rattlesnakes was the first project. Later breaking ground for garden and small corn field. The wonderful yield we had, and not many insects to fight in those years.

Father passed away in 1908. Later Mother took a homestead. She passed away in 1925. I am the only one living near. Willard and Letta have passed to their resting place. The others live in other states except Nellie, Sadie and Walter live in Canada.

Stephen and Mary Ashton wedding picture.

Bert and Nellie Jenks golden wedding.

Sadie Ashton

Martha Ashton running water.

George Howie and I were married in April of 1909. We have made our home on his homestead here near White Owl ever since.

We had a family of 10 children. They are scattered, each living in separate states except 3 live in S.D.

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Sulphur

Sulphur store, Mr. Simons in doorway.

Sulphur Saloon, Frank Launlett, Geo. Quinn, Cliff Merrit, Hyett, Jim Kincaid and Tom Horn-bartender.

SULPHUR HISTORY

by Carl E. Settle

When I, Carl E. Settle came to South Dakota, the mail route from Vale to Bixby followed the 'Old Bismark Trail' with mail service three times per week, a distance of 140 mile trip, changing horses three times daily; the first at Jewett Road House on Jewett Creek, which is three miles southwest of Sulphur. The second change was Dunnebeke, which was located one-half mile east of Cedar Canyon. These fresh horses were driven to Bixby, the end of the day's drive.

In 1910, Newell, S. Dak. was established with a town and a railroad. Mail came out of Newell, S. Dak. as far as Dunnebeke, and return over old Highway 212 and the Bismark Trail.

In 1914, Lovell Post Office was established, which was seven miles east of Sulphur. This was the end of the route until 1917 when Lovell post office was discontinued.

From 1917 for a period of years many changes were made discontinuing short routes. Faith to Maurine, to Cedar Canyon to Mud Butte, and then to Sulphur, which extended the route from Newell to Faith three times weekly.

Sulphur had its glory. It was a thriving town in its day, having one of the largest dance halls in the area for miles around. It was a hub of excitement and entertainment for young and old. The hall was built in 1910. The honyockers came from miles around--on foot, horse back, spring wagons, buggies and lumber wagons.

Ray Chadwick had an excellent blacksmith shop. There were educational opportunities from the Sulphur School. Dr. Barthal homesteaded four miles south of what is now Chris Orwick's property. He established a drug store to benefit the many honyockers of the area as well as in the thriving little town.

Later through an arrangement of population, a saloon was established. This enterprise was not long lived, due to the fact in 1910 and 1911 there was no rain, forcing many honyockers to leave S. Dak. with the majority never returning. Instead they found employment in other states.

Sulphur had an excellent inland ball team, exchanging games with Maurine, Cooper, Stoneville, Union Center, Enning, Plainview and sometimes Newell at the All Star games held there.

In summary, Sulphur is still known widely--so to speak! Mrs. Settle, Ole and I still live there. Sulphur is still on the maps, and has a good steel bridge over Sulphur Creek. A good name among little towns of the area, it gives help where it is needed.

Sulphur Post Office in the blizzard 1925-26. Sixteen people were snowbound here for five days. Food no problem except sugar.

SULPHUR POST OFFICE

by Carl Settle

The Sulphur Post Office was established in 1896 with Cal Wood, the first postmaster. He is the brother of Dr. Wood, the dentist in Sturgis.

I came to Sulphur in 1909. Archie Allen was postmaster. He was indeed an interesting postmaster. He ranched, was an expert 'old time fiddler' and a good one. He played for all the dances. He hunted coyotes and had a fast pack of greyhounds to assist him. He owned the first car at Sulphur.

A Mr. Kennedy, who homesteaded in the Mud Butte area was postmaster in 1910 through 1912.

Mack Simons, a former land locator and Meade County Commissioner, became postmaster in 1913 through 1915. He had homesteaded in 1908. He later became a rancher two miles west of Sulphur, where Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Olson live.

John Uben was the fifth postmaster in 1916 through 1918 during World War I. He was a professional drummer and played for dances.

Fred Hill, who lived two miles southeast of Sulphur, was also a fiddler. He insisted on having his share of the playing at the dances at Sulphur.

Robert E. Adams was the sixth postmaster from 1919 to 1924. Also he was editor of "The Sulphur Match," a paper 7 x 9 inches. He had a number of correspondents from over the area, namely those from Frozen Man Creek were called "Frozen Man Breezes."

Carl Settle was the correspondent from Ball post office, which was located ten miles northwest of Sulphur. He entitles this news "Ball Bearings."

Hubert Dillard was the 7th postmaster. He left S. Dak. to live in Richland, Washington, where he died.

Carl Settle was the 8th postmaster of Sulphur, a former sheep man two miles west of Sulphur. His commission was signed by Walter F. Brown, Postmaster General on December 29th, 1930. He served in that capacity 28 years. He was postmaster from Dec. 29th, 1930 to Sept. 30, 1958.

In 1958 the office was offered to Mrs. Carl Settle, because of her work as clerk in the office. She preferred to continue her studies for her B.S. Degree at the Black Hills Teacher's College. Therefore, the post office at Sulphur was closed and the patrons of that office receive their mail through the Mud Butte Post Office.

WILLIAM EKSTOM

by Mrs. C. M. Smith

Mr. and Mrs. William Ekstrom and family homesteaded one mile east of Sulphur in 1910, moving there from Bristow, Nebr.

They had 7 children then Anton, Halya, Myrtle, Iver, Agnes, Arvid, and Philip. Their youngest son, Russell was born at Sulphur in 1912. Edith their youngest girl was born after they moved to Newell in 1915.

Later, Halya Ekstrom returned to Sulphur to teach school there one year. The following year she taught the Gunderson School on south Sulphur.

Built as a drug store in early days and changed into a schoolhouse at Sulphur in 1913. Pictured are Mr. and Mrs. Iver Ekstrom and Carolyn and Carl Smith.

HONYOCKER DAYS

Carl J. Schieferstein

Colonel, AUS, SDARNG (Retired)

The assignment given me to write my recollections of early days in central Meade County has brought to mind many incidents of those hard and harrowing times. I feel to endeavor to cover all would make this document too cumbersome and, undoubtedly, most boring to many of the second and third generations who have had many old time tales related to them by parent and grandparent. But, for what they may be worth, I will try to give a few impressions of the olden times as I experienced them.

Our homestead was located approximately five and one-half miles northeast of Sulphur. Originally from Ohio, we had moved to western Iowa when I was a small child. After two and one-half years there, my father filed on a homestead early in 1910 and we moved to Rapid City, arriving there on March 17th, 1910--St. Patrick's Day. By the end of May all necessary arrangements having been made, the freighters started from Rapid City to the homestead area where locators were to meet them and direct them to the land upon which we were to make our home. We sent out two wagon loads of lumber, other building materials with which to build a house, furniture and other personal and housekeeping requirements. My father and my oldest brother accompanied the freighters. A couple of days later, my mother and we four younger boys took the train to Sturgis, stayed over night at the Fruth Hotel and left the following morning on the stage for Fairpoint, where we were to meet my father and oldest brother and continue on to our homestead with the freight wagons.

My only recollections of that drive from Sturgis to Fairpoint are that it was a long hard trip, and being awed by the cavalry men and their wonderfully trained horses at Fort Meade, and the majestic grandeur of Bear Butte.

The following day we arrived at our homestead, unloaded the wagons at a site near one of the corners of the land and moved temporarily into a claim shack built by Fred Wendt, whose homestead adjoined ours, where we resided until our house was completed.

Our house was 16 x 24 feet in size, three rooms, and covered with tar paper on the outer walls with rubberoid on the roof. This was typical of the many claim shacks built in the country, except that many were only the required 10 x 12 feet in size. At that time, ours was the largest house for miles around.

We had no cattle or horses at that time, and attempts at digging wells resulted only in dry holes. Consequently, it was a case of carrying water for all domestic purposes for a distance of more than a half mile from a well on the Elmer Maddix place. Later, we carried it about the same distance from a well belonging to Blaine Hugo and his mother on Lottie Creek.

The summer of 1910 was extremely hot. Our only means of getting to Sulphur to purchase groceries and get our mail was by walking. We boys had a little coaster wagon which we used to pull along behind us and we usually had it pretty well loaded for the trip home. That eleven mile round trip was extremely difficult for all of us, so we made it a practice of going to town only once a week, on Fridays.

There was no rain that summer. We had gotten someone to do some "breaking" for us at the time our house was being built. Mother had taken seed with her and attempted to plant a garden, but the ground was dry, with clods as hard as rocks. Finally, sometime along in August, we received a heavy rain and after that the seed began to sprout. Radishes and other garden products made their appearances, and potatoes poked their leaves up between the chunks of sod. Needless to say, we didn't get much good out of that garden.

To add to our already disheartened survival, a scourge of Cholera Infantum swept through the country and took its toll among the younger children. My youngest brother died on the 4th day after he became ill. Some people living at Sulphur in a log house which also served as a cafe and road house in those days, lost a little girl. I believe their name was Kennedy. Northwest of Sulphur, several miles, another family lost two children, and just to the east of us about two miles, another child died. I have recollections of others, but have forgotten names and places after all of these years.

In 1910 Sulphur was a nice little village, boasting one nice wide street. On the west side, running from north to south we had first an ice house. Then in succession, a general store, U.S. Land Office, a meat market, blacksmith shop and dance hall. Across the street, from north to south there was first the road house, mentioned before, a drug store and doctor's office, printing office, a pond (with some water in it, too) and a saloon. The school was several hundred feet further to the south from the town, and livery stable was located to the east of the pond.

I am not sure who the first grocer in Sulphur was, but believe it was a man by the name of Taylor Archer. He was followed by Robert E. Adams, then C. M. Simons and next John Ubben. It is my recollection that the first post office was located in the newspaper office, but was transferred to the general store. I may be mistaken on this point, however. Robert E. Adams published the Sulphur Match. Burr J. Bostwick was the first Land Commissioner. The only doctor we had was a Dr. Barthell. His homestead was located some seven or eight miles northwest of Sulphur. He had the distinction of having not only the largest and finest house in the country, but also was the possessor of an automobile. It finally quit running and stood for years afterward in a shed on the Barthell place. His old office and drug store is still standing and served for years as the Sulphur school. I attended school there from the fourth through the eighth grades.

As the homesteaders "proved up" and left the country, the town began to shut down and eventually the store and post office was moved to the front part of what was once the dance hall. This is the building now owned by the Carl Settles, where they have lived for many years, and who operated the last store and post office at that location.

I walked over to the old school one day this summer (1963), and as I stood in the doorway I could pretty well visualize where each student had sat during the years I was in attendance there. There were the Ekstroms, Hegglunds, Laura Brassington, the Marion Cammack children, the Simons girls, Polomiks, my two brothers and myself. I understand they have not held school in that building for eight years or more, and it is fast falling to ruin.

It was five and one-half miles each way for us to attend that school, but Cammacks generally ran the "school transportation" and picked us up at our house. Hegglund took care of that chore later on. Later, a school was built just a half-mile from our house and was used for several years. We used to board the teacher.

As I reflect back over the climatic conditions of those early years, it seems that the years were exceptionally dry for the most part, yet we used to have rather severe winters with heavy snowfall. I can recall one autumn, sometime during the late teens, when we received our first snow storm on October 15th. That snow never left the ground until the following spring. It continued to be cold and piled more snow on that which had fallen before. I also recall getting stuck with a spring wagon, and one of the horses got down in a drift and had to be dug out.

It must be remembered that there were no real roads in the country in those days and few fences. Everyone picked the lines of least resistance and traveled in that way over the prairies. During wet weather there was gumbo or mud to contend with. This made crossing draws and creeks difficult, and when the ruts got too deep it was a case of moving over and picking a new trail. Many of those ruts are still visible to this day, especially along the route of the old Bismark Trail.

But to get back to the winters; there was one occasion when the Tobiska family were living temporarily in a dug out. We had had a three day blizzard and when the storm subsided we could not detect any activity of any kind around their place. My brother, Arnold saddled a horse, took a scoop shovel and rode over to their place. The entrance was completely drifted over, and it was impossible for Mrs. Tobiska and the children to get out. My brother dug them out, but it was a marvel that they had existed as long as they had, for they had been short of oxygen. Mrs. Tobiska remarked that the air was getting very bad in the place and I can well understand why.

One dry year, because of a shortage of feed, we got our cattle through the winter by feeding them cracked corn which we hauled from Newell. I used to heat water on the kitchen stove, scald the corn and feed the wet mash to the weaker cattle. I had to carry water to some of them. Alphie Johnson came over and helped me for three days during a storm. He suggested that I knock those weak cows in the head and feed the corn to the stronger ones. However, we "tailed" them up every day and continued to feed and care for them, and got them all through the winter with the exception of one old cow.

In 1911, and after, student ministers came to the Sulphur area and conducted church services in the dance hall, and later on in the schoolhouse. I can remember one young man by the name of Romig, from New York City, who was especially popular among the younger people. He used to sing old time and humorous songs, accompanying himself on the guitar.

After Dr. Barthell left the country, our nearest doctor was at Newell. Consequently anyone having any knowledge or experience or skill in the use of common treatment for illnesses, was frequently called upon to administer to the relief of the sick or injured. My mother was one of such persons. Mrs. Carl Lungberg and Mrs. Ben Titus were others. Many of the babies born in this country were delivered by one of these ladies. I can also recall my mother treating numerous cases of influenza during the epidemic of 1919, septic sore throat, typhoid fever, scarlet fever, accidental amputation of a toe, and a broken collar bone. Mother was a great in the use of alcohol in the treatment of severe colds or influenza. She always had whiskey or brandy on hand for such purposes, and doled it out to her many patients by the dose only. It was always given in real hot water, with a little sugar added, and bromoquinine, after which she would "blanket" the patient and cause him to perspire until his fever had broken. She never hesitated to go on horseback, or on foot, day or night, to alleviate the suffering of someone when she was needed.

When it became apparent that prohibition was to become effective, mother immediately secured two gallons of whiskey. This did not last as long as was first anticipated or hoped, so like many people were doing we obtained a supply of "moonshine" as a substitute. However, a very good grade of rye liquor was being brought in from N. Dak. at $12.00 a gallon.

Stock rustling was still practiced in those days, and there were numerous cases of the disappearance of cattle, horses and sheep. One cattleman shipped several head of cattle to Chicago, with other shippers, and failed to receive any payment for the three best steers in the shipment. We never lost any cattle but someone "adopted" one of our Hambletonian fillies. We considered ourselves fortunate.

During World War I, and before, horses were bringing premium prices. After the war, all livestock took a terrific drop in prices, with the result that many people had to sell out and get out of the country, and even discontinued payment of taxes on their land. One of my brothers sold eleven head of horses for $100.00 cash. Among them were several head which had cost him well over $100.00 each when he bought them. In September 1922, we sold off our cattle at $30.00 per head, for yearlings and over, with the calves "thrown in" with the cows. Many of those calves were early spring calves, large, and as fat as butterballs.

But such was life and we had to take the bitter with the sweet. But as I look back over those days it seems to me we experienced more bitterness and disappointments than anything else. Yet, with all its difficulties, it was a life well spent and the experiences of those years has given me a better appreciation of life itself, has aided me in solving many problems, and all in all, made a better man of me.

The Sulphur country is still home to me and always will be. Some of the finest people in the world live there. They are different than town people, more friendly, more honest, more understanding. Out there we were all neighbors and we got together for parties, programs in the schoolhouse or a private home, and there was usually a week-end dance going on somewhere. Since then, living in the city, in the same neighborhood for 27 years, I do not know the names of many people living within one block of me. There are many houses within a distance of one block in which I have never set foot. We have our friends here, of course. Good friends, too. But they live at a distance from us. Is it any wonder then that I must feel as I do about those wonderful folks in Central Meade County?

John and Vincent Anderson made their own fun.

Mr. and Mrs. O. K. Anderson

MR. AND MRS. O. K. ANDERSON

by Mrs. Vera Ellefson

Mr. and Mrs. O. K. Anderson, with their three children, Vincent, Katherine, and John came to Meade County in 1909. Their original home was in Rock Island, Illinois. Because of their daughter's health they had moved to Gregory, South Dakota and then on west.

The trip from Gregory to Dunnebeck was made in a covered wagon. Stories about this trip have some humor, also. John's main problem was getting the cow to make the trip. And a halt was made to go back across White River to rescue the pet cat.

Their first home was a tent, while they built a sod house. This must have been well done, for with repairs and additions it lasted, cool in the summer, warm in the winter until they retired to Sturgis in 1937.

Like all settlers, they brought with them certain capabilities to contribute to the life of a new community.

Mr. Anderson experienced in printing, published one of the area's first newspapers. THE MEADE COUNTY GAZETTE at Dunnebeck. Copies of this paper are treasured by his grandchildren, as they read national news that is history today. One local item reads, "Barn building is the order of the day in this community. Chas. Eager, M. Jonason, Chas. Robinson, O. K. Anderson, and J. Symonds," are trying to put the lumber trust out of business by using sod, poles, hay and "hardpan." This was a good example of putting materials of the country to use.

Work done in Illinois as a painter and paper hanger carried over to make a pleasant home over the years. However, as with others "ranching" won as a permanent occupation.

Mrs. Anderson, experienced in photography, brought her camera and took many pictures of homesteader's "first homes." She also taught for seventeen years. Many people remember her in this capacity.

A fourth child, Vera, joined the family after they were settled. Although she realizes she missed the hardships of homesteading, the stories told to her by her family leads her to feel she missed a great experience.

Edith Anderson in her homestead shack.

EDITH DILLARD

There was quite a crowd in the Sulphur store that July day in 1911 when a pale slender girl entered and asked where she would find Bostwick's office. Two men then entered the store, having tied their team after letting the girl alight. The one was greeted hilariously. "Hi, kid!" Bringing another honyocker to file a claim? She'll prove up under six foot of sod before spring.

But the "honyocker" fooled them. She filed her claim, proved up on it, taught ten years of school in Meade County, married, and lived on a ranch there for over twenty-five years.

We'll call her Edith (that really is her name). She had come to Meade County for her health, had been in nurses training in Chicago, and was a real "tenderfoot." Those first months were quite an experience. The first week, she laid out a young mother and her baby, (with the help of a man whom she had never seen before). She helped make a casket from boards taken from a bachelor's cabin, one of few such board floors in the neighborhood.

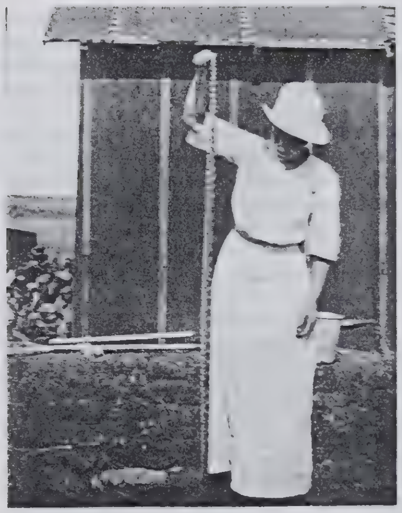
After she was settled on her homestead, she was at a loss to know what to do with her time, as there were no young folks and no social activities. In November, this problem was solved, she was asked to take a school near Fox Ridge. The schoolhouse was a twelve-by-twelve claim shack whose owner had proved up and gone back to "Gods Country." There were four Norwegian pupils, six Irish, and one Bohemian. Discipline was the big problem and much time was spent just trying to keep peace between the fighting Irish and the slow Norsk. Edith batched in an abandoned claim shack for a few weeks, but there are many noises on the prairie to scare a city girl. She soon found a boarding place with a newly-wed couple. These were the Walter Beams, who later moved to Newell, and years later to Yakima, Washington. The Beams had a small one-room cabin, and Edith's bedroom was a tiny corner curtained off from the rest of the house, where she was very comfortable and happy.

In March, she delivered a baby girl in the Norwegian home, their thirteenth child. It was a sod house, a dirt floor and an old rusty cook stove on which the water was heated (cow chips for fuel), to boil a piece of store string and a pair of rusty shears, so dull they could not cut, but only chew. The father had gone for the mid-wife, and Edith prayed for her arrival, for she was alone in the cabin except for an eighty-five year old granny who wouldn't help, and a young child screaming at the top of his lungs. For light there was a very small kerosene lamp with a little oil. Under these conditions, the girl whose nurses training had not gone beyond emptying bedpans, delivered a beautiful little baby girl. When it was all over she was quite put out to find that the husband had never gone after the midwife at all, for she charged ten dollars, and the teacher did it for nothing. It was Edith's only experience in that line, however, for she made it a point afterward to run from those cases.

Her next school was on Horse Creek, southwest of Opal, in a dugout with a dirt floor. But before Christmas, an energetic parent drove up in a lumber wagon with enough boards for a floor, came to the door and announced to the surprised school teacher that she had come to floor the schoolhouse, and she did, too, all by herself. This lady was Mrs. Overland. By this time Edith was getting a bit used to the country. She could ride a horse, walk miles at a stretch, and had even taken on a little color. She still weighed only ninety-two pounds.

Her next school was quite an improvement. This was at Royal Center, and there was a real frame schoolhouse, painted white. It even had real school desks. It also had an organ, which Edith couldn't play, but one of the pupils, a little colored girl, could get some music out of it. There were twelve pupils here, four of them colored. In this community there were several negro families who had come up from southern Iowa to homestead and work in the lignite coal mines.

After Royal Center, she went to teach at Lovell, in a little red schoolhouse across from the store and post office. Here it was that Edith laid out a colored woman and made a casket out of a rough coffin which the county had furnished. The dead woman, mother of one of Edith's pupils, had her wedding clothes all put away neatly, and it was in these that she was dressed for burial. After that first term at Lovell, Edith spent the summer caring for Mrs. Boe on the old Boe homestead on Sulphur Creek. That was quite an experience and she never tired of hearing the ailing old lady tell of the early days when there



Edith Anderson with a rattlesnake she killed at the teacher's shack south of Lovell.

Hubert Dillard's mother and brother when they came to Meade county in 1909.

was only one ranch on the Bismark Trail between the Boe homestead and Sturgis.

One of these stories Mrs. Boe used to tell was about the Indians who were accustomed to making the Boe ranch a stopping place for food. On this particular day, Mr. Boe and the boys had gone to Sturgis after winter supplies, leaving Mrs. Boe and the girls alone. While the men were gone, two Indians came and asked for food. The larder was almost empty and no food to spare, but Mrs. Boe was a little afraid not to feed them. When one of the girls came out with a pot of spoiled beans, the Indians ate them all, and went away. That evening when the girls went up Sulphur Creek to get the cows, they found the two Indians lying in the dry creek bottom. Rose was sure that if more Indians came along and found them they would massacre everyone on the ranch, so the girls hastily covered them with dead branches and leaves. In the morning they went to see if more Indians had come and found their dead companions. The "dead" Indians had gone, but they must have been very, very sick.

In 1911 Meade County suffered its worst drouth. Potatoes planted in the spring never even sprouted. In July the rains came and the homesteaders who had stuck it out had a good crop of spuds. Many who had come to file claims, proved up in fourteen months, sold their claims, and went back home. Sort of a get rich scheme. Their makeshift shacks and dugouts with fruit jars for windows remained, a sign of their failure.

In 1916, Edith married Hubert Dillard, a marriage that lasted until his death, nearly 47 years later. Together they ran the Sulphur store for years, and later a ranch on Sulphur Creek eight miles north of Stoneville for thirteen years or more. During this period, poultry raising was often the difference between getting by" and going broke.

One year the County Agent came to the Sulphur store to show the ranchers how to dry pick poultry. A man near Mud Butte had about forty beautiful ducks to ship to the Chicago market, and he was one of the most interested at the demonstration. He went home to pick his ducks, but was back the next day. "Hubert, come show me what to do with these ducks." When questioned, he said yes," he hung them up by the feet, "yes," he stuck a knife in their heads, "yes," he picked them clean. Then what was wrong? He had missed the right point at which the knife must go in, and they were stunned, but not dead. As a consequence, he had forty ducks, not a feather on them, running around the yard, all beautifully red and blue. They were almost a total loss, for there is a limit to how many ducks one family can eat.

In 1943, the Dillards left Meade County, to go to a newer frontier. Mr. Dillard went to work at the Atomic Energy plant in Washington.

Many of the old homesteaders, like the claim shacks they built, are gone, but the "honyockers" who stuck it out to make Meade County their home, laid the foundation for those who now prosper there.

Mr. Dillard passed away in June, 1963. Mrs. Dillard still lives in Richland, Washington, alone, and has time to re-live the old days she spent in Meade County.

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Dan McGillivray

THE McGILLIVRAYS
by Mrs. Bob Packer

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. McGillivray, "Danny" as everyone called him, came from Madison, S. Dak. to Sturgis in November of 1909, with 3 children, Kenneth, Floyd, and Blanche, now Mrs. Robert Packer of Sturgis. They lived in Sturgis until March of 1910, when they moved out to the homestead 6 miles north of Sulphur.

Danny hauled lumber, beer, and groceries from Sturgis to Sulphur with a team and wagon for several years.

Three other children were born after they moved to the homestead, Edna, Mrs. Glen Forrester of Sturgis; Mabel, Mrs. Albert Munroe of Stoneville; and Donald. Donald and Floyd still live on the home place and Kenneth lives in Aladdin, Wyoming. One child, Kathern Mary died in infancy before the family moved from Madison. She was the oldest of the children.

For entertainment, the family went to house dances. Danny played the fiddle and furnished the music for most of the dances in those days.

by Mable Munroe

Daniel A. McGillivray was born Dec. 31, 1879 at Ontario, Canada. He came to Madison, S. Dak. with his parents when he was 3 years old. He passed away in a Rapid City Hospital Feb 9, 1941.

Lucy Huss McGillivray was born Dec. 12, 1880 at Le Mars, Iowa. When a small child her family moved to Canova, S. Dak. She passed away in Sturgis on May 1, 1938.

During the early days the neighbors all gathered at the Mud Butte coal mine and got their winters supply of lignite coal.

Zeestrotten Machine - 1918 at Dan McGillivrays, ladies are Mrs. Dan McGillivray and Flora.

My dad ran the school bus, which was a team and wagon. He took his 3 small children, the Mundil boys, Hughie McGillivray and Ruth and Loren Poole. He went from home to home gathering the children, taking them to a sod schoolhouse which was located about 2 miles east of what is now Mud Butte. They would leave home before daylight during the winter months. He would go on to the coal mine and work or remain at the schoolhouse during the day, as it was too far to go home and back again. It would be long after darkness when they returned at night. Mother would heat large stones and place them in the wagon to keep the children warm during their 10 or 12 mile journey. Mother would also do the chores, as it would be too dark for Dad and the boys to do them after they got home.

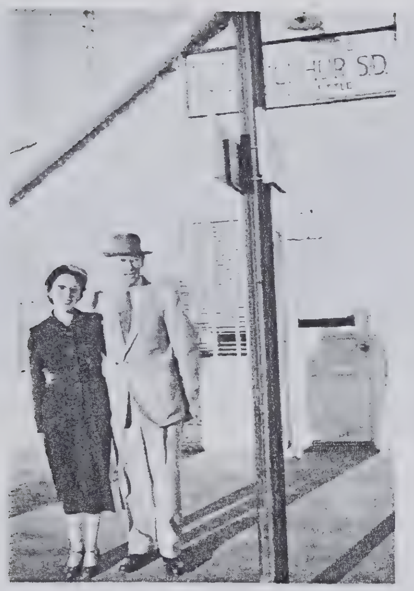
Dan McGillivray with his freighting team in 1910.

MUNDILS
by Jordan Mundil

My father, Rudolph Mundil and my mother came to this country in 1910 to homestead on 160 acres of land. I was only 6 years old then so do not remember too much. They lived on the homestead awhile, then went back to Clarkson, Nebraska. They returned in 1912, coming back in a covered wagon.

Sulphur was quite a gathering place at that time. Before Highway 212 went through, we went to Sulphur on the old Bismark Trail. I remember walking one and a half miles to school everyday. The winters were very cold then and we had lots of snow.

My father passed away in 1929.



Mr. and Mrs. Carl Settle 25th wedding anniversary.

CARL E. SETTLE

by Gladys Settle

Carl was the fourth child of the Millard F. Settle family of four boys and three girls. He was born in June, in 1888 at East Union, Ohio. His parents were poor, which meant he must work to help the family at an early age. He cut weeds at 20¢ per day to add to the income. They had three and three fourths acres to do their farming, raising lima beans and tobacco.

Later he became a factory worker. He had to claim he was sixteen years of age, like many children had to do. He worked in a Mosiac Tile factory and carried tile on his head. He received 75¢ a day and worked 75 hours a week. He was only 13 years old at this time, and had little time to be in school regularly. He liked school and won some spelling contests called "spell downs."

Finally he was able to save enough of his earnings to go west, where he thought he could make more money. He left his home in Zanesville, to go to St. Louis, where he rode his first big train. His next stop was Kansas City, where he found placards all around the station, saying "Watch your luggage--there are grip thieves."

While in Kansas he worked on farms at $20. per month and in the harvest fields for $2.00 a day. After the fall work was completed he worked for Mr. and Mrs. Altimus for his room and board.

When spring came in 1909, he made preparations to go to South Dakota. He had heard and read about Deadwood and the Gold Camp. He met Ellis Furios, whose home was in St. Onge. They spent three days there seeing the activities in this notorious little town. They viewed the little town from a high point--Mount Moriah. It was a dream come true for Carl; because he had been waiting for that day, when he could see Deadwood and the famous Gold Camp.

The next stop was Vale, S. Dak. on the stage. While there he heard some cowboys were going to ride some salty bucking broncs on Sunday. He remained there to see Oscar Roseander and Spot Glover make these rides. This was another taste of the wild west for him and he was thrilled once more.

Later he left Sturgis with Charlie Leuth, who was hauling lumber to build a road house at Station Elm on the old Bismark Trail.

Mac Simons met Carl at Sulphur. Soon Carl was ready to file on a 160 acre homestead northwest of Sulphur. Mac Simons was the locator, and Carl made the request that he must have well drained soil. Some men heard him and Paul Renelt assured him it would be well drained. He made a dugout 10 x 14. It had a dirt roof and he bought eight dollars worth of lumber to make three windows and a door. The mattress for the bed was made of hay. His first work was for a Mr. Lanouette, a sheep man. He commuted to and from his claim so he would be able to prove up on his land soon.

The following winter of 1909 and 1910, he worked for Mr. Russel, Charlie Russel's father, who owned the Ball Store for $15.00 per month. That fall he worked for Cock and Bennett, who owned the Rock Ranch on Trail Creek, herding sheep. The following August in 1911, he went to work for William Demerly trailing sheep to Griffith, N. Dak., west of Bowman, N. Dak. Later he leases 1125 ewes from Demerly. For his share he received 325 sheep. This was his start in the sheep business at the end of one year. He herded sheep for six years with only a few days off. During the winter of 1916 and 1917 he wintered his sheep at the Jack Everett ranch, where Ed Healy now lives. The next winter he lived in a house belonging to Earl Jones, 1/2 mile south of the Stainbrook coal mine. Following this he rented Wesley Shafer's ranch one mile west of The Stainbrook coal mine. In February of 1919 he purchased the Mac Simons' ranch consisting of 135 cattle and 40 horses and the Sulphur store building.

For the next eleven years he rented this Sulphur store building to Robert Adams and Hubert Dillard.

In July of 1919, he bought a ranch and equipment with 38 thousand dollars of borrowed money. In the spring of 1920, the price of wool and stock went down and he found himself in this first setback, not able to meet his payments and lost the Arpan ranch to the creditors, which meant he could not pay 10¢ on the dollar if closed out.

His banker, Charles Damon who lives in Rapid City now, was able to loan him some money to winter his sheep, which was not half enough, and the sheep were weakened. There was a loss of 800 head from fall to shearing. The second setback.

The next years were prosperous until 1928, when he met with illness which indirectly caused him to sell his sheep, 4000 of them. Now, after all the planning and hard work he found himself with some money to invest for the future years. The banker advised him to purchase real estate bonds in Chicago, New York and Denver, which he did. Here again the 1929 crash came and he met with setback number 4, losing half of the investments. This was difficult to endure, but it was the same all over the nation.

He has found through observation that stockmen can make money, but will lose some of it. He is up! and He is down!

In April 1929, he bought a new car and traveled extensively in 20 of the eastern states. He was gone from his ranch for 5 months. When he returned from his vacation, he remodeled the store building, and took over the Sulphur store and post office. He was in this business for 28 years, which he called a "peanut stand" because it made his 'circles and coffee.' He is still a Notary Public, chairman of the school board and mayor of the town.

His hobby is square dancing and traveling. He and Mrs. Settle attend the squares once a week in the Northern Black Hills Clubs. They also attend square dance festivals east of the river. They have attended three National Square dance conventions at Des Moines, Detroit and St. Paul. They have reservations for the next National Convention to be held at Long Beach, Calif. in July of 1964.

In 1961, he and Mrs. Settle joined a Postmaster's tour to Europe, visiting 11 countries, and finding the people on the other side of the Atlantic are a progressive race.

MR. AND MRS. JOHN FREED

by Mrs. Frank Gale

My parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Freed homesteaded seven miles west and one north of the old Sulphur Store in 1907. They shipped their household goods, two cows, some chickens and three horses from Nebraska.

We drove out from Sturgis in three wagons. One of these was a covered wagon. My two younger sisters and I spent most of our time in this wagon. My mother and Grandmother Freed drove this wagon. My grandfather and uncle drove the others. My father and other uncle rode horseback and herded the cows along between two of these wagons.

We lived in the covered wagon and a tent until the men built a two-room house for my grandparents and uncle. They hauled most of the lumber from Sturgis.

1908 - Homestead of Mr. and Mrs. John Freed and children, Mrs. Richard Freed and Al.

Then they built my parent's house. This was a long tar papered shack with no floor. We lived in this for two years and then my father put a floor in it. Wells were dug by hand and many times there was no water in these holes and then another was dug.

We had no near neighbors until the next fall and then many people moved in and there was someone on every one hundred and sixty.

The people went together and built a schoolhouse in 1908. This school was about a mile from our home. I went there until I finished the eighth grade.

My parents lived on the homestead for about thirteen years and then they moved to Nisland so the younger children could get a high school education.

Now Highway 212 runs along the south side of the old homestead and across my grandparents homestead.

Our first school was called the Ball School because Mr. and Mrs. Russell had a store and the Ball Post Office near it. Our first teacher was a Miss Deal who drove to school in a buggy pulled by one horse. We had no blackboard and the teacher wrote on the wall with chalk.

Our books for the first year were those that could be borrowed from neighbors. The next year the books were bought from the county office in Belle Fourche.

To make the schoolhouse warmer and make it look clean, our teacher and the older pupils papered it with newspapers. These were put on upside down so the pupils couldn't read them very well. The papers were donated by everyone who had any.

All of our teachers were women teachers who had taken up a homestead nearby and were trying to stay long enough to prove up on their land.

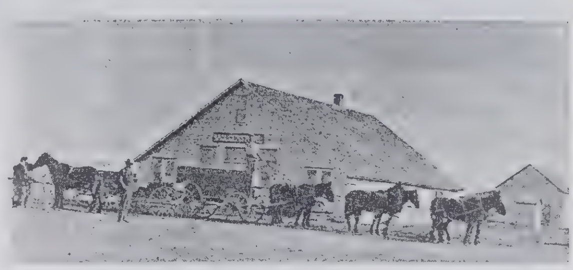
Church was held in the schoolhouse in the summer. The ministers were generally students on vacation.

My parents raised cattle and had a few milk cows. The neighbors around took turns hauling their cream to town. They would bring their cream to our place Sunday evening and someone would take it to Newell the next day.

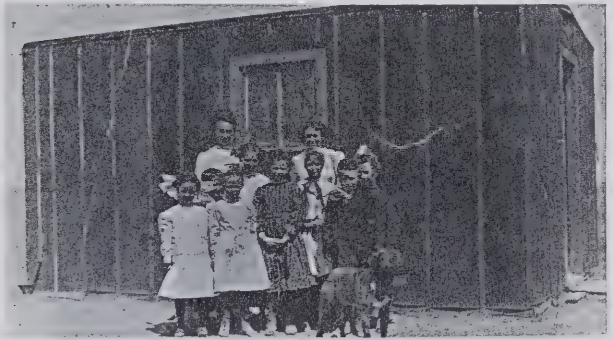
Many times in hot weather the cream would get too hot and the cover would pop off and there would be cream all over.

Many times no crops were grown because of no rain. The men then went other places to find work. My father worked at the Orman Dam and he also freighted. This hauling supplies from town and hauling wool into town by horse and wagons was hard in springs because there were no roads and the gumbo was so sticky. Many times the trip would take a week or more.

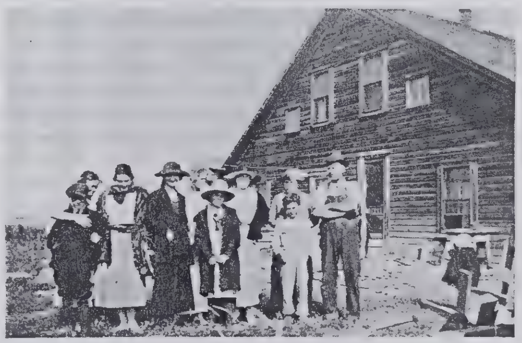
Ball school - pupils Catherine Morris, Ida, Carl, Lizzy and Bertha Orwick, Elsie, Annie and Mary Freed. Teacher not shown was Mrs. Lon Ross.



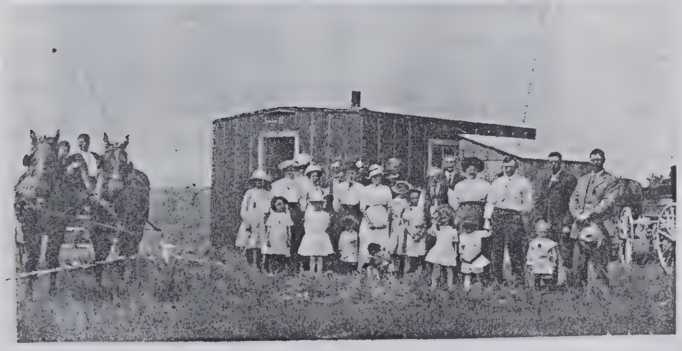
Ball General Store.



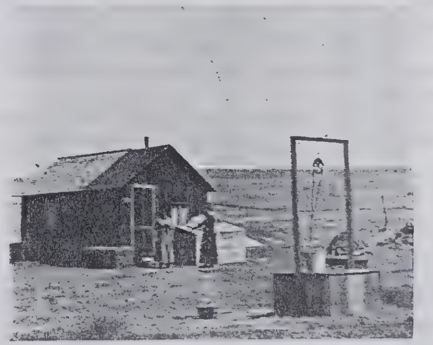
First school at Ball



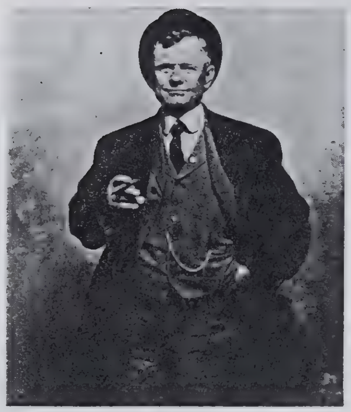
Old Ball Store.



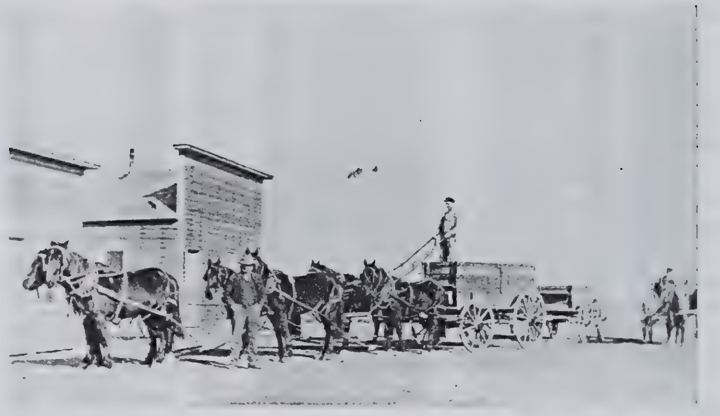
Church held in Ball schoolhouse.



1914 shack where one of the Minneapolis school teachers homesteaded.



Sterling Russell



Sterling Russell and Chuck

RUSSELLS

By Mrs. Max Hohenberger

Sterling Russell came to South Dakota from Salina, Kansas in 1909. He married Grace Ball from Missouri.

They built a store which they called Ball, and they hauled all their lumber and supplies from Sturgis with freight wagons. They also ran a roadhouse and had the post office for the community. It was a meeting place for the neighbors on mail day to talk over the events of the week. It was also used for the voting place in the community.

Later a lumberyard was built there and was operated by Ben Loane, and a blacksmith shop was built and operated by Cola Clark. George Hohenberger had a real estate office. He married Grace Townsend, a niece of Mrs. Russell. They homesteaded a half mile northeast of the store.

One child was born to the Russells, a son and they named him Charles Sterling Russell. He grew to manhood on the ranch. The Russells ran a large herd of sheep and cattle for many years.

Mr. Russell passed away in the 20's. Mrs. Russell left there during the next one or two years for Missouri.

Charles passed away in 1952, leaving his widow and two children, Charles and Marlyn.

FORMER AREA RESIDENT DIES

Taken from a news clipping.

Mrs. Grace Ball Russell, widow of the late S. E. Russell, died in Kahoka, Mo., on Dec. 3rd, 1963.

The Russells homesteaded about six miles west of old Sulphur and Sulphur Creek about 1909, where they operated a store. Soon after a post office was established in the store and was named after Mrs. Russell's maiden name, Ball.

They lived there for a long time, operating the store. Later the post office was closed. Mr. Russell died many years ago in Newell.

They had one son, Charles, who was married to Lela Lemmel. He died in 1952.

After her son's death she moved to Kahoka to make her home with relatives.

She had one grandson, Charles Russell, Jr., a granddaughter preceded her in death besides her husband and son. She was an aunt to the late Mrs. Greta Settle and Mrs. Grace Hohenberger.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Hohenberger - 1915

HOHENBERGER

by Mrs. Max Hohenberger

Max Hohenberger came to South Dakota from Iowa in the spring of 1909 and homesteaded on land two and a half miles northwest of Lovell. He spent two years there herding sheep part of the time for Bert Gardner and Fred Sullinger. At

Mr. and Mrs. Max Hohenberger and family.

that time there was a home on every quarter section and they made their own good times getting together for meals, playing ball and horseshoe. The young folks would meet and all ride horseback to dances they would sing and run races on the way. The girls would carry their clothes with them. The dances were at Fairpoint and Sulphur.

Max went back to Iowa in 1911. In March 1915 he was married to Daisy Hewitt and we stayed there a month, then came to S. Dak. It was quite an experience for me to come from Iowa where there are so many trees and neighbors a mile or two away in every direction, to come out here where there are hardly any trees and so many hills and no good water at that time. I used to ask "Max, What is over that hill?" And he would answer just another hill, but I was always anxious to come to the top of a hill in hopes that some time I would see something else, maybe a home or some trees.

We stayed with George Hohenberger and his wife, Grace for a time and we herded sheep for Carl and Greta Settle a week or more at a time. Max also helped them during lambing. We bought a herd of horses from George and let them run on the range. When George and Grace moved to Newell, we leased that land and lived there for a number of years and our three children were born while we were there.

We then homesteaded on land about three miles east of Ball and lived there several years, then we moved into the old Ball store and were there many years.

In the fall of '36, there was no feed here for our cattle, so Max and Roy Wilcox leased near Whitewood on Indian land and they shipped their cattle there and Roy stayed there to look after them. There was a terrible loss. When the herd came home in the spring it was much smaller.

In 1949 we had an old-fashioned three day blizzard that started around noon. Before it got too bad, Max saw some cattle in a fence corner. He had gone out to see if he could find any and he cut the fence and let them drift in hopes they would find shelter. It was impossible to drive them any where. We did not sleep much for two days. When the storm was over, Max made a flat-bed sled and hitched the team to it and we started out to look for cattle. The snow was so deep the horses had to lunge to get through in many places. We would find them one or more in a place half buried in snow. Max would rope them and we would drag them onto the sled and haul them to shelter. Some were several miles from home and one we found three weeks later on the side of a butte southeast of the place. Merrill and Phyllis were twenty-five miles east on the winter ranch with the largest share of the herd. We were not off the ranch for three months and the snow was so deep when we drove the sheep and what cattle we kept in the corral to water about a quarter of a mile, the first ones would be drinking and the last ones were still in the lot. We did not have many sheep.

There was no mail and we were worried about Merrill and Phyllis, so I put an SOS sign made of hay in the snow and Dag Hoover saw it and came in. We asked him to fly down to see if Merrill and Phyllis were all right, and if they needed anything. It was wonderful to see spring come.

We had many good times all through the years. In the early years there were dance halls at Billy Hills, about three and a half or four miles east of Ball and one at Sulphur. We would put hay in the wagon, then blankets, put the children in, cover them and away we would go. Then in later years there were many dances at homes and we used to visit with our neighbors much more than now and there was so much warmth and friendliness and the hospitality was wonderful. Everyone was so happy to see and visit with their neighbors.

Our daughter, Adele (Mrs. Henry Severson) lives in Portland, Elaine (Mrs. Roland Byers) in Moscow, Idaho, and Merrill is on the home ranch running his own stock. We sold all our cattle three years ago.

It has been a wonderful forty-nine years for us in South Dakota.

DIXIE WAS NEVER LIKE THIS

by Marie Patterson

The South Dakota prairie is a far cry from the sunny cotton fields of Dixie, but nevertheless the lure of free land brought a number of Negro families to western Dakota to share in the largest of the United States Government's Homestead Act.

We old-timers recall the names of many colored neighbors. They settled somewhat in a community, it happened to be very near us. There

Taken at Lovell in 1920. School was held in the Sullinger log house and the teacher (Edith Dillard) lived in the back of the old store. She boarded these two negro children, the Edgars, when the snow was deep.

were the Buttrams, George and Harry and Bates; George Douglas, Henry Bellenfonte, there was a Rogers, a Thompson, a Mann, a Clark and a Mrs. Hickman who lived on the homestead with her grown-up daughters for a few years and eked out an existence as best she could.

Walter Edgar and his family lived in the shadow of Squaw Buttes and almost managed to qualify as South Dakota natives, since they didn't give up until they were hit by the devastating drouth of the thirties.

They were never really suited to our rigorous climate. I remember seeing their brand new Chevy car pass our mailbox during a screaming November blizzard. My husband remarked that it must be a real emergency to bring anyone out in such weather. Some hours later Walter and his son, Henry came stumbling through the snow to our door--hands and feet frost bitten.

They had dressed out their turkeys and started to town to ship them. So sincerely had they believed in the line that the car salesman had given them that never for a moment had they doubted that the car would get them to town, no matter what the weather!

Lizzie, the youngest daughter, attended the Squaw Butte School with some of my youngsters. Largely through her prowess as an athlete, the small school was able each year to carry off most of the honors at the annual "field meet" held at the Prairie Home Church. After a few years the other schools began to complain that they had no chance against Lizzie. Our County Superintendent, (now the eminent president of Black Hills Teacher's College) always a diplomat, said that he was pretty fast on his feet and would personally run a race with Lizzie. "If she beats me," he declared, "she deserves a blue ribbon."

I'm sure you've already guessed, the tall Negro girl returned home that evening proudly bearing a large blue ribbon for a very special contest.

One after another the Edgar children drifted away from the farm until only Lizzie remained with her parents. She was general handyman and her father's "good right arm."

One night during the summer of 1937, Maureen and Joan took it upon themselves to "sleep out" with our sheep. All night long the dog barked and howled and so disturbed the sheep that the girls took him inside the sheepwagon. Next morning we were shocked to discover the cause of the disturbance--Mr. Edgar was calling for help at his place some two miles away. He was completely distraught: Lizzie had died in her sleep.

Without her the Edgars could not face another winter on the prairie--they packed their few belongings, sold their meager equipment, and left.

We did not hear from them again.

THE PATTERSONS ON FROZENMAN

by Mrs. Marie Heying Patterson

Free land! Who wouldn't thrill to those magic words? They caught the imagination of doctors, lawyers, merchants--and young school teachers--me.

In Bonesteel, Gregory County, South Dakota, the Hertz family caught the fever and I, their friend and boarder was similarly affected. We settled on Coyote Creek, south of Fairpoint in 1908. There were others: the McCoys and Hamms from Douglas County who took their quite considerable savings and made plans for a permanent farm, complete with sturdy buildings. They began with the chicken house, in which they planned to live "for a few years." The few years stretched on--they left before they ever got the house. So many things never materialized, many a dream was unfulfilled, on the homestead.

Teaching was my line and sitting in my twelve-by-sixteen foot shack doing nothing didn't much appeal to me so, with the permission of the County Superintendent, I set out to turn my little home into a schoolhouse. I needed books, desks, supplies, and pupils. The pupils were easy. By the time I had the Hertz, Hamm, McCoy, and Wilcox children, my shack was bursting at the seams with eleven pupils. I scrounged around for other necessities, the families of the children furnished benches and what books they had. The County Superintendent, Demah Dilleahe (who later became Mrs. Matt Flavin), helped me all she could. My texts and references would hardly have met with the approval of our modern educators, but everyone had a book of some kind.

I was located not very far off the trail that led to Sturgis. At that time there was a hack driver (hack, also known by the lofty title of Tom Shaw's Stage Line) who quite caught my fancy. One morning I went out to send some letters, and there he was.

Pat, I soon learned his name was Pat, was quite an expert horseman and before long he was furnishing a saddle horse for me to ride when we attended the dances held at the various shacks.

About this time, having proved on my homestead, I returned to my home at Hospers, Iowa. I taught the next two years at Bonesteel. All the while, I couldn't help thinking about that tall stage driver, I wondered whose letters he was mailing--who was riding his trim little mare to the local dances. Well, I found out, as a matter of fact, he bought my homestead shack and tacked it on to his. There was one solution; as long as our shacks were hooked together, we decided we'd better be, too.

Pat started for Iowa in March with Chris Dias who was driving the mail. Between Sulphur and Newell a blinding blizzard swept up over the plains. In the mad, white confusion, Chris lost his way and turned his team in exactly the wrong direction. Thanks to Pat's keen sense of direction (he told Chris, "If you keep going this way, I'll walk.") they made it to Newell.

Meantime, back in Hospers, my dad was worrying. To him an unmarried daughter was some sort of blot on the family name. We had the church, the bride, and the license--where was the groom? When Dad read in the Sioux City, Iowa paper that a William Patterson had been caught in a hotel that was wrecked by a tornado and found hanging on a nail by the seat of his pants, he thought all was lost!

It wasn't my William Patterson--he made it and, much to Dad's relief, we were married at Hospers on March 31, 1913.

When I returned to Dakota as a bride, already many of my former neighbors were missing. Due to the severe drouth which had occurred in 1911, there was a mass exodus of homesteaders. Those of us who were left settled down to the serious business of making a living on the unrelenting prairie. To this end, I went back to teaching. We were located six miles from Royal Center and I taught there. Here I had twenty-four students. Some of the names will be familiar to the reader: they were the Ingalls, Mae, Lawrence and Walter; the Symonds, Ralph, Al, Art, Harry, and Gladys; the Larkins, Frances, Alice, Mary, Joe, and Jim; the Edgars, Homer, Crystal, and Ruby; Esther and George Douglas, Ida Lynge, Beatrice Bellefonte. The names of the others have escaped into the dimness of the intervening years.

Just as a sidelight I might mention that I taught this same school again in 1939 and counted among my pupils the children of Walter and Lawrence Ingalls.

As the years passed, more and more of the homestead shacks stood empty and forlorn. The few who stayed leased or bought the land from the others. We learned the hard way that South Dakota was not Iowa, or Wisconsin, or Illinois. We could raise fine cattle; we could not grow tall corn. We could survive, but not on 160 acres. We became natives; it was a hard life but a good one.

We had been in our little home clinging to the bank of Frozenman Creek for five years, then we were three. Our family grew, and of necessity so did our house. By 1927 there were five little Pattersons, four girls and a boy. All of us were blessed with good health and, like our neighbors, we rejoiced in the good times and worried through the not-so-good ones. There was drought, depression, booming war years; winter blizzards, dry parching summer winds and there were beautiful melting spring days to make us forget the hardships and taste the cup of hope once more.

Like the snowbanks annually sinking earthward in the spring thaw, the years slipped away. In 1939 I began my teaching career once more, my children were growing up and they had to be educated. When my youngest graduated from high school in 1943, there was no longer an urgent reason for me to teach; on the other hand, there was no reason for me not to teach.

On a bright May afternoon in 1947, the family gathered hurriedly at St. John's Hospital in Rapid City to say a last goodbye to the head of the clan. Pat left us. God took him quickly as he would have wished.

In our grief we scheduled the funeral early, nine a.m. in Rapid City. I was deeply touched as I left the church to see that all of our old friends and neighbors had made that long, early drive to pay their respects to Pat. No words could have told me half so well how they felt about him.

I was glad then I had not given up my teaching, the youngsters who looked to me, trusting me to help them solve their problems, kept me from thinking too much--from feeling too sorry for myself.

Looking back on more than half a century of my life in the West, I see much that is pleasant. As I think of my life and my family which now includes fourteen grandchildren, I have to admit, I wouldn't have it any other way.

JOSEF TOBISKA

by Louis Tobiska

My father, Josef Tobiska, was born in Prague, Czechoslovakia, on December 17, 1881.

My father and mother were married in Czechoslovakia about 1900. They came to this country in 1904, bringing with them two small children, one youngster passing away shortly afterward and the other being my oldest sister Anna, who now lives in Oregon.

My parents lived for a while in Nebraska and Minnesota, then homesteaded five miles north-

Josef Tobiska and granddaughter-1928.

Archy and Louie Tobiska.

east of Sulphur, South Dakota, in 1909.

My father was a carpenter, having learned the trade in the old country. He had to work out a lot to make ends meet as those were hard times. He worked in Lead, Deadwood and Fort Meade. Many times he had to walk from the Hills out to the claim. He had a horse called Goldie, which he sometimes would ride from the claim to Sturgis. Upon reaching Sturgis he would turn the horse loose and she would find her way back to the claim. This left my mother and the children home alone much of the time.

Some of our neighbors were: Polmacks, Mundils, McGillvrays, Schiefersteins and Gardners, just to mention a few. Schiefersteins lived about one-half mile north of our place.

Mrs. Schieferstein was of great help to the family. Her boys would walk to Sulphur once a week for the mail. They had a small wagon that they would pull, so could bring home some groceries, coffee, lard, etc. They would stop at my folk's place first and leave the mail, etc. and then trudged on to their place. Mr. Schieferstein worked away a lot, too.

Milly Tobiska

At that time my parents lived in a tent on the claim. This tent later burned down and my father put in a dugout.

While living in the dugout, my mother and my sisters, Anna and Libby, were completely covered over with snow drifts during a three-day blizzard. After the storm, one of the Shieferstein boys, Arnold, came over with a scoop shovel and dug them out. The only air that entered the dugout during the storm was from the stove pipe sticking out the top.

Another time the creek came up after a heavy rain and they almost drowned out of the place. Carl Schieferstein came by and put the two little girls on his saddle horse and my mother forded the creek. Everything worked out fine.

My brother, Otto, was the next baby. He was born in Sturgis in October, 1911. He now lives in Oregon. My sister, Libby, has since passed away. Milly was born in 1913 and now lives in Montana. In 1915 Theresa was born and she now lives in Idaho. Archy who was born in 1917 also lives in Idaho. I was next, in 1919. Archy and I were born on the homestead.

Once Milly put a bean in one of her nostrils and left it there. She was small at the time so didn't realize what would happen and the bean swelled. My mother took her to Mrs. Schieferstein and it took both the ladies to hold the child and dislodge the bean.

A lot of things happened in those years, both good and bad.

The year that I was nine, Archy and I were herding sheep about a mile from home when I was bitten on the hand by a rattlesnake that I was trying to kill. My brother ran home for help, but it was about 3 hours before father arrived at the scene as the old car wouldn't start at home. We started for Newell but the car stalled. Mrs. Hubert Dillard and her brother happened by and took me to Newell and the doctor, who was Dr. Clark then. I was very sick for a long time.

In the fall of 1910, my father hauled coal from a coal mine northwest of Mud Butte. He hauled with a team of oxen.

The family moved to Sturgis in 1911 remaining there until the spring of 1912 when they moved back to the homestead. My father built a small frame shack, this serving as the family home until January, 1924, when it burned to the ground.

My parents separated in 1923, leaving my father to raise 5 children alone, these being Otto, Milly, Theresa, Archy, and myself. He managed to put us through school by doing carpenter work and raising some livestock. He bought his first sheep from Loyd Potter in 1925.

In 1936 my father turned the home place over to Otto and in 1938 he bought the ranch I now own. It's the former John Hulber ranch on Sulphur Creek, west of the old Sulphur post office.

Among the many houses that my father built in earlier days out here to name a few that are still in use: Patterson's, Gardner's, Fairbank's, and he also did lovely cabinet work for many, many more. In homestead days he built numerous coffins.

One of the last carpenter jobs he did was to help me build a sheep shed in the fall of 1950. Shortly afterward he was taken sick and passed away on October 24, 1950, in the Belle Fourche Hospital. He is buried in the Newell Cemetery.

He was a member of the Newell Masonic Lodge and also belonged to the Naja Temple Shrine of Deadwood.

SMILEY SHEEP OUTFIT

By A. L. Smiley

Because of crowded range conditions, M. J. Smiley and others from the same outfit, decided to move from the Rawlins, Wyo., country to Gillette and Moorcroft. We trailed there in the winter of 1902 and 1903, and lambed there that spring. In the summer of 1903, there was a range war on between the cattle and sheepmen, so the winter of 1903 and 1904 they moved to the Slim Buttes country for a year. Their lambs were poor and losses of sheep were heavy.

They decided to move to the Cedar Canyon, Mud Butte and Sulphur Creek country. The outfit included M. J. Smiley with about 6000 sheep; Al Young with 3000; Ed Graham with 3000; Charles Smiley with 3000; Charles Marlette with 3000 and Bill Conway with 1500. Al Young located at the mouth of Big Draw. Chas. Smiley at Rickyford about two miles up Sulphur Creek. Ben Flemming, M.J.'s foreman, was at the mouth of Cattle Creek. The others had no headquarters but their sheep wagons. They all worked together as one outfit. The early help was local and included Edwin and Walter Dennis, the McMillans of Sturgis, Jonnie Frank, Duncan and big John, Frank Roughton, Bill Hanna, Jack Pringle, Mexican Joe, and many others.

Their post office was Stoneville. The store was run by George T. Rounds. O. T. Sevareid was building the present store at Fairpoint then. There was only one ranch on Sulphur Creek, and Quinn's at Tama. The nearest neighbor was Mrs. Boe on Sulphur. Tom Welch was at the mouth of Horse Creek, Pete Culbertson on Pine Creek, Ralph Saunders on Big Draw, also John Timmons. Joe Timmons lived on Rock Creek.

There was a lot of talk that there would be trouble with the ranchers, but M. J. gave orders that there was to be no sheep where it would hurt anyone. There never was any trouble, all disputes were settled with a little give and take on both sides.

All grain and most of the other supplies were hauled from Belle Fourche. Most of the time there were 2 freight outfits on the road, using four and six horse teams.

After 1910, M. J. leased or was in partnership with many, scattered from Belle Fourche to Isabel, S. Dak. Some of these men were Jim Watson Denver, Vol Tidball, Clarence Smith, Geo. Williams, Art Smiley, Frank Lanouette, Rip Vansickle, Walter Hicks, Wm. Burk and many others.

The hard winter of 1919 and 1920 nearly wrecked him financially. Snow came two feet deep the middle of October, and we had snow until in April. It cost about $9.00 a head to winter the sheep. The price of wool dropped from 50¢ a pound in 1919 to .05¢ in 1920. The price of the sheep dropped in price from $20.00 to $4.00 and $5.00. He had had about 40,000 head of sheep. He was still running about 9,000 yearlings at the time of his death in 1929.

The Henry Mutchler home and two daughters. Note- the water barrel and old wooden washing machine.

THE HENRY MUTCHLER FAMILY

By Mrs. Ira Mutchler

Henry Mutchler and Mary Frances Christy were both born in 1862 near Bloomfield, Iowa, to parents who lived only three miles apart.

They played together as children and in 1881 they were married and lived near Floris, Iowa, for three years before moving to Dakota Territory, to locate near Yankton, S. Dak.

Twenty years later they moved to Ticonic, Iowa, where they lived for two years, then came to Wall, South Dakota, filing on a homestead. The four oldest children filed and they started a small cattle ranch.

Later they operated the first grocery store in Wall, hauling supplies from Rapid City with team and wagon.

As a lad of sixteen, Henry worked for a summer or more for his cousin, Jim Daugherty of Yankton, who hauled supplies from Ft. Pierre to Deadwood with teams of oxen hitched to a single wagon or sometimes three wagons tied together. Often there were 24 to 32 head used on a wagon, or as many as 40 head when going was bad, or when pulling three wagons. In good weather they could make 15 to 20 miles per day, but in bad weather when the gumbo was wet, sometimes they could only travel five miles a day.

The wagons were ferried across the Missouri River at Ft. Pierre but the Bad and Cheyenne Rivers and countless streams had to be crossed, only a trail for a road. Sometimes they encountered bands of Indians along the way. One of the night riders was killed by Indians when they were camped on a creek, near Bear Butte.

Perhaps a spirit of adventure inspired him to move his family on westward, for in 1909 they moved up from Wall by covered wagon, trailing their herd of cattle.

Henry Mutchler filed on a homestead four miles southwest of Sulphur. Four of the children, Ella, Ode, Ira, and John filed on surrounding claims.

Eleven of their then living children were born at Yankton, seven sons, Frank, Elmer, Roy, Orian, Ira, John and Walter, four daughters, Ella, Freda, Vera, and Dorothy. The two oldest, Alma and Etta were born at Floris, Iowa.

All of the boys, excepting Elmer and Roy have lived most of their lives in this vicinity, to become cattle ranchers on their own.

Mr. Mutchler built a schoolhouse across the dam near his home which was attended by his children and also those of Ed Sheldon and Pete Jewett.

The Mutchler home was the gathering place for several community Christmas dinners when neighbors came with gifts of food which all enjoyed eating together.

Dances held at various homes, some of them were Bill Clark's, and Fred Hill's. The music was fiddles and organs, and it brought folks for many miles. They traveled by horseback, top buggy, or wagon until the 'flivver' arrived on the scene.

Roy and Ira served their country overseas during World War I. Both were stationed in France. Ira for one and a half years as an MP and Roy with the Engineers.

Mr. and Mrs. Mutchler celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary February 3rd, 1941 when over one hundred relatives and friends came to their ranch home to greet them. They continued to live there until December 1945, when they moved to Newell where both died in the following year, he was 84, and she was 83. They shared a lifetime of good and bad times, and always remaining cheerful and enjoying life to the fullest extent.

When they came to this part of the country, Sulphur was quite a town. During its growth it had a newspaper, "The Sulphur Match," drugstore, doctor's office, land office, blacksmith shop, grocery store, a saloon, dance hall and a schoolhouse.

There was a claim shack on practically every quarter of land but the extremely dry year of 1911 forced many to move away.

Sulphur had one of the best baseball teams in the country, Vale and Fruitdale were the only teams to score against them. Shy and Ode both played with Sulphur. Ball games were well attended as were gatherings of any sort, such as school programs, box socials, picnics and etc.

John Hanzlik and road crew.

JOHN HANZLIK

by Charles Hanzlik

On September 22, 1909, Mr. and Mrs. John B. Hanzlik and Charles arrived at their destination in the Sulphur country. They came by covered wagon from Gregory, South Dakota, coming to South Dakota from Nebraska earlier.

There were no buildings on their homestead which is now their ranch so there was the task at hand of putting up buildings and freighting in food and supplies before the winter set in.

Winters in the early days were much worse than the present time. Often there were blizzards that lasted 3 days at a time.

John worked his place, helped neighbors, and did whatever he could find to do to make a living

The log house John Hanzlik built the first years after settling here. They still live in it.

Delbert Shryock in front of his claim shack-1910.

and get a start in livestock. He did blacksmith work such as sharpening plow lays, shoeing horses, etc.

Everything had to be freighted in by wagon from Sturgis mostly. That took several days for a trip, often battling storms on the trip.

He raised horses, broke them, and sold many fine teams, also some saddle horses. He did road work and built dams thus breaking broncs as they used 4 ups or 4 horses on fresnos and plows for such work.

He slowly built up a herd of cattle and acquired more land to make the present ranch.

In the early days there were many community picnics and gatherings. Neighbors came from miles around on horseback, on foot, or in wagons and buggies to a designated place for a picnic and jolly get-together. In the winter they met at one another's homes for an evening of visiting, singing, literary enjoyment, dancing, or cards.

The neighbors donated their time and equipment and built a sod schoolhouse so the children would have schooling. This schoolhouse was warm as it was heated with a wood heater. Children often walked many miles to attend.

They trailed their cattle to Faith in the fall to be shipped to market.

John and Charles and several neighbors, Roger Boe, Manuel Coy, Joe Brown and many others made many trail drive trips to Faith. There were few fences and no highways then so that was the ideal way to get cattle to market. This was real work and often a thunder and lightning storm would scatter the cattle for them, causing them more work to gather them up.

John passed away in November of 1963.

MARK D. SHRYOCK

Having laid aside my teething ring, obtained a full set of teeth (with the exception of my wisdom teeth) and arriving at the age of 22 (with a yen for farming and able to operate under my own power), I decided, in the spring of 1909, to go in quest of a place I could call my own. So in mid-June, a friend, Harry Simmons, and I decided to come west where we had an acquaintance by the name of Clifford Titus who was acting as locater out of Sturgis. We wanted to see if we could find a suitable homestead in western South Dakota.

We arrived in Sturgis in due time and found our friend, who was ready to take us into the unknown. We started on a long trek out through the Fairpoint-Stoneville country and found in the Stoneville vicinity a man whom we were acquainted with back in Wessington Springs. He wasn't able to do anything for us, but Mr. Titus took us on up into the Lovell vicinity where we scouted around for a couple of days, and managed to find something we thought suited us.

It was on upper Frozen Man Creek near the William Gore place. Mr. Gore was operating a roadhouse on the old Bismark Trail. After a time, we selected the places which we thought suited us best and started back on our long journey to Sturgis. Newell was not on the map at this time.

We arrived back in Sturgis and the next day boarded the train for Wessington Springs from where we had started. On our way, we stopped in Rapid City and made filing on the land which we had selected. At that time we were allowed 6 months in which to establish residence, so after the crops were in that fall, which was November, we loaded our immigrant car and headed back for western South Dakota.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Shryock

Stage coach between Newell and Faith- 1910.

It was beautiful weather when we started out, but when we arrived in Pierre, our beautiful weather had turned a cold shoulder and it started to snow. We finally arrived in Rapid City a day or two later and found that Sturgis was full of immigrants. Hence we were detained in Rapid City for a couple days until things could be cleared in Sturgis so we could have a place for our car there.

But it continued to snow and my partner decided against establishing residence on the claim, and sold his belongings for what he could get and returned to Wessington Springs. I, with my little team and wagon and another friend, Frank Kenty, who also homesteaded at the same time but worked for a rancher by the name of Jim O'Neil on Spring Creek by Bear Butte, started to cross the gumbo from Vale. The snow was thawing and the gumbo wasn't what you might call dry, but we made our way to what was called Elm Station about halfway between Newell and Sulphur on the second day of our journey. We arrived after dark of that day and were glad to see a place to crawl into.

The next day we arrived in Sulphur and stayed there overnight, as my homestead was 7 miles beyond on the old Bismark. The next day I arrived at the site (or at the Wm. Gore place which adjoined my homestead) and made that my headquarters until I could obtain material for a house or shack to live in. On the following day, I drove to Ball on upper Sulphur Creek where there was a man by the name of Hohenberger who was selling lumber, and obtained material for my shack which I built myself as best I knew how.

Before building, I dug a small excavation underneath in which to store my supplies and thought myself pretty well established. Following a few days, I was invited to the Clifford Titus place, between Pattersons and John Hanzliks on lower Frozen Man, to spend my time there. So I loaded my belongings and took my team and wagon down to Titus' on lower Frozen Man. There I stayed until later when I decided to return to my homestead. When I arrived there, I found my grain sacks empty and full of holes and my corn stored down underneath my shanty amongst the other supplies--by the pack rats.

About the last of the year, Congress granted leave to all whose time terminated during the months of November, December, January, and February. So in February of 1910 I decided to return to the eastern part of the state from whence I came and wait until spring when I could operate as I had no company except pack rats, jackrabbits, coyotes, and an occasional antelope.

I stayed at my home town on my father's place and helped him with spring work until May when I returned to my homestead. But the months ahead were so dry that not even grass appeared except in low places. I traded my team, wagon, and belongings to a neighbor to get plowing done on my place and my sister's (who later became Mrs. Ollie Stomprud) who had filed on 120 acres adjoining mine. I sold her my shack and made for myself a dugout in the bank in which I lived during my claim life.

In the spring of 1911 I decided to make proof in June, so went to Newell to obtain employment until that time, and through a friend who was working for the Sturgis Lumber Co. in Newell, I borrowed a bicycle and toured the country in hopes of finding work. Finally I arrived at a place known as Martin Hanson's on the Belle Fourche River north of Vale where Mr. Knaub now lives. I worked for him two weeks and then for a man lower down the river, Pete Peterson, a bachelor, for another two weeks. Then it was nearing time for my proof which was made in Sulphur before Burr Boswik, U.S. Commissioner.

After proof was made in the middle of June, I returned to eastern South Dakota to try to accumlate a little property to bring back for use on the claim. I farmed there for about four years, then decided to return to my old homestead. But before returning I became acquainted with a young lady who agreed to return with me and share my miseries--which she did for many years. We were married November 1st, 1913. During this time there were three children born to us. The eldest, Mrs. Wm. Stolnack, who lives in Newell, a boy, Thomas Delbert was lost in World War II, and a younger daughter, Louisa, is now Mrs. B. J. Tierney and lives in Denver. The latter has two children, Mrs. Stolnack has two girls, but Thomas never returned from the war.

We tried to operate the place until 1936 when we decided to sell our belongings and move to Deadwood. The decision was arrived at largely because of the lack of water, but abundance of dust storms and grasshoppers contributed. We moved to Deadwood that fall and a few years later, I became associated with the Thorpe Jewelry Co. where I worked for twelve years until retirement in 1955. At this time, our daughter in Newell, persuaded us to move here where she lived. We purchased a place in 1960, formerly owned by Lloyd Houdek, and have since made our home there. We have purchased cemetery lots in the beautiful Belle Fourche cemetery under the pines (Hope the beetles don't get those pines) where we hope to eventually rest in peace. We hope!

Delbert Shryock and Ollie Stomprud in front of Ollie's sod barn-1910.

OLLIE STOMPRUD

Ollie Stomprud came to this country from Sioux City, Iowa in December of 1908 and filed for homestead claim. He then returned to Sioux City and came back here to live in February of 1909, coming as far as Sturgis by train. He and Bob Bates, along with a team of horses, wagon and machinery went from Sturgis to Vale the first day. On the second day they were lost in a blizzard and stayed all night under a wagon. The next morning they found they were only one and a half miles from Station Elm.

Ollie's homestead was a half mile east of the present ranch buildings. His homestead shack was 10x12 frame building. He also had a 12x24 sod barn.

Hannah Stomprud, Ollie's sister, came from Sioux City in 1910. Her claim was straight east of Ollie's one-fourth of a mile.

Delbert and Mark Shryock came here from Wessington Springs, S. Dak. in 1909 and came here to live in 1910. Winnifred Shryock, their sister filed on her 21st birthday, May 5, 1910. Delbert taught the first school in Squaw Butte District in a sod schoolhouse.

Ollie Stomprud and Winnifred Shryock were married Dec. 20, 1912, at Wessington Springs. Their children are Chester Stomprud, Elanor Pearson (Mrs. Lyle Pearson) and Calvin Stomprud. Winnie passed away in March 1956.

Joe Ellis and Charley Cain breaking sod - 1909.

JOSEPH ELLIS

I was a carpenter in West Virginia. In the fall of 1908 I went west to register for a homestead. I did not draw a number for one so went on to Rapid City where I met two other fellows and we all filed on claims between Newell and Faith. We bought a team and wagon and took a load of supplies and drove north to our claim. In October, 1908, we built a dugout, partly of sod. We built a shelter for the horses and bought some hay. All three of us spent most of the winter cutting down trees for wood and fence posts. The next year, 1909, was a good year and I broke up 10 acres and planted it to corn and raised a good crop. We got our mail at Stoneville, 19 miles south of us.

The year of 1911 was a terribly dry year so I went back to West Virginia and worked at carpenter work for 3 years. In 1914 I bought a herd of sheep and ran sheep then for 3 years. In 1910 I had met Berta Hurd, whose parents lived down near Sulphur Creek and in 1917 we were married. We have 7 children, all still living. Edythe is Mrs. Ralph Olsen of Prosser, Washington, Stanley, Bob and Clayton are all of Spokane. Ruth, now Mrs. Jack Rantanen, also lives in Spokane. Josephine Gillett and Lowell live in Los Angeles. All the time we lived in South Dakota we took our children 4 miles to Royal Center Grade School and they went to high school in Newell. On account of shortage of feed I sold the sheep. Then in the fall of 1936 after a period of dry summers and hard winters, we came out to the state of Washington.

I might mention a few of our neighbors; we had very many dear friends in old Meade County. There were the Lewis Symonds, Elwood Jankes, Tom Olsens, Henry Nearhoods, Ollie Stompruds, Pat Pattersons, Charles Weiss, Mr. and Mrs. Ingalls, Walter and Lawrence, the Will Weiss ,O.K. Andersons (Mrs. Anderson was a teacher of Royal Center for many years), Ernest Lutrells, Hubert Dillards and the John Hanzlik families. Our post office was shifted from Stoneville to Lovell, then to Royal Center and Cedar Canyon.

We saw many prairie fires, wind and hail storms and blizzards. There was lots of drought and a few good years.

South Sulphur School - 1917 Thekla Mutchler-teacher.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Mutchler.

SULPHUR BASEBALL TEAMS

by Ollie Stomprud

The Sulphur baseball team played ball in the year 1910. One game was played in 1911 and then most everyone proved up on their homestead claims and pulled out of the country. The following were the players:

Pitcher - John Marstan; Catcher - Bud Stickman; 1st baseman - Bob Bates; Short stop - Guy Farber; 2nd baseman - Everett Olson; 3rd baseman - Ollie Stomprud; Outfield - two Fritz brothers; Outfield (part time) Rex Mullenix; Manager - Art Lake (Mrs. Nellie Poole's brother).

1920 - 1930

by Ira Mutchler

I played with the team in 1920 and 1930. Sulphur had the best team in the country at that time. Vale and Fruitdale were the only teams that ever won a game over Sulphur. Some of the players during this time were, Wm. and Walt Clark, Sam and Frank McDonald, Nels Sevareid, Earl Mullenix, Harold Townsend, John Moravec, Shy and Ode Mutchler, and later Roland Mutchler, Floyd McGillvary and Donald Jacoby.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ekstrom.

A typical sheep camp - 1910.

Mrs. O. K. Anderson's school-1912.

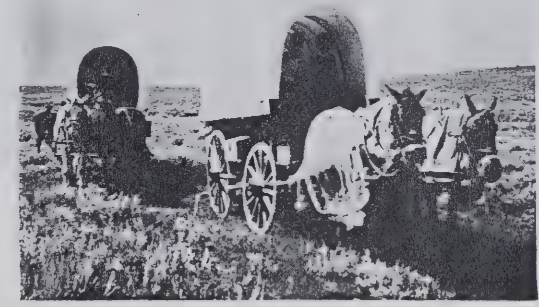
McGILLIVARY SCHOOL FRONT ROW: Loren Poole, Kenneth and Floyd McGillivary. BACK ROW: Hugh McGillivary, Carl Voyte, Art Lintenen, Teacher, Bar Yuill.

Sulphur School - 1919 - Thelka Brown-Teacher.

Hauling water in the '20's.

Sulphur School

Homestead shack of Fred Arndt, west of Sulphur - 1909.



Eagers and Porters leaving Meade to go to Iowa - 1915.

Frank Woodward

Provisions for one winter

George and John Jungwirth-1917.

The old Boe ranch - 1914.

Bachelor's picnic - 1910

POST OFFICE
SULPHUR STORE

Grace Cole and Mrs. Archie Allen

Madden's Livestock Market

CATTLE FRIDAYS

JIM AND MARGARET MADDEN -- OWNERS

ST. ONGE SOUTH DAKOTA

Tri-County Soil & Water Conservation District

FAITH, SOUTH DAKOTA

TWENTY-SIX YEARS OF LEADERSHIP IN THE FIELD OF SOIL AND WATER CONSERVATION

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MILTON MORRELL - Member
MARGOT GIESLER - Secretary

Lovell

Guy Forbes and Sybil Sullinger in front of the Lovell Store in 1914.

Two school teachers at Lovell in 1914.

JAMES BROWNS
by Nada (Brown) Schultz

My sister and I filed on our land in June, 1907. We made a visit there and spent sometime, then in 6 months, which happened to be in Jan. in 1908, we arrived in Sturgis in a blizzard. We hired someone to take us to our land. It took us 2 days to get to my brother's home, they lived close to our land. Our houses had been built by my father who lived in Woonsocket, S. Dak. The houses were firmly constructed, 10 by 12, and sodded up halfway outside.

In July, I went out to live on the land. My sister, Anna had been living on her land a short while before I arrived. I still had to drive 70 miles from Sturgis to reach my new home. People were already living on land all around us. They came from all over the United States, and were all grand people. I thoroughly enjoyed my 16 months spent in Meade County.

My sister, Anna taught the Boe School, riding back and forth horseback, while I was the housekeeper.

My brother, James H. Brown and family lived about half a mile from us. At that time they had two children, Harold and Leland. There were people living on every 160 acres of land all around. Our closest neighbors were the Heislers. They had a small grocery store and post office. This joined my sister, Anna's land on the corner. At that time the post office was called Lovell. We went to church at Stoneville and Fairpoint, also to dances and we really had a grand time, although we had to ride horseback and stay until daylight to go home, so we could find the trails home, and many times through cold stormy weather. But we enjoyed it all. One of the friends who lived in the Stoneville and Fairpoint area that I still keep in touch with is, Esther Dullea. She is now living in Wichita, Kansas.

Part of the land my father had was a desert claim of 320 acres near our land. This desert claim is still owned by the Heins and leased by the Hanzliks.

My brother, Joseph passed away in Aug. 1962. My sister, Anna still lives in Mitchell, S. Dak. I guess I'm the wanderer in the family. I married and lived in St. Louis, Mo. for over 30 years. We have one daughter, Mary Margert, married to Dr. Edwin Meiners, and we have 4 grandchildren. We lived for a time in Calif. and now Houston, Texas.

Mud Butte

Mud Butte ball team in 1911: Myrtle Beller, Beth Peregrine, Kathryn Fay, Mrs. Duff, Ella Titus, Mrs. Hatstead, Mrs. Cody, Winnie Kindergan, Lottie Titus, Mamie Titus. Joe Likens, referee.

World War I Veterans: Ole Olson, Glen Peregrin, Grant Gorsett, Pat Short, Oscar Gorsett, Joe Gerber, G. Wahlfeldt, Carl Gorsett.

Vern Stockings, diggins' in 1910.

the homestead

Hank Donnelly with Peregrines mules.

Peregrines and Tituses.

Earl and Ella Titus, Vern Stockings, Geo. Hall, Lottie Titus, Herb Palmer, Kathryn Fay, Mamie Titus, Beth Peregrine and J. G. Henton.

Family gathering at Peregrines old sod house built in 1910.

ED PEREGRINE
by Elizabeth (Peregrine) Schuelke

Ed Peregrine was born at Brooks, Iowa, in 1865, moved to a farm near Bloomfield, Nebraska, in 1904, and came to Meade County in the fall of 1909 and filed on a homestead.

The following spring, in May, 1910, he left Bloomfield with an immigrant train along with Ben Titus, Noah Bigham and August Meyers coming as far as Sturgis, South Dakota, by rail. Then, loading their few household belongings on wagons pulled by huge mules, they drove overland to their claims which were near what is now Mud Butte Post Office.

They lived in a big tent while building the first building, which was a barn, of lumber hauled from Sturgis in wagons.

That barn was the Peregrine's dwelling all summer. It had a dirt floor which was sprinkled down each night to keep the dust settled.

That summer the four men built each family a sod house and by the fall of 1910 we moved into our first home, a three-room sod house with walls two or three feet thick.

The walls were plastered on the outside. The inside was papered with wallpaper.

The roof was covered with 'hardpan', a soil much like cement, to keep it from leaking.

There were good times and bad times, but on the whole it was a wonderful era.

Many came for a 14 month period for the purpose of proving up and acquiring titles to their homesteads. Those were the honyocker days. Those people went back to where they came from or on to greener pastures.

However, some stayed and faced blizzards and drought, hot winds and grasshoppers. Out of those trying times has emerged the class of people that today are possessors of a land which they can be proud to be a part of.

MR. & MRS. E. W. BOYNER
by May Peregrine

My folks decided to leave Sioux City to try the open spaces. In 1911, that dry year when the corn came up in August, we left with the bare necessities and came to a 10x12 frame and sod shack which my father bought as a relinquishment. He had answered an ad in the Sioux City paper. Before winter set in, we had an addition to this 10x12.

We children really enjoyed that first year with no school and play every day. The following year, Father went back to Sioux City to his trade. The second year wasn't as plentiful as we had brought a big Sears grocery order with us when we came the first year. My mother did most of the work like milking cows and putting in what little crop we had.

The second year Mrs. Smith from Royal Center taught our school, which served as home and school. Her husband taught the Mud Butte School. He walked a good deal of the time between school and home and would get lost sometimes.

In 1914 we left our happy home and went back to Sioux City after selling house and animals. But in 1917 we came back after the folks sold their home and shop. Mother couldn't get over our selling all and coming back. We shipped household goods, farm implements and animals by immigrant car. We lived in a tent until the house was built.

My father would cut hair for the neighbors. He also repaired harnesses during the winter. Crops weren't too good so we kids left home to go to work.

In 1922, Father fell and broke his hip and had to go to Rochester for quite a while. He was unable to do much work after that. He passed away in 1923 at the age of 56.

In 1920 Glenn Peregrin and I were married. We have 5 children: Howard in California, Lila in Staten Island, Bill in Las Vegas, Betty in Waverly, Iowa, and Bob in Sturgis. Lila has 2 children Bill has 3 children and Betty and Bob each have one child.

Della became Mrs. Earle Gardner and they had 2 children. Frances in San Diego where Della now lives with her family and 2 children. Earle passed away in 1935. Dick lives in Kansas City, Missouri, and has 2 girls. Carl lives in Omaha with his wife, Margaret. Elmer passed away in 1959 leaving his wife, Margaret and son, Bill.

Those days out on the prairie were happy days with church, literary club meetings, in old soddies where everyone came on horseback or in buggies. We didn't have baby sitters in those days. Kids went where the folks went or all stayed home. We had to make the entertainment if we wanted any. There was no radio or television. Ervin Peregrine had the first radio in the Mud Butte country. Sometimes it worked and we'd all be so thrilled. One day his mother heard music faintly. She went outdoors and looked and listened. Finally, it dawned on her the radio had not been turned off the night before. Of course she ran to the corral and had the men come up to listen.

My mother passed away in 1962 after breaking her hip and complications set in at the age of 90 years. So this ends a happy time and some sad ones too.

Sod Schoolhouse at Mud Butte.

ALBERT S. SCHUELKE
by Elizabeth Schuelke

Albert S. Schuelke homesteaded in Meade County in 1910, 4 miles west of Cedar Canyon Post Office.

He was married to Elizabeth Peregrine at Bison in 1914.

We lived on the homestead in a little two-room shack for several years raising mostly children.

The first few years were so dry that what grain did come up was burned off by the hot winds. Somehow we always seemed to get by. If anyone had any crops, we always had some.

Albert carried mail from Cedar Canyon to Faith in a Model T for several years. Later, when Highway 212 came through, he maintained the part from Cedar Canyon west to the county line with horses.

We were always busy, but never rushed as people of today.

We raised our twelve children and all but two still live close by. Two girls are in Colorado.

Mr. Schuelke passed away at the home place in 1944.

Of course there was tragedy, too, like the time the schoolmaster was riding his faithful horse and sneezed and lost his dentures. He never found them. A neighbor lady also lost her dentures and found them years later when they remodeled the house. A packrat had stored them between the walls. These were great losses as they could not be replaced.

There was also excitement like the time the authorities came and picked up Dillinger's partner, Hammelton, who had come to Cedar Canyon and hired all the men he could to build a big enterprise of some sort there.

There were also many enjoyable times. There was peace and quiet. There was the orchestra that Mrs. O. K. Anderson and Ervin Peregrine started; and how the youngsters did play! There were the school rally days that we all looked forward to so much.

The M&M tent show that came to Maurine once a year was another good time. And, last but not least, the ball games, where everyone went and visited with his neighbor.

While things have changed greatly, with the coming of big cars, good roads, electricity and telephones, the people of this great land, many of them descendants of these first settlers, are characteristically the same, stalwart and straightforward. A friendly and pleasant people.

RAMBLING WITH ROSE
by Rose Kenstler Karnen

If my mother were still living she could tell many happenings from the past but, since she is no longer with us, I will give you the highlights of what she told along with a few incidents that I remember.

My dad, Paul, and mother both came from Germany in the late 1890's to the Black Hills area. Mother worked in town and ranch homes and Dad worked for different cow outfits. While working they met and were married in Deadwood in 1897. To this union four children were born: Fred, Erma, Arthur and Rose. Arthur and Erma have passed on.

Immediately after marriage my folks lived in Whitewood. My dad worked in a butcher shop there and later he worked for different cow outfits. When land was opened to homesteaders in the early 1900's my folks filed on a location north and east of Newell on which is now known as the Dale and Thelma Richard's ranch. Our home on this homestead was a dugout and here I was born.

In 1913 the Moreau River country looked more attractive to my folks so they bought a ranch and moved here. Here we ran sheep and Mother and the four of us kids herded and cared for them while my dad worked out to buy the groceries.

The sheep wagon was the only home we knew until in the early 1930's when the roof on the log house was repaired and we moved into it for part of the year.

This was a sheep ranch for many years but now this same ranch raises cattle, Appaloosa horses and buffalo. The ranch is still operated by my husband and myself.

My mother lived here until her death in 1959 and father passed on in Belle Fourche in September, 1963, at the age of 92.

My brother, Fred, and his family now live in Sturgis.

Getting to school was more difficult for us than for our 1960 grade school kids. We lived on the south side of the Moreau River and the school was north of the river. The schoolhouse was 8 miles away from our place and my means of transportation was horseback. Many times in the spring of the year I swam the river on horseback with ice cakes floating all around. My pony loved home and on a number of occasions she rubbed her hackamore off and I walked the 8 miles home. I was the youngest in the family and the others were out of school, so most of the time I went alone.

Mrs. Minnie Worthington and Mr. McCowen were two of my teachers. Several others I have forgotten. Some of the other families attending the school were the Tucker Smiths, the Albert Kirks, the Sandponts and the Curtis kids.

The good old days weren't all work and no play. Approximately every six weeks we had a neighborhood dance in soneone's sod house which many times lasted several days. Each family brought refreshments. The neighborhood often reached out as far as 60 miles. The means of transportation was horseback and wagon. People with small children put them in the wagon box, along with heated flat irons and rocks, and covered them with quilts to keep warm. In the winter sleds were used instead of wagons.

Lanterns hung from the ceiling to light the rooms. Music was local talent and this at times was a kitchen band. No one left until daylight.

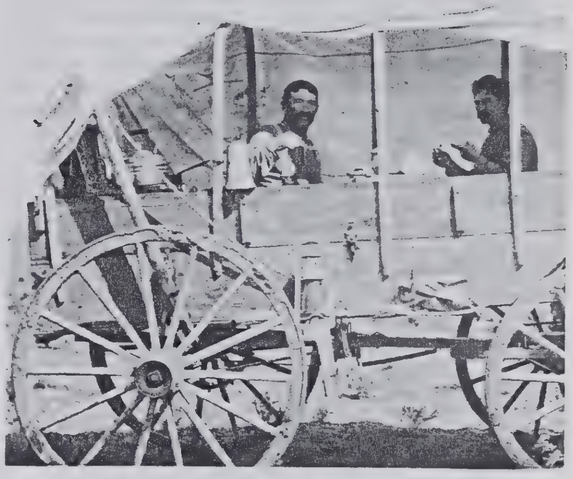
Rose Kenstler Karnen with three scarecrows used at lambing time to scare away coyotes.

Log house built in 1800 by Earl Hammond. Fred Kenstler on the horse.

Frank Mitchell and Fred Kenstler with Art Kenstler behind the wheel and part of the season's catch of coyotes caught in the late 1920's.

Royal Center

Royal Center School--Margaret Reeves, teacher.



Albert Ingalls and S. H. Jones camping while on a cattle trailing trip to Faith in 1909.

MR. AND MRS. ALBERT INGALLS

by Mrs. William Weiss

My folks, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Ingalls, came to Meade County in October 1908, shipping an immigrant car from Wasta, South Dakota, and driving with teams and wagons from there to their claim in Royal Township- 11 E. R. 12 N. They lived there continuously, until their deaths. My father passed away in 1931, and my mother in 1952. The family consisted of my sister, Elizabeth, now Mrs. Charles Weiss, my brothers, Lawrence and Walter, and myself, May, now Mrs. William Weiss.

The things that I remember most vividly, are the prairie fire that came through where we lived in the fall of 1909, and the long walks to school in the winters, many times chilling our feet and having to thaw them with snow.

The first two years we did not have school, but my sister helped us with our studies at home. But in the fall of 1910 the men in our township organized a school and Miss Margaret Reeves was hired to teach. There were children from four families in that first school, the Albert Ingalls, Lew Ingalls, Lawrence Memmer's, and Len Summer's.

The first school was held in a claim shack and was a far cry from the modern school, but we learned our lessons well.

Asa Memmer is a principal of a large school in California.

I was married to William Weiss on November 22, 1916. We lived in Iowa for nearly three years, but came back to Meade County in August, 1919, and bought the old Maass ranch on Pine Creek. There we raised our family of four children, Albert, Fern, and Donald and Doris, the twins.

Albert still lives on the old home ranch. Donald lives on the former O. K. Anderson ranch. Fern, now Mrs. Donald Patz, lives in Albuquerque, New Mexico and Doris, now Mrs. James T. Rudesill, lives in Fargo, N.D.

I am enclosing a picture of our first school, also a picture of my husband beside his claim shack, and also so the younger generations won't forget what grain stacks look like, I'm sending a picture of my father's grain stacks which he built in 1915. His stacks were a work of art, and never tipped over or the rain never soaked in. Each stack was perfect and all just alike.

My husband and I moved to town in 1946, and now reside at 1033 Blvd. in Sturgis, S. D.

RECOLLECTIONS OF HOMESTEAD DAYS

By Mrs. Charles Weiss

I was born and raised in Minnehaha County, from eastern South Dakota, and attended Normal School at Madison State. I taught two years, and then got the urge to homestead, as that was the popular theme of the time.

In July of 1908 a group of friends, from my neighborhood embarked by train to Rapid City. There were six of us, Mrs. Cavenaugh, a widow lady, with her twelve year old son, James, Miss Elsie Schrader, two brothers, Will and Jack Stevens, and myself. Enroute we were joined by two more, a Mrs. Dunham, who never did come back to her claim. My brother, Laurence Ingalls, filed on it later. The other was Charles Weiss, who came from Ft. Madison, Iowa.

We came overland from Rapid City by teams and buggies, inspected our claims, returned to Rapid City, as that was the nearest Government

Land Office, filed our applications there on July 13.

On October 26th, 1908, I came back to live on my claim. My family Mr. and Mrs. Albert Ingalls, Lawrence, Walter and sister May, now Mrs. William Weiss of Sturgis, came with me. We shipped two immigrant cars of stock and equipment to Wasta and drove three lumber wagon loads overland from there.

Our first school in Royal Township, in 1910, was taught in Mrs. Hattie Deers claim shack, by Miss Margaret Reeves, who later married Peter Wickman, and they moved to Sisseton, S. Dak., where she died several years ago.

I taught the Horse Butte School, also in 1910, in the township just north of Royal. I started my term of school in Tressa Trinklebaugh's claim shack, an 8 by 12 foot building, I had 16 pupils we were quite crowded as you can imagine. After about a month, the people of the district got together and built a larger schoolhouse, in which we had a house warming dance, and several Literary programs later in the school year.

I boarded with the O. K. Andersons, and had Vincent, John and Katherine Anderson in school.

Later on Mrs. Anderson taught Royal Center School, as did Vincent and Katherine also.

In January of 1912, I married Charles Weiss, and we have made our home on his homestead ever since, where we raised six children: Edith, now Mrs. Cecil Vig lives near here, Glen who married Clarice Swenson, now living at Colton, S. Dak. Clair married Dorothy Ensor and they live on the home place here. Dorwin married Hope Hubbard, they lived four miles north of Fairpoint, until July 5th of 1963, when he and his son, Nick drowned in a stock dam. Carole, now Mrs. Wayne Vig, lives near Opal, and Joyce, now Mrs. Ray Baker lives at Colestrip, Montana, where her husband teaches in the high school there.

My mother, Mrs. Albert Ingalls, organized the first Sunday school in our neighborhood. Mr. John E. Evans our first minister, homesteaded in the Stoneville area.

Mrs. O. K. Anderson organized the first Ladies Aid, in 1910, called it the Dorcas Society, she also started a school orchestra in conjunction with Ervin Perregrin, another of our local teachers who later became our County Superintendent of Schools in Meade County.

Mr. O. K. Anderson edited a weekly newspaper "The Dunnebeck News."

Other early settlers here, were the John Symonds, Joe Ellis, Ollie Stompruds, Herman Bensons. Also the Dillards, Asher, Hubert and Leon, and their mother, a widow, on Sulphur Creek.

The John Larkin family lived about two miles west of Royal School, where the Royal Center Post Office was established in about 1918 or 1920, with Mrs. Larkin as postmistress, she also carried the mail from Cedar Canyon the first three months, using a team and wagon for transportation.

The post office was discontinued in later years, when a mail route was established between Avance and Sulphur. Joe Isaacs has carried our mail for many years now, earlier carriers were Oscar Vansickle, Mrs. Nellie Allen, and Carl Schleuning.

Sulphur Post Office was discontinued a few years ago, and our mail is routed out of Mud Butte.

There are not many of the real old-timers left in the country, many have moved away, and many more have passed away.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Ingalls, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Benson, Mr. and Mrs. John Symonds, and Mr. O. K. Anderson are all deceased now. Mrs. Anderson is in a Rest Home in Whitewood. Hubert Dillard passed on just recently.

Mr. Dillard and his family had moved to Washington several years ago, selling his land here to Charles Russell, now deceased. Mrs. Lela Russell and her son, Louis Lemmel still operate the ranch. Lela has a home in Sturgis.

Lawrence and Walter Ingalls still live in Royal Township. May, (Mrs. William Weiss) lives in Sturgis. Their two sons run their ranches.

We celebrated our 50th wedding anniversary at Opal Community Hall, in 1962, with many old friends attending with our family of six children, 25 grandchildren and 8 great-grandchildren, so our country continues to grow in population and prosperity.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Weiss' wedding picture.

Louis Gunderson, Mrs. Weiss and Edith and Charles Weiss oat field in 1915.

LAWRENCE E. INGALLS

I was born in Minnehaha County thirty miles northeast of Sioux Falls, Oct. 13, 1896.

On my 12th birthday, 1908 my father, Albert E. Ingalls loaded an immigrant car in Humboldt, S. Dak., my parents and four children Elizabeth, now Mrs. Charles Weiss; myself; May, Mrs. William Weiss; and Walter started for Meade County just to stay fourteen months. We shipped to Wasta, South Dakota.

When we got to Wasta there were so many immigrants coming in, Father couldn't even rent a building to store our belongings in, such as clothes, furniture, and other things. Father bought lumber and built a small shack, just a flat roof of boards on top. I remember him saying, "it never rains in this country anyway." A short time later it started to rain, and it rained a lot, a dam went out and flooded the town. A business man from Wasta took our family in for a few days, until the water went down.

Naturally all the things in the shack were wet. We stayed in Wasta close to a week. Then we headed for what was to be my home. I have been there for the last 55 years. It took six horses to pull the wagon through the mud up the hill out of Wasta. We had three wagons and the old double seated surrey, behind that was a single seated buggy. In the front one Mother and the children rode. In the back one was the kerosene stove and other things.

The first day out I remember Father thought he ought to water the horses about noon. He saw this big draw and supposed there would be water in it. They unhitched the horses and started down the draw. They never did come to any water so had to hitch up and go on.

Every night we would set up the tent, Mother set up her stove and made biscuits for supper, there were ten of us. We had biscuits for supper, biscuits for breakfast, and cold biscuits for dinner.

The second night we camped on the Asheim place. We were about four or five days on the road. Coming up from Old Stoneville we didn't pass any homesteads, we passed the M. J. Smiley sheep ranch on Sulphur Creek.

The next day after we arrived at our destination, Father and my two uncles went to Sturgis to get lumber to build a house and barn. They built on the land that Elizabeth had homesteaded on. The house was 16 foot square, and 1912 we added three more rooms, and it was the same house that I continued to live in until 1952.

We didn't have school until the fall of 1910.

The Stoneville Post Office was run by George Rounds. We bought our supplies there for several years as he was about the only storekeeper who used to buy butter. Our post office the first years was Tama, run by Fred Quinn.

The homesteaders used to take turns going after mail. They had a box marked "Horse Creek Mail" and when anyone went they, got it all.

In 1917 I bought a relinquishment on the adjoining quarter in the same section.

On August 22, 1927 Marie Vig and I were married and in February of 1939 she passed away leaving five small children, the oldest being eleven years old and the youngest sixteen months. We saw some trying times but our children grew up, and now are all married and in homes of their own.

November 23, 1953 Ann (Mikudik) Mildrew and I were married.

In 1942 we organized a 4-H Club, I was leader and I am starting my twenty-second year as such, and with some of my grandchildren as members.

I have served on Township and School boards, have been a director of the Tri Co. Stock Show and Rodeo since it organized, and have been a director on the R.E.A. board since 1949.

The Nelson homestead in about 1912. Mrs. Boyer, her mother, Mrs. Jeffens, Corny Nelson, Mr. Boyer, Les Boyer, Mrs. Tray, two unknown, Charlie Nelson, Mrs. Nelson and Cecil Nelson. A good cabbage crop at Fairpoint S. Dak.

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WALTER WEAVER

I was born at Buffalo Gap, S. Dak. in 1900. My parents were Fred and Effie Weaver. In 1903 they came over land, trailing cattle and horses. My mother drove one wagon and kept my sister and me with her. They settled on Deep Creek north of Fox Ridge where I was raised. Bixby was the post office, which was on the Bismark Trail. I remember when we came to Sulphur Creek where L. Boes lived, the creek was up so we had to camp 2 or 3 days until the water had receded enough to cross.

After my marriage to Helen Jewett of Sturgis, we lived on Big Draw, north of old Stoneville. I milked cows and put up alfalfa hay.

In 1925 we went to the Reservation where we lived until I bought in to the sale barn in Faith.

During 1933 and 34, I worked for the CBC-Chapel Brothers Corporation, raising and buying horses. They had a roundup camp and 4 sets of corrals 20 to 25 miles from camp. We would bring in 300 to 800 head of horses at a time for branding. Over 20 men worked during branding season. It took a month to get all the horses branded.

The horses were shipped to Rockford, Ill. where they were butchered and the hind quarters were shipped to France and Belgium. The other meat was made into dog food, parts mixed with bird seed, and the hooves into glue. Everything was used, including the mane and tail.

THE HERMAN BENSONS

by Margaret Heather
and Florence Harrington

In the fall of 1910, Herman and Olive Benson, with their three children, left their home and relatives in Morris, Illinois in quest of a new home in the wide open spaces. The Bensons homesteaded 16 miles east of Sulphur, where they moved into a small frame homestead shack. Through the years times were very hard and winters were very cold; consequently, Mr. Benson found it necessary to seek employment at the Homestake Gold Mine in Lead during the winters to obtain enough money to provide for his family and afford to put in his crops in the spring.

In 1911 we experienced the driest year on record. By August the sight of the parched prairies, with the dry and brittle grass, and the dried water holes led many of the despondent and discouraged homesteaders to relinquish their claims and return to their jobs and homes in the East.

Prior to the opening of the Royal Center School about 1912; Margaret, the oldest of the Benson children, was tutored in the home of Margaret Reeves. Shortly thereafter, the opening of the Royal Center School accommodated approximately thirty pupils.

In the eventful year of 1923, we got our first very special mode of transportation----a "Model T Ford." With much pride and joy, we were now able to shorten our usual tiresome forty-eight hour trip to Faith to only two hours.

The Bensons were blessed with five more children all born on the homestead. They were raised on the wonderful wide open spaces with the peaceful surroundings, which meant much to them.

Some years when there was enough moisture, our father raised large crops of corn. He rigged up a sheller and shelled corn for some of the big sheep ranchers in the area. They would come from some distance driving horses and hauling the corn in triple box wagons. You could hear the rumble of the wagons on the frozen ground and also of the corn being shelled. It was a busy and exciting time.

One year my nine year old brother realized that we may not have a Christmas tree. They were quite scarce out there on the prairie. It was a real cold winter day and when our mother missed this brother she sent me to go and find him. About a mile from home in the pasture was a clump of buffalo berry bushes. When I got on top of a hill, I saw him coming at quite a distance and I could hear him crying from the cold. In spite of this, he was dragging a tree and carrying the axe, so I helped him with his burden. Most folks know how bare a buffalo berry tree is in the winter but after our mother had it all trimmed, it was real bright and gay.

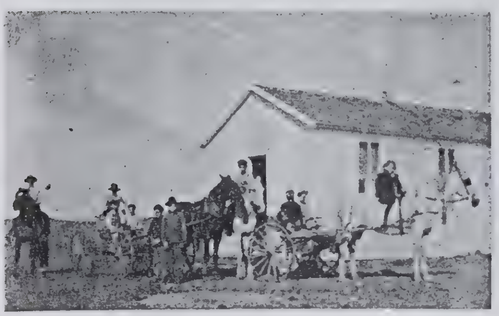
The toys were mostly handmade and the games were quite original. Often times, we would spend time at the home of Mrs. Dillard, who had the first radio in the neighborhood. We would take turns listening to radio programs with the set of earphones, and play and sing tunes with their old player piano.

Mr. Benson passed away in July of 1951. Seven

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Benson, Florence Margaret and Leonard, Sept. 16, 1910.

years later Mrs. Benson passed away in Nov. of 1958. They are survived by seven children; three daughters, Margaret Heather of Sturgis, Florence Harrington of Lead, and Esther Borla of Boyes, Montana; and four sons Leonard, Carl, and Howard of Mud Butte, and Stanley of Chicago.

There were many happy memories, as well as sad ones which will continue to live in the hearts of the Benson children.



Royal Center School-1915
The white horse and cart are Bensons, Florence on horse, Leonard and Margaret in cart, rest unknown.

Royal School in 1915.

Dorwin and Donald Weiss.

Mr. and Mrs. William Weiss and Albert 1919.

Corn Husking contest at Albert Ingalls-Charles Weiss, Jim Butler and unknown.

Ingalls, Charles and Will Weiss families.

Picnic on Pine Creek - 1910

Dorcas Society at Albert Ingalls.

Tent service conducted by J. M. Hamilton 1923.

William Weiss on his claim.

Anna Baker, Mrs. Ira Allison and Alice Baker.

The Frank Horn home-Bess, Tom, Mrs. Horn, Alice and Edith Horn. Frank Horn was a carpenter and also did some work at Deadwood on the railroad. Mrs. Horn stayed on the homestead while he worked away from home and they also did some farming.

Sunday School and Church at Howell School-1925.

Tama

Tama 1908

THE QUINNS, A PIONEER FAMILY AND THE HISTORY OF TAMA, S. DAK.

By Agnes Regan

In the year 1887 Peter and Agnes Quinn left their home in Tama County, city of Traer, Iowa to come to the Black Hills of South Dakota. Peter Quinn had spent the winters of 1886 and 1887 in the Black Hills, bringing horses from Iowa for trading and selling. He liked the new country very much, so in April 1887, he and his wife, six sons, Sheridan, Wilson, David, (Duff), Jim, Fred, and Ralph, and one daughter Margaret (Maggie), moved to Pleasant Valley near Sturgis on a farm now owned by the Jarvis family. Fred, Maggie and Ralph attended St. Martin's Academy, and Agnes Quinn was one to the seven charter members of the Sturgis Presbyterian Church. Mrs. Quinn was a very industrious little lady, and sold milk, cream and eggs to the soldiers stationed at Ft. Meade. Every morning she was in Ft. Meade at sunup in her buggy, with Fred usually as her helper, with her fresh dairy products.

After they had been here a short time it became very dry in the hills, so in 1890 they moved to the Viewfield country, near Whoop-up Springs where there was water for the stock. This was during the time of the Indian troubles, and many stories were told about them. In 1892 they moved their cattle north to Sulphur Creek and established their permanent home there. They first lived in a long log house. Grandma Quinn was both doctor and nurse to the white people living there, nursing them through smallpox epidemics, cared for snake bites and any illnesses prevalent at that time.

As the country became more populated she delivered many, many children and a good number bear her name: Agnes Hoehn, Agnes Vance, Agnes Shaw, Dorothy Agnes Phillipar, and others. Some of the other children she delivered are, the Phillipar twins, August Maas children, three Vance girls, Carl Bartlett, Les Shaw, and Earl Howie.

While they were living near Viewfield all the boys except Ralph, who stayed home to help his father went to work for the various large cow outfits in the country.

Sheridan, or Sherd as he was called, cooked for the Cross S outfit, with headquarters near the mouth of Alkali, where Alkali empties into the Belle Fourche River. Wilson went to work for George Moore and during those years made three trips to Texas to help trail cattle north for Wood, White and Wood. Their main camp was near Viewfield. Jim cooked for Narcisse Narcelle at the N S S ranch about 22 miles southeast of Faith. David or Duff, as he was called, was wagon boss for the N S S with headquarters on the Cheyenne River near the bridge south of Howes. Duff was also known as a real bronc rider. He later stayed there for quite a few years, starting a ranch for himself, the first ranch in this vicinity. Fred Barthold owned this ranch in later years. Fred worked for the Flying V, L7, and H O outfits. They were on the Moreau River near old Bixby. He worked for the Shiedley Cattle Co. under Ed Lemmon, whom he liked very much, and still talks about a great deal. He stayed with cow punching until after the last "Big Roundup" in 1902.

THE H O WAGON

At the time this picture was taken he was working for the H O outfit. The picture shows the H. O. mess wagon, the cowboys in the picture are Seifert Halley, Charlie Sheffield, John Howie, Jack Smith, Ab Reber, Billie White, Fred Quinn, George Reed, Manuel Coy, Harry Phillips, Oth Wood, Shorty Huff, Harry Abbot, and Charley Stienkle.

After the big roundups were over and big cattle companies sold out, Duff and Fred moved to Sturgis, where they opened Quinns Livery Stable. It was made of stone and was located on exactly the spot where the post office now stands in Sturgis.

Peter Quinn built a large stone house on Sulphur Creek in 1905, it had five rooms downstairs and four bedrooms upstairs. Mr. Quinn died in 1906 shortly after they moved in their new home, which is still the home of Mrs. Addie Quinn. Agnes Quinn missed him a great deal, but kept busy with all her nursing, preserving of foods, such as dried beef, pickles of all kinds, homemade hominy, mince meat, homemade laundry soap, butter, jellies and jams.

About this time the country was opened for settlement, and Grandma Quinn kept a sort of hotel in her home, boarding and rooming the people who came to file on claims. Also she opened a post office, and named it Tama, after her old county home in Iowa. Previous to this time they got their mail at White Owl which was a long way to go horseback, or by buggy.

Tama started to grow as people were streaming in to build sod houses or shacks to live in while they proved up on their land. Fred sold his interest in the livery stable in Sturgis and moved to Tama where he opened a grocery store and also built a dance hall. Everyone came to the dances for recreation. Ellis Shrull and Maude Phillips played for some of them, and also a couple named Mattox, I believe, who played the violin and harp.

Wilson Quinn opened a hardware store, Doc Hofer, a drug store, Tom Johnstone, a newspaper named the Tama Times. Guy Willis also worked for him. Paul Nichols opened a harness shop, McRoberts a blacksmith shop, and a school taught by Mary Daly, who later became County Superintendent of Schools. A coal mine was dug near Tama and did a good business. Lena Mueller's brother, Richard started a well drilling outfit and later lost his life in a well north of Tama.

A great deal of business activity of all kinds, and lots of fun took place here. There were homemade bands, celebrations and ball games. Tama had a pretty good ball team, who traveled to Pierre and other towns around the immediate vicinity to play ball. Fred Quinn managed this ball team.

Agnes Quinn was instrumental in starting a club that she named The Tama Social Club. All the neighbors belonged and they met once a month for visiting and eating. Everyone brought food, and men, women, children and all, attended and enjoyed themselves. Also on Thanksgiving and Christmas all the Quinn clan went to Grandmas, where the tables stretched through kitchen, dining room and living room, so everyone could be seated. What wonderful meals and good times we all had there, and how we children could hardly wait for the holidays. The tables would be loaded with all the fine homemade things she had baked and cooked, and made ready for her family. What a wonderful hostess she was, and I believe everyone who attended remembered those days as a high spot in their lives.

As the settlers proved up on their claims, many of them left, and Tama slowly faded away, as so many places did at that time. All the business places closed up except the post office.

Fred and family moved to Faith in 1912, where he entered into partnership in a garage with Jim Eldridge. Later he sold this business and went to work for the Dakota Livestock Co. run by Jim Lemmon and Fred Barthold. In 1918 he was appointed brand inspector for South Dakota, and made his home in St. Paul, Minn. then became associated with the Commercial Credit Corporation of Sioux City, Iowa, and worked for them until 1936 when he moved to Sturgis. He worked there for South Dakota State Highway Department until he retired in 1954. Wilson Quinn sold his ranch in the 1920's and moved to Boulder, Colorado where he and his wife both died in later years.

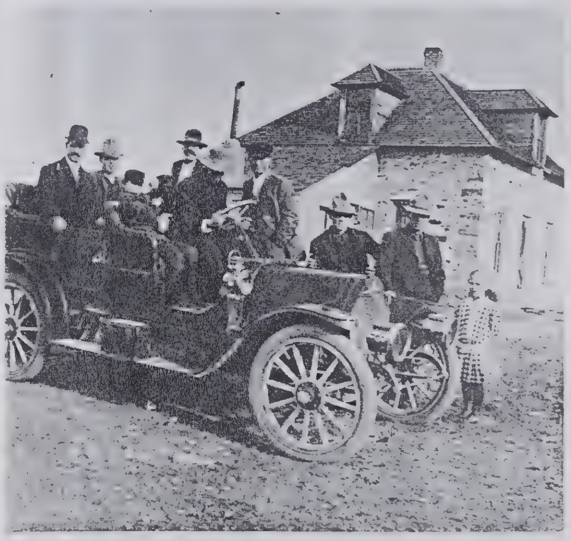
Jim lived on a ranch on Sulphur until his death and his wife sold out moving back to her home in Drummond, Montana.

Sherd and his wife bought property in Sturgis, and had several rental units where they also spent the rest of their days. Grace, their daughter, lives in Oregon.

Maggie Lutz and her husband George moved to Sturgis in 1906, and spent the remainder of their lives there.

Ralph and family remained in the old family home on Sulphur Creek until he passed away in 1957.

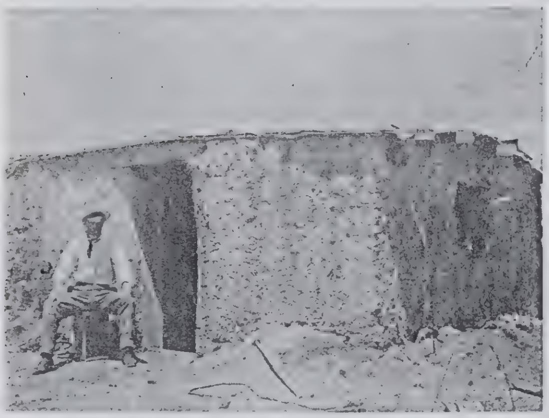
Fred is the only remaining member of the original Quinn family and has reached the age of 87 years, and enjoys recalling the old days on the roundups, the Indian troubles when they were living at Viewfield, and reliving all the interesting events of his long life. Mary, his wife died in 1955 and that leaves him lonely, and longing for earlier days.



Fred Quinn's Reo car about 1910, Ed Nichols, Fred Quinn, Wilson Quinn, Warren Quinn (with dog) Ralph Quinn (driving), Miller, Jim Eldridge, Agnes Quinn.

Agnes Quinn with five sons: Ralph, Fred, Jim, Wils, and Sherd.

Walter Hoehn putting up hay on his Rock Creek homestead in 1916.



Tom Moore and claim shack.

Leo Hoehn in 1917.

TOM MOORE
by Myrtle McDaniels

Tom Moore came from Marble Rock, Iowa in 1907. He homesteaded near Opal, S. Dak. He settled up homesteads and worked in real estate. He and Mr. Sevareid were great friends, and enjoyed many all night long card games. He built his house of sod on the claim.

In 1914 he married Jessie Davidson of Tama, S. Dak. They made their home between Opal and Tama, building a home and ranch buildings, raising cattle and horses. In 1910 they sent to Texas and bought a herd of Texas dogies. Later they moved down on Jessie's homestead on Sheep Draw. Three children were born to the Moores while they lived in Meade County.

The family moved to Los Angeles, Calif. in 1920. Mr. Moore passed away May 1st in 1960. His widow and children still live in Calif.

Annie Hoehn taught this calf to drink on the Leo Hoehn homestead about 1919.

THE HOEHN FAMILY
By Harriet Foertsch

Max Hoehn Sr. was a soldier of Custer's regiment. He just missed the Custer massacre by having a lame horse and had to turn back.

He married Annie Lange, and they settled in Sturgis. They both came to this country from Germany.

To this union was born four children. Agnes (Hoehn) Burton, who was the second white child born in Sturgis, but the first girl. Walter Hoehn, who homesteaded on Rock Creek about 1911. He and his father-in-law, Mr. Darm used to freight across the gumbo which is now Union Center and Clough Country. His wife Bessie Darm was a teacher around Stoneville and Red Owl. Bessie and Walter had three children, Maxine, Whitford and Walter Louis. He moved his family to California, and today only Maxine lives. All have passed away.

Ella (Hoehn) McAdams married Joseph McAdams. He was with the fourth Cavalry, stationed at Fort Meade. They had one child Merle, who died early in childhood.

Leo Hoehn Sr. married Eula Kincheloe of Sturgis, and together they homesteaded on Sheep Draw in 1917. They purchased Nina Davidsons homestead and filed on her desert claim. The post office was Tama.

Leo and Walter Hoehn were ball players. Leo pitched and Walter was the catcher. Together they were pretty good, and made small country fame.

Leo and his wife had four children, Harriet (Hoehn) Foertsch, Agnes (Hoehn) Dennis, Max Hoehn, and Leo Hoehn Jr. His family was educated and raised in Meade County and today all are living and still live in S. Dak., but Leo Sr. He passed away Jan. of 1955. Walter died Jan. of 1944.

Today Frank Gale had Walter's homestead and Emery Sternad has Leo's.

ANGELUS BRANDT
By Earl and Evelyn Brandt

Angelus Brandt homesteaded in Meade County in the fall of 1909, in section I, township 10, range 12.

On January 4th, 1911 he married Blanch Hurd of Avon, South Dakota. He had two sons, Earl and Lee, and one daughter, Marcella. She is Mrs. Claire Poage and lives in Spokane, Wash. Lee lives in St. Mary's, Idaho.

Earl lives in Sturgis, South Dakota. He has a son Melvin, better known as Mike, who is married to Virginia Ingalls. They have two sons, Paul and Greg, and daughter, Dawn.

Jean, another daughter, is working in Los Angeles, California.

In 1930 we moved to Sturgis, and in 1938 we moved to Washington. My wife passed away in June 1962.

I am still quite active, and able to do a full days work.

And I (Evelyn Brandt) Earl's wife, can vouch for Dad doing a days work. He gardens, has fruit and berries and raises sheep. He also does lots of canning and freezing of fruit and vegetables.

One incident in life is common to Earl and his father, they both lost their wives, and both remarried the same year, 1962.

Gladys Symonds. Claude and Mary Hurd.

THE C. A. HURD FAMILY
By Minta Hurd Hanning

In the spring of 1908 my parents, Chuck and Minerva Hurd, with their 8 children, Blanche, Dell, Clara, Berta, Claude, Minta, John and Mary left my father's homestead at Avon, South Dakota, in Gregory County. We had shipped our things by train, and we also were traveling by train. We were going there to buy a farm and when we arrived at Herrick we found that we could not take possession until the next spring. And when we heard about all of the wonderful land in Meade County that was opened for homesteading, my father having used up his homesteading rights in eastern South Dakota, decided to move out there so that all of his children could get homesteads. We stayed in Herrick until April 1909. My grandfather moved back to Avon.

In Herrick we had met Isaac and May Daane, and their three boys, Harold, Elmer, and Lloyd. The two older boys have passed on, as has their father. Mrs. May Daane lives with her son, Lloyd in Sturgis.

We also met John Eberheart and Wes Jackson who along with the Daane's wanted to go to Meade County to homestead.

All of us shipped some of our machinery, food, animals, and etc. on ahead of us to Sturgis by train on two immigrant cars.

In April 1909 John Eberheart, Wes Jackson, the Daanes, and the Hurd family, with the exception of Blanche, the oldest child, who had returned to Avon to be close to her fiance, and to work for the telephone company; headed west to Tama in

The Chuck Hurd family moving to Meade County - 1909.

Meade County. We were on the trail for three weeks. We had three wagons and two buggies in our caravan.

There were no roads most of the way so of course no bridges, so we had to ford all of the streams and rivers except the Missouri River, across which we took a ferry. Many times when we were crossing streams, the water came clear up over the seat of the buggy I was riding in with my brother, Claude. We stopped one day for a blizzard at Winner, South Dakota. When we started it was cold but toward the end of the trip it was warm and sunny.

One of the mares belonging to John Eberheart was with foal. When we were crossing the White River, this mare became very tired and just gave up, and laid down in the water in the middle of the river. Dad, my brothers, and the other boys had to wade out and hold her head out of the water to keep her from drowning, and to get her to the other side. All of us were scared as the river was high. She had her colt a few days later. Whenever we crossed a river or stream only one wagon or buggy would cross at a time. When it was safely across another would start, until all had reached the other side of the stream.

Plans had been made before we left Herrick to have my sister Blanche, our cousin, Iva Eggers, and Art Luke to meet us in Philip in Haakon County, on a certain date. Anglus Brandt, who Blanche later married, was supposed to drive them out from Avon, in his new car. At that time there were very few cars. All the horses were scared to death of them as they were so terribly noisy. When they arrived in Mitchell, South Dakota, there was some work being done in the streets. A team of horses working there reared, and to escape being trampled as there weren't any tops on the cars, Anglus drove the car in the ditch to get out of the way of the horses. All of them were thrown out and Blanche was hurt quite badly, and spent three days in the hospital. Blanche suffered for a long time to come from this accident.

It was an uneventful trip the rest of the way to Tama.

Blanche was the only one of our family old enough to homestead. She chose land between Tama and Lovell. We lived on her homestead in tents from May to September, and built two sod shantys for Blanche and our cousin Iva Eggers, who now lives in Medford, Oregon. All of those who had came west together had claimed land close to each other.

That summer of 1909, we had a hail storm and they were as big as baseballs. We had broken up a small piece of land and had crops growing good but the hail destroyed everything. Because we had a nice lot of rain that summer, the prairie was covered with tall grass. A lot of hay burned in the fall when there were several bad prairie fires.

In the fall the rest of the family moved to Sturgis to live where we younger children went to school, in the spring we returned to Blanche's homestead and built a large sod house. By this time Dell, Berta, Clara, and Claude were old enough to file on a claim. They homesteaded on land close to Blanche's claim, where people had filed and never proved up on it, so it was up for homesteading again.

Our only way of transportation was by horseback, or team and buggy.

We went all through those dry years, planting a garden in the lowest spots, wondering if it would come up or not, mostly it did not.

When we moved to the ranch three of us younger children, John, Mary, and myself went to school in a little sod shanty dug in the hill side with poor lighting, no ventilation, and dirt floors. Three Overland children, two Stark, the three Hurd children, and one other child, went to this school with Edith Anderson Dillard as our teacher. The whole western part of Meade County was one school district. The next year they bought a building and moved it midway between the Lehmans, Overlands, and the Hurds. I went there for three more years. I had completed the eighth grade at

Sturgis. The first year, our teacher was Mr. Morse who was studying to be a doctor. The second year Hubert Thomas taught us. The next teacher died in the middle of the term, and Daphne Boomer finished the year. They tried to teach us older ones some of the things they had learned in college. I have forgotten the name of the old blind teacher that died in the middle of the term. How hard he tried to give us a portion of his wonderful education. We nearly froze walking that long path to school. There was no hay to feed horses for us to drive to school, so we walked, but we were strong and well and we enjoyed it. We walked five and a half miles to school.

There were no doctors or railroads closer than Sturgis. There weren't many roads, so there were no bridges. They finally built a bridge at John and Henry Mohr's place, south of us two or three miles. When the water was high, it ran over the bridge.

We had a lot of supplies, but when we needed more, we could buy what we needed at the store and post office at Tama, which was run by the Quinns.

We farmed until the first war. Dell and Claude both were in the war. Dell spent most of the time fighting overseas. Claude stayed in the states.

Blanche and Anglus Brandt were married in 1910. They lived on Anglus' homestead for many years, and then moved to Sturgis, and in later years moved to Washington. Blanche died in 1960. They had three children, Earl, who lives in Sturgis, Lee lives in St. Marie, Idaho, and Marcella lives in Spokane, Washington. Anglus has remarried, and lives in the Spokane valley.

Berta lives in Spokane, and has her own story to tell.

Dell lived on his homestead for many years. He married Fern Wilcox in 1939, and came to Washington. They have three children, Maxine in Seattle, Elnie in Los Angeles, and Lloyd in Missoula, Montana. Dell is deceased.

Clara married Henry Brandt and had five children. She died at thirty-five years of age.

Claude married Nina Pulling in 1919, they had one son. Claude is also deceased.

John never married, he lived with Del on his homestead, until they came to Washington, and made his home with Claude and Nina. John too is deceased.

Mary married Allen Hughes. They lived in eastern South Dakota before moving to Rapid City, and later on to Washington. They had five children. Mary died in 1940.

I married Ernest Hanning after he returned from the Navy in the first World War. We moved to Aberdeen, where we farmed three years. Then we moved back to Meade County, which was a mistake. We lived on the Hansell place at Opal for two years, then we moved to Stoneville on the Koehler place for about five years. From there we went to Terraville, S. Dak., where we bought a house, and Ernest worked in the Homestake Mine, for just a short time. Then we moved to Cooper, where we worked for one year for Lon Ross, on his sheep ranch. Ernest then got the job hauling mail from Cooper to Clough, for four hard years. He used to pick up cream along his route, test it in Clough, and take it to Rapid City. The people along his route made out lists of things they wanted, and he brought back everything imaginable. One woman had him buy her a dress. He would stuff all he could get into their cream cans, and sit it out beside the road for them on his return trip.

I wonder how many remember that bad winter of 1930-1931? What a time he had hauling the mail. His nephew Earl Brandt helped him all winter. I could never guess how many tons of snow they shoveled that winter. Ernest said he would never have been able to make it without Earl's sunny disposition, and his willingness to work.

Earl lives in Sturgis. He has a son and a daughter, and he lost his wife Lilly a few years ago. He recently married a lady from Faith.

All of our children had been born by this time, Marie, Marshall, Arlene, Ina and Blanche.

We moved to Faith when Marie was ready for high school. We lived in Mrs. Durkee's old house across the gulch. Ernest worked for Mrs. Gilbert Lee, who passed away last summer.

All of my brothers and sisters had moved to Washington. So July 3, 1939 we packed as many of our things as possible in a small trailer, and came out to Washington. We settled at Prosser, where our younger children finished school. And in 1949 we came to Spokane and bought a Nursing Home. In 1951 we bought another, the South Hill Sanitarium. Then in September 1963, we bought the Riverside Sanitarium. It keeps Ernest on the run between the three places. He likes to be busy, and says he is never going to retire.

Until a year ago we lived and worked right at the nursing homes. Then we bought our beautiful home at 4311 Northwest Blvd. in Spokane overlooking the Spokane River and the city of Spokane.

Our children are all happily married, Marie to Bernard Cleavenger, lives in Prosser, and had four children, and two grandchildren. Marshall, his wife Grace, and three children lives in Spokane. Arlene and husband Henry Clauson, and two children lives in Spokane also, as does Ina who is Mrs.

Jim Redd and their four children, Blanche lives here too, and is a nurse, and manages our Hanning Nursing Home. She is Mrs. Daryl Smith, and is the mother of three red-headed girls.

We have been back there several times, and to see those lovely roads and electricity all through that barren country between Faith and Sturgis still amazes us. We go by Red Owl and stop at the cemetery, where my father, mother and sister Clara are buried.

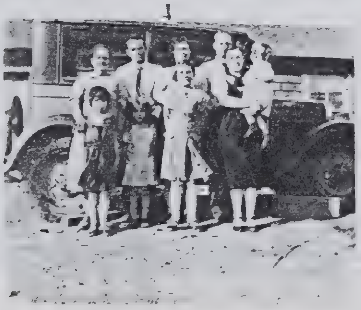
We would enjoy seeing any of our South Dakota friends when you are in Spokane.

Frank Snyder and his Watkins wagon.

Earl Brandt, Mary, Mrs. Hurd and Minta Hurd.

Mrs. Snyder and Rose

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Snyder and Jasper Railback.



Frank Snyder family on Sulphur Creek.

THE SNYDERS

by Frank M. Snyder

O. L. (Roy) Snyder came to the Black Hills in 1890, from Buffalo County, S. Dak. where he had pioneered. He settled in Rapid City with his wife and one small son.

When the White Owl and Red Owl country was opened for settlers in 1906, he homesteaded on 160 acres of land on Sulphur Creek at the mouth of Horse Creek.

He and the oldest son, George, increased their holdings, when at the time of his death in 1924, they owned 1400 acres of land. Some 200 acres of which was alfalfa. They also raised cattle, hogs and sheep, and some grain.

Their only daughter, Roxanna, married Edward L. Shrull, a broncho rider from the Pete Culbertson ranch. The youngest son, myself, was a Watkins man in northeastern Meade County from 1919 until 1923. I married Bernice Cross whom I met while teaching school in Stoneville, S. Dak. in 1915.

My brother, George passed away last July, 1963, and Mother in 1958. My sister and her family and myself and family now live in Salem, Oregon. Some of the happiest years of our lives were spent on the ranch in Meade County.

Geo. Snyder and his mother, sister and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Shrull.

ED SHRULL

by Myrtle McDaniels

Ed Shrull homesteaded on Pine Creek in 1904. He lived in a dug out until he could build a native stone one-room house.

He rode and broke horses for Pete Culbertson.

In 1910 he married Roxie Snyder, they made their home in the stone house improving it through the years. Two sons were born on the homestead, Harold and Earl. They farmed a little and kept a few cows and horses.

In 1915 they sold their place to George White, then moved by covered wagon to Bellfield, N. Dak. where they farmed for five years. Then they moved back to South Dakota, this time to the Black Hills. At that time there were three more children, two daughters, and another son. Mr. Shrull and his family, except the oldest son, moved to Salem, Oregon in 1942 where they still make their home, returning about once a year to visit relatives and friends.

ELLIS SHRULL

by Myrtle McDaniels

Ellis Shrull homesteaded on Pine Creek in 1908. He worked for Pete Culbertson breaking horses while filing on his claim.

He built a two-room field stone house. Ellis and Marie Moravec were married in 1912. They farmed and raised stock. In 1929 they had Mr. J. O. Cammack build them a new home.

They lived on the homestead until 1959, when they had their house moved to Piedmont, S. Dak. where they make their home at this time.

FRED MORAVEC

by Myrtle McDaniels

Fred Moravec, a widower, came from Tyndall, South Dakota. He homesteaded in 1911 on Sulphur Creek. Later in the year his children joined him, two daughters Pauline and Frances, and son, John. He built a frame house, by trade he was a carpenter.

He farmed and raised cattle and horses.

Later he married Mrs. Quick, a widow. They had one daughter, Elsie. Mr. Moravec died Nov. 27, 1927.

Lela, Jessie and Nina Davidson.

ALFRED DAVIDSON

by Myrtle McDaniels

Alfred Davidson, his wife, Martha and four daughters, Jessie, Nina, Lela and Bernice moved on Sheep Draw in 1906. They ran a cafe in Tama and many newcomers or honyockers ate there. The girls went to the Tama School in the Saddler house. Miss Bessie Darm was the teacher, later Jessie taught the Red Owl School.

The girls played the organ for dances, hauling it for miles in a lumber wagon, In the winters they went in sleighs, starting early enough to get there before dark and returning after day light the next day.

Mr. Davidson milked a few cows and kept some horses. Later they moved the cafe building back to Sheep Draw.

They left Meade County and went to Fryburg, N. Dak. by wagon, coming back to S. Dak. in a few years, living in and around Rapid City until they passed away.

Blake Crowser

BLAKE CROWSER

My folks came to S. Dak. when I was a small boy and located down at Dalzell. They didn't homestead there. I later homesteaded on Ash Creek near Four Corners, then let another fellow have that and came up to homestead on Pine Creek. My brother, Will lived down by Pierre, south and west of Presho for a couple years and later he came up and lived on the homestead at Ash Creek for 50 or 60 years.

I worked for L. B. Judson on Elk Creek 2 years before I married his daughter, Elsie. Before that I worked for other cow outfits, the U Cross, Pothook, and the Lime Kiln Pool at Pedro. While I was there I worked for a Frenchman, La Breque. I was supposed to go back to the Pot Hook, but L. Judson had some horses to break, so I went back there and worked for a couple weeks. He kept saying, "Why don't you stay and work for me this summer?" He had lots of horses to break and I was having pretty good luck, so I stayed for 2 years. When I left I took his daughter. I was 23 then and she was 20.

I homesteaded 9 miles northeast of Red Owl and we moved out in the spring of 1907. We hauled our lumber etc. with 4 teams from Rapid City. It took a week to make a trip. We lived on the Horlocker place until we got our house built. It was 12 x 24, one room was 12 x 14 and the other very small, but we were prouder of that house than any we have owned since.

We didn't have much to start out with, just a few cattle and horses that I had bought when working for some of those big outfits.

When we first came out to the homestead, my wife taught school over by Tama for $25.00 a month. I had a string of horses I was breaking, and that's the way we made our living. We were never hard up--always had a little money and got along fine.

There weren't many neighbors in those days. Ab Reber was on the old Heberling place. It was about 2 miles from us. John Heberling was a bachelor near us, about 2 miles north of us where the Swenson place is. We kept a couple horses in and loped over to Horlockers, and stayed all night. Or we loped down to White Owl to a dance, about 15 miles away the way we had to go. We didn't think much about it in those days. It took us about 2 hours, and the dances started about 8 o'clock and they danced 'till day light, so it would be light enough to see to go home.

I went across the Cheyenne down in the Pedro country and got 22 head of horses. I had to swim them back across the river. I had them broke and back down there in a month. I got $5.00 a head and that was pretty good wages in those days. I broke horses for Eb Shoun, George Horlocker and different ones. I always had a string of horses around. There were no fences then, so we would ride on them. I did fence about 200 acres later so we had that to hold some in.

I started auctioneering in 1912, and did that about 30 years, mostly people selling out. My father had been an auctioneer, and I guess I had auctioneering blood in me. I used to ship a lot of horses, some as far as Buffalo, N. York. I always went with them when they were sold. One day the auctioneer I had was drunk, so I finished selling my horses, and after that I always sold my own horses. I threw in with old Dad Sherman. He was old, and I helped him until he quit, then I went on. One fall I had a sale about every other day, or every day for 3 months.

One fall when I was down by Viewfield three fellows were looking for some one to work on round-up. They wanted me to take their string of horses out. Regular wages for a cowboy was $35.00 and that was top wages in those days. But a 'rep' was paid $40.00. This was a man who went out to different wagons when they were sent to different places. I told them I didn't think I wanted to go, so they offered me $2.00 a day. I never had heard of wages like that, so I said, "I'm a going."

In those days we had breakfast at 3 a.m. We took a bed roll and slept on the ground. One time when working north of the Belle Fourche River, I had a bed roll with another fellow, and so when I took a different job I didn't have much bedding with me. It had been snowing and raining, with some snow on the ground. Jack Schmidt was working for the H-6 and he caught my bed horse and saw how little bedding I had, so he asked me to come sleep with him in the cook tent. Next morning they asked if I'd like a nice fresh horse. I said, "yes, believe I would." I could see when they led this horse out, he hadn't been rode, he was so big and fat. They all thought they were going to see something--he was really a bucking horse. I got on and loped him off, and he never offered to buck.

In 1909, we were taking a herd of cattle through Faith. It didn't take nearly as many fellows those days to drive cattle. They make such a fuss of it now days, driving cattle 100 or 200 miles. We took a herd of 1,500, and didn't think much of it. There were 5 of us fellows, Hank Reber, Ted and Bert Butler, Tommy Jackson and one of the Reed boys. You see, one fellow drove the mess wagon and cooked. At that time Faith wasn't much more than a bunch of tents.

Wolves were thick in those days. They liked horse meat better than beef. They would cut them all up and kill my colts. They would clean up a carcass and just leave a few bones. There were two or three wolves on my place then. Bill Ashton killed a white one. They were trapped later and eliminated but of course, we still had the coyotes.

One time Hans Boak sold me about 40 head of horses. I was going to ride this blue horse and herd the others home. He told me not to ride the blue horse, just sell him, as he was wild and bucks so no one can ride him. I decided to ride him anyway. I rode him all the way and he never humped his back once. I had him about a month when Mike Coy came along and wanted him. I told him of the horse's reputation, but he wanted him anyway, so I sold him for $75.00.

Chancy Johnson was a rep on the round-up one time, and the water was high when he came to the Belle Fourche River. He took all his clothes off and tied them on behind his saddle and started across the river. His horse started to drown, so he left him--the horse and clothes went down the river, but Chancy was a good swimmer and made it to shore, There was no one living for miles around. He stayed around for 2 days or so before he found a group having a picnic. He was going from tree to tree trying to get someone's attention, when finally some kids saw him and said there was a crazy man with no clothes on.

My wife taught school off and on for probably 25 years. We had no children but raised three of her brother's children after he died with the flu in 1918. They have been wonderful to me. They are Clifford Crowser of Sturgis, and Fritz Judson and Mildred White of Rapid City.

When I sold out I had over 5,000 acres of deeded land. I sold that for $10.00 an acre in about 1948. I bought a place 4 miles west of Mud Butte, the old Hogan place. After about a year this place was sold and I bought a place down by Hermosa, where my wife passed away. She had taught school the year before she died. We had planned to retire, so I sold that ranch and had an auction--everything except my suitcases. I traded in ranches for awhile and now live in Rapid City.

I belonged to the Mason Lodge in Faith, and received a 50th anniversary pin, the only fellow that joined at Faith and stayed in the same lodge for that length of time.

It was in 1918 we built the new house that is part of what Bub Miller lives in now.

Mr. and Mrs. John Swenson in the wheat field.

John Swenson family.

SWENSONS

by Wally Swenson

We Swensons weren't really homesteaders. Our first move to South Dakota was approximately in the spring of 1923. At this time we moved from Willmar, Minnesota, to a farm near Timber Lake, South Dakota. From Timber Lake we moved to a farm one mile north of Faith in 1926. We moved to our ranch on Sulphur Creek in the year 1928.

Our dad, John Swenson, passed away October 28, 1948. Mother passed away on December 23, 1960.

I still hold many fond memories of Stoneville, Red Owl and surrounding communities and of the old home ranch on Sulphur Creek.

Charles Stewart house built in 1904.

The Stewart house as it looks today.

Mrs. Charles Stewart and Walter.

W. C. STEWART

by Edith Stewart

W. C. Stewart filed on our homestead on Sulphur Creek at the mouth of Pine Creek in the spring of 1903. My husband and three men built a hen house in a side hill about 16 x 24 that we moved into that fall while they were building the stone house. One of the men was a stone mason. They lived in a tent while building the dugout. The men dug a well and got good water.

We moved into the dugout in October and lived there 13 months until the house was ready to move into.

Our ranch was 33 miles southwest of Faith. We did our trading in Faith, drove our beef cattle there for shipment each fall, and sent our children to high school there in 1918.

Our children went to school in a 10 x 12 shack heated by a little pot-bellied stove and they sat on boxes and benches. They had to walk a mile and carry lunches but they were happy and healthy.

We got our mail once a month at White Owl. The ranchers took turns driving the 15 miles to get everyone's mail and that was a day to look forward to.

We saw a great many Indians in those days; in fact, we saw 7,500 in one bunch. The soldiers were moving them from one reservation to another. They were the Crow Indians.

One spring it rained so much we were on an island for two days.

There was good fishing and lots of wild fruit on the creeks. The boys used to trap muskrats, coyotes and beaver.

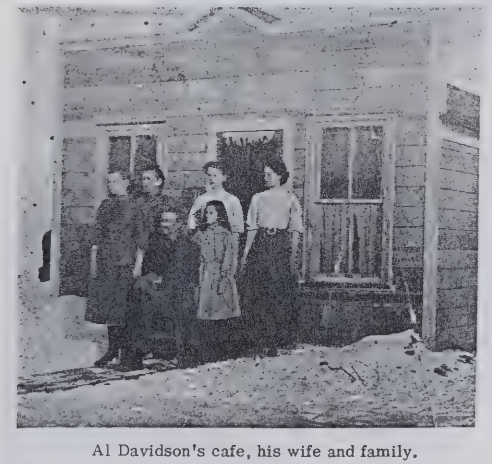
Neighbors were not too close but we found time to spend a day with them once in a while.

Charlie Stewart

Frank and Walter Stewart

Tama baseball team.

Red Owl School in 1913–Veronica Chaney, Nina Davidson, Lela Davidson. Teacher, Jessie Davidson.



Al Davidson's cafe, his wife and family.

Mr. Darm and Walter Hoehn in 1912.

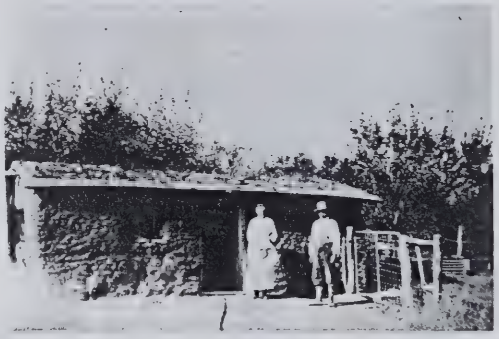
Well drilling outfit near Tama about 1909. Nina Davidson in the white dress.

Fred Quinn's Reo car; Mrs. Wilson Quinn and Peter, Mrs. R. Quinn, Mrs. Ed Nichols, Mae Quinn Moravec, Agnes Quinn Regan, Mrs. Fred Quinn. Mrs. Agnes Quinn, Jim Eldridge and Mrs. Ethel Miller.

Tama Symphony Orchest

Tama Symphony Orchestra

Jess and Blanche McRoberts and Ethel and Phil Trimbley.



Charley Chadwick and wife and their sod house on Sulphur Creek in 1912.

Lars Distad and wife at Tama, S. Dak. in 1912. They were ready to leave the country in the covered wagon.

Walter, Frank, and Blanche Stewart and Ashton children at school.

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Opal

Club meeting at B. Forrester home.

MR. AND MRS. MATH MOELTER
by Mrs. John Hoffmann

Mrs. Moelter, born in Germany, came to the United States when she was 8 years old. She grew to womanhood in Minnesota in the vicinity where Mr. Moelter, a native of Minn. also grew up. They were married in Wanda, Minnesota in 1906. After farming there several years they were persuaded by John Backes, who was already living in the Opal vicinity, to come to South Dakota.

So in 1912, Dad loaded his immigrant car and came to S. Dak. When he arrived in Faith, John Backes was there to meet him. Their belongings were hauled out by teams and wagons, trailing the cows. A month later Dad sent for Mother and three children. Since there was no depot at Faith, we were routed by way of Rapid City and on to Sturgis, where we were met by Dad and John Backes.

Our transportation from Sturgis to Opal was in a two seated buggy, or spring wagon as it was called and the trip took us 3 days and 2 nights. We lived with John Backes in a sod house a little over a year, when Dad was offered $700.00 by a party to live on his claim a year and half. On this claim stood a small frame building, so Dad and John Backes laid up a sod room, which was used as a kitchen.

Dad worked out for the neighbors and during the harvest season he would go back to Minnesota to work. In this way he saved enough to buy a piece of land in 1915. He then bought a one room shack north of Caton, S. Dak. and moved it on his land, added on an entrance and covered it with tar paper. The attic served as a bedroom. This was our home for several years, he then bought another shack and added it on. This gave us more room.

Our barns were made of rough lumber, and the roofs were made of trees Dad cut and covered with hay and straw. Years later he built a big barn and added on 2 bedrooms to the house. Barn dances were given in this barn and were enjoyed by the whole community. By this time three more children had joined our group.

Trips to Faith were very few as it took 2 days with teams and wagon to make the trip and usually when the hogs were sold. Dad would then buy groceries to last for months. And it was always a happy day for us children when he returned from Faith, as he usually had apples etc. which were a treat for us.

In the early years the Indians would camp close to our place and bring their horses to water there, and would ask for milk if we happened to be milking at the time. They would go through our yard and stop and ask for water. On one of these occasions an Indian woman came to the door and seeing my sister, Elvera who was a baby at the time, chubby and blond curly hair, picked her up and ran out to the wagons showing her off. Mother was frightened, but Grandfather said, "Have no fear, they will not harm her." When the Indians had all seen her, she was returned to Mother's arms. Also when they saw Grandfather's long beard, they would kneel around him and point to a religious picture of St. Joseph that Mother had on the wall.

The folks lived on this place from 1915 to 1950, when they moved to Faith. They endured many hardships in the early days, but those days also held many pleasant memories.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Lehman

THE ED LEHMAN FAMILY

by Mrs. Lily Lehman

My husband, Ed Lehman, and I came to Stanley County, S. Dak. in 1907 and started the first hardware store in Cottonwood, S. Dak. Our daughter, Grace, was the first white baby born in that town.

When Mr. Lehman's health failed, he could no longer do inside work, he filed on a claim in Meade Co. near Opal and moved on it in 1908. We moved 17 loads by wagon from Cottonwood, fording the river, camping out even in a snow storm.

Mr. Lehman helped organize the old Delano School District #89 and was on the board of that district for nearly 30 years. The first school our children attended was held in my mother's claim shack, as was the case in those days, school was held in any vacant shack available.

Later on in the '40's we left the ranch and moved to Sturgis. We lived there four years before Mr. Lehman's death. Our daughter, Esther, and I still reside in Sturgis. I am past 90 years old. Our son, Paul, is postmaster at Opal and has been postmaster there for the past 30 years. Our other son, Howard, lives at Portland, Oregon and our daughter Blanche Fees lives in Whitewood. Another daughter Juanita Van Sickle lives at Opal, S. Dak.

MR. AND MRS. FLOYD FEES

By Faye Fees

Floyd Fees, and his father, C. R. Fees, came to Opal in the spring of 1907, from Corning, Iowa. They came by rail to Sturgis, and from there to Opal.

Floyd filed on his claim, and that fall came by immigrant train, to Cottonwood, from there he moved across country by team and wagon. Later on he married, and raised a family of five children.

THE RITTER FAMILY

by Josephine Ritter Moelter

In the year of 1909 a large number of homesteaders, all from eastern S. Dak., came west and took up claims. Among them were my mother and dad, Frank and Anna Ritter, my sister and I, our grandparents and three uncles. They all took homesteads east and north of what is now Opal.

We came out from Sturgis in a wagon that had a small house built on it. At one time as we went through a draw the wagon tipped over spilling hot ashes and stove lids from the little stove on my uncle's head. They told me that every time we came to a creek or draw I would scream and my uncle would get out and carry me across.

In those early days my dad walked to Tama for our mail.

There were homesteaders on every quarter of land around there. They did a lot of visiting and once in a while had dancing in their sod houses. My dad played the accordion.

My parents told of the trips to Sturgis with team and wagon for supplies, often taking more than a week.

In 1911 it became very dry, so in August my folks decided to move back to Parkston where we came from. That very night, it started to rain and the drought was over.

We moved back to this country in 1928 and built a sod house with two large rooms and a wooden rooftop that made a large attic. Before the house was built we lived in the barn which came first. Later they built the granary. We slept in the barn and cooked and ate in the granary.

I was married to John Moelter in 1929. We have four children, who are all living in this part of the country. We have retired from ranching and live in Faith, S. Dak.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BOWLBY

By Faye Fees

Charles Sheldon Bowlby and Nona Inez Bowlby, came from Indiana to live in Highmore for awhile after their marriage in 1907.

They decided to homestead, so they left Highmore, and filed on land about eight miles east of Opal, South Dakota, in 1909

The Bowlbys moved to Sturgis, South Dakota, in 1936, when they retired.

There were fourteen children born to this union, and only one, Mrs. Margery Ingalls still lives in this area.

Mrs. Bowlby passed away in 1954. Mr. Bowlby continued to live in their home until the last year of his life, when he spent some time in the Dorsett Home in Spearfish. He died in 1962, at the age of 93 years.

Charlie Munroe Homestead-1910 Everet, Mrs. Munroe, George, Frank, Gene and Mr. Munroe.

THE CHARLEY MUNROE FAMILY

by Gene Munroe

My parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charley Munroe, two brothers, Everett and Frank, and myself moved out to my folks homestead from Lead in 1909. The homestead was located three miles south and two miles east of the present site of Maurine.

Our first home on the homestead was a sod house and later my folks moved the saloon building from the town of Caton to the homestead and fixed it up for a house.

Dad was a barber by trade, having barbered in Lead while we lived there. He barbered in Faith while we were living on the homestead.

All freighting was done from Sturgis and Vale as Newell did not exist at that time.

One of the outstanding experiences we had while living on the homestead was the big prairie fire in about 1911. Some freighter had left a camp fire which had spread. The fire burned the roof off the sod house which we lived in at that time. It also burned a lot of cattle for Charley Wood and Sheldon Ward.

Four generations - Albert, Charles, William, and Everet Munroe - 1928.

Another brother, George, was born on the homestead.

My folks moved to Newell in 1922 where Dad barbered for several years. He passed away in 1955. My mother lived there until her death in 1959.

ED J. STARK

After four years in the hardware business with my brother, Otto, and his wife Anna, we decided to go west in search of homestead land in Meade county. That was during September of 1908. We went in company with two other fellows who were bachelors, like myself. Their names were Frank Gordon and Lester Harvey. They had run a cleaning and pressing shop in the town of Gregory, next to our hardware store. We rode in a heavy spring wagon and a light buggy. We had 11 head of horses which we took along.

We were headed for what was known as "the famous White Owl country." When we arrived there we found that all the level land had been taken, so we kept on going for some 25 miles till we came to a post office called Tama, on Sulphur Creek. There we found Grandma Quinn and several of her sons. They had a cattle ranch and a big stone house, which was the post office at that time. The post office was later moved to the Fred Quinn grocery store.

We met Wilson and Ralph Quinn who said they could locate us on claims for a fee of $10 each, so we started next day and found satisfactory claims 6 or 7 miles north and west of Tama. My brother, Otto, took his homestead on Horse Creek while we other three took ours on the divide between Horse and Pine Creek.

Homestead of Otto Stark and family.

Otto went back to the eastern part of the state, while Gordon, Harvey, and myself built our homestead (sod) shacks.

Wilson and Ralph Quinn offered to let us boys work off our $10 each day by helping put up hay. They agreed to lend us their hay tools, so that when we got their hay put up, we could put up hay for our horses on our claims. After pulling the hay tools out to our homesteads we found that a flock of sheep had been through those parts and there was no hay to put up. The Quinns told us we could put up hay on what was then known as the Saddler Place on Sulphur Creek bottom, which we did.

We continued to get our mail at the Tama post office until the Opal post office was started, which was 4 or 4 1/2 miles from our claims to the northeast.

We boys fenced our land in the spring of 1909 and broke up a few acres on each claim. This was required in order to make commutation proof.

For the first year we boys "batched" it on our claim, which was not easy at that time, especially out there, many miles from nowhere. There was no bread for sale those days, so we had to make baking powder biscuits. We would bake a big batch, thinking we would have some left for a later meal. It would be the same old story the next time we got ready to eat. About the only kind of meat we could buy was bacon. For fresh meat we used ducks and rabbits, which we shot along Pine Creek.

The year 1909 was a wet year in our parts but from then on it was dry and we raised very little.

I was married to Helen Kelly, from Gregory, in 1909. I had a sod house when I was married and we lived in it for several years but finally built a stone house on Pine Creek, one mile from the Culbertson horse ranch.

Every one of the old timers will know where Indian Pete lived. His parents were Norwegian. When he was 12 years old he left home to join a tribe of Indians. He stayed with them until he was grown up. He wore his hair in braids and actually looked like an Indian. Indian Pete had 2,200 head of horses when I took my claim, but not long afterwards he sold them all and also sold 6 or 7 houses in Lemmon, S. Dak. In Lemmon he went into partership with a doctor. They started a wild west show, but it was shown only once. In Aberdeen, they fell into the hands of the receivers. Pete had the experience and possibly the doctor had the money. Later on Indian Pete acted as a guide in Yellowstone Park.

One of the most outstanding people I met in Meade County was Grandma Quinn. Her friends were numbered by her acquaintances. She was a widow when I came to Meade County and lived in a big stone house on Sulphur Creek. When the honyockers came to those parts a little town sprang up around this particular house. It consisted of a lumberyard, a hardware store, a blacksmith shop and Fred Quinn's grocery store, which was taken over in later years by his brother, Duff, who came from Sturgis. Mrs. (Grandma) Quinn's stone house may have been called a road house but I never heard that she took any money for the meals she served. She lived to be nearly 90 years old and she was one person who tried to "mother" the whole community. Clem Trembeley ran the lumber yard and hardware store. Walter McRoberts ran the blacksmith shop. Fred Quinn ran the store and post office. Fred had one son named Warren. Tom J. Johnson was our U. S. land commissioner. A Mr. Franzwa (a Frenchman) ran the Opal store for some years, until his son, Elmer, took over.

There were the two Strawser brothers, Matt and John, who had a small ranch a mile or two from my homestead. They ran a saloon in Caton for a few years. The Sioux Falls brewery sent word to all who had bar fixtures not to return them. So the Strawsers sold me the entire fixtures from their saloon for $15. I had a carpenter make a round table out of the bar. We used the showcase in the kitchen and had the big icebox in the basement in which I often stored the neighbor's cream while waiting for Monday morning, when the cream route wagon would pick it up.

One night when my wife and I drove to a dance in Caton (we also had several of the neighbors along) a heavy rain storm came up while we were away. Upon our return we found that Pine Creek had flooded. The water was deep enough to swim the horses. We, and the team, almost upset in midstream but the women were so frightened they screamed so loudly that it put extra power into the

Ed Stark and Guy Mershou playing checkers.

Josephine, Mrs. Frank Ritter, Anna and Frank Yerman.

team. They finally pulled us out but we had gone down stream at least 50 feet.

One of the exciting things that took place in that country, that I can remember, is the failing of the Meade County Bank in Sturgis, which ended in the shooting of the cashier of the bank, Elmer Ladd. I believe a Mr. Perkins was the president of the bank and it seems to me that Elmer Ladd was the son-in-law of Mr. Perkins.

Otto Stark and his family moved out to their homestead in the spring of 1909 and raised a few cattle and milked cows.

Frank Gordon sold his interest on our horses and what little machinery we had to me. He married a girl from Sedalia, Mo. Soon after they moved to Fort Collins, Colorado and from there they moved to Oakland, Calif.

In about 1912 Lester Harvey went to Nebraska but came back to Opal in 1917. I sold my ranch to him. He married and lived on his newly acquired ranch for several years, when he moved to a small ranch 1 or 2 miles north of Deadwood, S. Dak.

Otto Stark and family moved back to Salem in 1916, where they lived until his death 3 1/2 years ago.

I had the misfortune to lose my wife in a car accident in November of 1935 and have lived alone most of the time since then in Salem, S. Dak. where we moved when we left the homestead.

We had three children; Jimmie, the oldest, is a band director in Midland, Michigan. My older daughter, Darlene, married a boy in the Air Force. He is now a Lt. Colonel and they have 3 boys and a girl. For the past 3 1/2 years they have lived in Brussels, Belgium, where he has been doing overseas duty for the American Embassy. My younger daughter, Helen Mae, is married to a homebuilder in Sioux Falls. They have 3 boys and a girl so I do have part of my family near me.

During the 6 or 8 years prior to 1960, I spent part of most winters with my daughter, Darlene, and her family wherever they would be living. One winter was spent near Oakland, Calif. Part of 3 winters were spent in San Antonio, Texas, parts of 3 winters in Washington, D. C., and I have spent 5 months in Hawaii, on Hickam Field, which is 8 miles from Honolulu. The months spent in Hawaii were surely pleasant. I went over by boat and flew back soon after St. Patricks Day the following spring.

SCHLEUNINGS

By Carl Schleuning

My grandparents, Ernest and Adelaide Schleuning were pioneers in the Rapid City area. They first lived in Rockerville, and drove a team of mules to Rapid City, where Mr. Schleuning operated a meat market, hotel and saloon. They were the first owners of the Harney Hotel.

Later they moved to Rapid City, to a house on what is now Fifth Street, across the street from the old Catholic School.

They had four children, Ernest, Carl, Fritz and Amelia.

Dad used to ride on the roundups, and through this, he saw the country where he wanted to settle down and homestead, which was near Opal, South Dakota.

He married Jennie Lovejoy from Owanka, around 1903.

They first lived in a tar-paper shack on the ranch, while they built the stone house. It took nearly a year to complete. A man from Rapid City came out to help them, and it still stands today. Later on the folks built a large frame house, that we lived in, and used the old stone house for other purposes.

There were six children, and the first three of us were named after my uncles, and my father. The older brothers were Ernest and Fritz, and I was named Carl after my father. The younger ones were Clifford, Benjamin, and Marjorie.

Our first school was a sod schoolhouse, and we didn't have desks, just long benches to sit on. There were 26 pupils and Mrs. Fanigan was our first teacher. Once a month Mrs. Williamson who lived close by, came in to teach us music. She played the organ.

The pupils were the Franzwa children, Marshs, Quicks, Hatwins, Carters, Smikel, and we three Schleuning brothers. We walked five miles to school most of the time. Once in awhile when the weather was bad, Dad took us. He drove a team of mules, one black, and one bay, hitched to a wagon. The Smikel children also walked about a mile, all ten of them. We didn't have school terms as we do now.

The Smikel children were industrious, and kept busy. They hauled rocks, and dirt, and built a dam, it is still there, however the spilway had been

Fritz Schleuning and Grandfather Ernest Schleuning in the first saloon in Rapid City which he owned, bar tender unknown.

Carl Schleuning, Sr.

Carl, Ernest and Fritz Schleuning in front of their rock house.

washed out.

When my father got his car, a Baby Overland, he traded cattle to Blake Crowser for it. Our first trip was to Rapid City, and up to now it had been a long tiresome trip, so with our new car we planned on a speedy, comfortable trip, but we broke an axle between Sturgis and Piedmont. We had to catch a ride on in to Rapid City.

John and Frank Matousek, and their parents came to live about seven miles northwest of our place. John Matousek now lives in Hennessy, Oklahoma. Some of our other neighbors were Jim and Emma Veitch, who came in 1907, also the McCloneys, and Johnny Palmer, who lived in a dugout. 1908 was the coming of the Frank and Lindsay Howells, Billy Weedit, Armstrongs, and Hamptons.

My father passed away suddenly of a heart attack the day before Thanksgiving in 1922.

My mother lives in Willow Springs, Missouri now.

My mother had an interesting and scary experience when she, with her parents, and the other children, came to western South Dakota in a covered wagon. They got lost, and wandered into dangerous Indian territory. Some Indians stopped them and "swarmed" all over the wagon. The Lovejoys were frightened, but did nothing, and soon the Indians left, and the Lovejoy family were allowed to go on with their journey.

COLUMBUS'S PIONEER ADVENTURES

by Marilynn Peterson Aasheim

Joseph Olie Overland, nicknamed, Columbus, was born Feb. 15, 1893 to Nels and Fanny Overland at Redfield, S. Dak. The family moved to the western part of the state in the 1900's.

Columbus ranched and herded sheep, cattle and horses for others. He worked for the U Cross, the UTK, and Circle S and the JS outfits.

He recalls the spring blizzard of 1905 when cattle drifted and died by the thousands. There were 175 dead cattle in one dam, about 5,000 steers drifted over the Badland walls. Corbin Morris of Rapid City lost 1,900 cows. When the snow melted, the creeks were full of cattle which could be seen floating by for days afterward. Some of the snow lasted until the Fourth of July, and the old settlers had a picnic that day and made ice cream in the snowbanks.

Columbus helped his dad freight from Pierre, and trail cattle west. His father ran 500 to 600 cattle, 1,000 sheep and 300 to 400 horses. Columbus helped break broncs to ride and to work. They had many runaways with the broncs pulling a two-wheeled cart.

One day, Columbus and his brother, Roy tied twelve calves to a wagon tongue. There was no box on the wagon, so they sat on the running gears. To find out how fast the calves would go they 'sicked' the dog on them. The calves started running down the hill and suddenly turned. The wagon tipped over as it turned and Roy and Columbus went rolling. Another time they saddled some broncs. Columbus got on one and it started straight for the cellar being dug west of the corral. The animal didn't watch where it was going and bucked himself right into the cellar. The boys dug half the night to get the bronc out.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Talley and Don.

HARVEY TALLEYS

by Margie Shoun

Harvey Talley was born in Ohio on March 19, 1889. He went to Iowa in 1906 and married Ida Mae Sheeler Aug. 8, 1909. They lived at Kingsley, Iowa until 1921, when they moved to eastern S. Dak. In 1933 they moved to Opal, S. Dak. where they purchased a ranch from Fannie Giffin.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Talley raised a family of 14, with 8 boys and 6 girls. In 1940, five of the sons were called into the services. Sgt. Maurice Talley, Rolin Talley S 2-C, was in the navy, Cpl. Robert Talley, Pvt. Roland Talley, Pvt. Harvey Talley Jr. and a son-in-law, Pvt, Everett Schulke. They all returned, but Maurice was wounded in action on New Guinea on May 18. Rolin took part in the invasions of Africa, Sicily and the Gilbert and Marshall Islands. Robert was a cook, serving in France. Roland was stationed on New Guinea, and Harvey and Everett were also over seas.

Harvey was a director of the Sheep Show in 1938, and president of the Tri-County Stock Show in 1948-1949. He furnished a buffalo for the Faith Hospital and the Sturgis Memorial Hospital for their fund raising in 1953.

In 1945 he had started raising buffalo, bear, bob cats and was a great home movie enthusiast. He built a modern log house on the ranch in 1951. He raised over 100 head of Appaloosa horses in 1947.

Harvey Talley took part in Faith and Deadwood parades at rodeo time. He raised 2 Hereford steers which they broke to drive and pull a covered wagon. Allen, the youngest son usually drove them and Harvey rode one of his Appaloosa horses in the parade. The steers weighed over a ton each.

Harvey bought an Aeronica airplane and Donald got a pilot's license to fly it. In 1949 when there was so much snow and roads blocked, they took medicine and food to different ones by plane. They really enjoyed doing these good deeds.

Some men were invited out to the ranch one time to kill a 2,000 lb. buffalo. The meat was given to some Indians and the head to a friend from Florida.

Mr. Talley passed away Mar. 9, 1954 and Mrs. Talley on July 12, 1957. Donald, Allen and Robert have split the ranch up between them and Donald now lives in the log house.

Harvey Talley and his bear.

Don, Allen, Roland and Robert Talley.

Talley buffalo

Cooper

ENERGY WINS
WELTER

Welter School: Ollie Sternad, Frank Sternad, Robert Shomer, Clarence Smith, Daniel Sternad, Margaret Sternad, Josh Isaacs, Eugene Welter, Wilma Sternad, Alice Smith, Ruth Cammack, Jennie Smith and Joe Isaacs.

PIONEER SCHOOL TEACHER

By Daphne Sutfin

I filed on my claim in 1909, at old Brushie, at that time Reeds were there. I moved into my claim shack, May 9, 1910. I taught many schools in Meade County and many of my pupils are still in the area.

School was not much different in those days, than now, in as much that we had to teach 2 and 2 are four.

When a school was needed the people furnished a building, and Meade County paid the teacher, and at first the parents bought the books, then the county furnished them later.

In the early days we had many fine teachers, out on their homesteads, who taught a few years, sometimes they kept on teaching.

Northeast Meade County was all one district, Delano 89. People worked hard to get townships organized, and set out in school districts. That way they run their own schools, it wasn't always successful, but in most cases it worked very well.

Now some are working hard to change back to large districts, with a few in charge, and we will not have much of an idea what is happening.

When District 89 was operating everyone came and took their turn before the school board, outside part of the time, and was told where to go to school.

The first school at Cooper was a sod building, dug into a bank, the roof also extended into the bank, and when it rained the water ran down inside, and stayed, so the pupils sat outside until the water seeped out. Later they built a good frame schoolhouse.

Mrs. Peter Quinn, an early settler at Tama, had to get up early, and roll up beds on the floor, so they could be ready for school on one side of the room, while she carried on her work on the other side of the room.

One schoolhouse had such large cracks in the floor, that when it was cold, we had to keep heating flat rocks all day to keep the children's feet warm.

When there was a blizzard and the children couldn't get home the teacher kept them all at the schoolhouse, kept the fire going all night, and the children slept the best they could, covered with their coats, and maybe a blanket if they were available.

The Y. C. L. was a valuable addition to the school, and the children profited a lot, through learning to rise and conduct a meeting properly, among other things.

I remember one time when two boys tanned rabbit skins for wide bands of fur on Santa's red coat.

When our boys went off to war in 1917, we found they didn't have enough knowledge of geography or history. We really tried to teach more then.

The children used to walk, ride horseback, or drive a team to get to school. One family used to come with their feet wrapped in gunny sacks. Now a few walk but many are brought to and from school in cars. It even ended the fist fights that sometimes took place on the walks to and from school.

MR. AND MRS. J. O. CAMMACK

by Ruth Finn

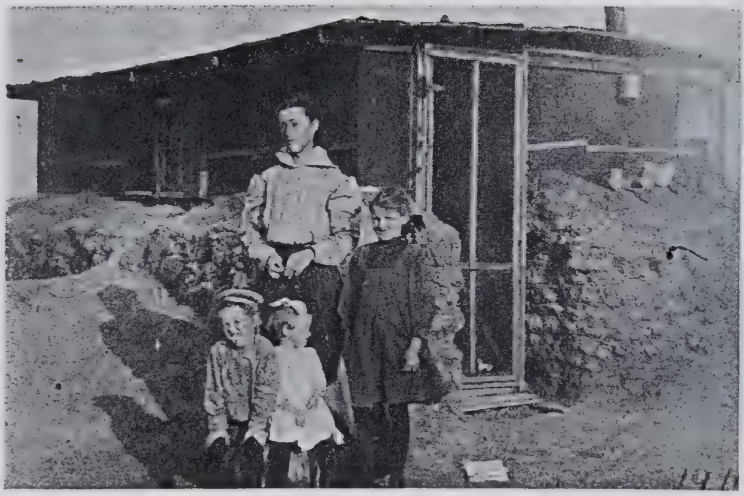
James O. Cammack, better known as Ollie or J. O. by his friends and relatives, and William Keating from Des Moines, Iowa came out to Rapid City to file on claims in 1909. They were good friends. Mr. Keating was a miner and J. O. a carpenter.

The man that brought them out to locate the claims was Oscar Vansickel's father. We never learned this until twenty years later, when Oscar was one of our closest neighbors.

In the spring Dad and Mr. Keating went back to Iowa to bring out their families. We came by train to Wasta, then drove our teams and wagons to the claim. Each family had their cow tied to the back of the wagon. The cows were important to us

J. O. Cammack and family - 1916.

Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Cammack
Golden Anniversary.



Mrs. Cammack, Oral, Cecil, and Ruth.

as there were three small children in each family.

After doing the necessary work for filing, to prove up, Mr. Keating stayed here to look after both families and Dad went back to Des Moines to earn enough to keep them next winter, then came back to look after both families, while Keating took his turn in the mine, during the winter.

While Mr. Keating was gone the big prairie fire went through March 10. 1910. Dad got all their horses in his barn, which saved them, as it was a dugout. It missed both houses, but burned a pile of posts for Keatings. Some of the neighbors were less fortunate, and lost their horses.

Our closest neighbors were Keatings, Welters, Harry Robbins, Tom Smith, Hi Brandt, and Rastus Palmer.

Our family and Keatings went back to Iowa in the summer or fall of 1910. It must have satisfied the wanderlust of the Keating family as they never came back, except to visit us several times many years later.

We came back again in the spring of 1915, this time to Faith as by now the railroad had came in. We also brought six or eight head of cows, and four horses, one of them was Babe, a mare that was descended from Dan Patch, and Dad was very proud of her. Later on Dad had a stallion named Pacer, that I think was Babe's colt, and he sired many colts in this area, some of them were sold to the Fort Meade Cavalry.

We were met in Faith, by John Welter, who was our closest neighbor, now. He had a team and wagon, and helped us. And believe me, that was a long trip to us kids, especially for Cecil, who had never ridden a horse before and had to stay on one, most all day, for two days. That first night we camped, he was the most tired boy that ever rode a horse. By the second day it got a little better. We stayed a few days with the Welters, until they got the house ready to put our things in.

That spring it rained, oh how it did rain! We didn't have a chance to get the roof fixed on the shack, that was the old homestead shack of 1910, which we moved there. The next summer we bought another claim shack, and put them together.

Those next years were tough going some times. Dad had to go back to Iowa, and do carpenter work to keep us going. He didn't get home until November, and we didn't have any coal until he got home. Many times Mom, Cecil and I, Ruth, went to the cellar to get warm, and to eat. The cellar was a good one. All we had to cook with was "chips", we picked up on the prairie. They were not too plentiful, so were careful, and used them to cook with mostly.

I would like to mention now that Cecil and I were home, and our oldest sister, Oral, attended the school for the deaf at Sioux Falls. She was home only during the summer vacation. Later on in 1926 another son, Darrell was born, which completed our family.

Later on Dad began to get work closer to home, he had a job building Garfield Shoun's big stone barn, later on a barn for Ralph Smith, a house for Fannie Giffon and so on. One will find a lot of his work, building, and remodeling, as he worked at it and his ranch the rest of his life.

During the earlier days Dad came home on week ends, and if it had rained he would have the buggy full of mushrooms, we ate a lot of them.

We had very little meat, we did eat jack rabbits, when the dog could catch them for us. He was a fast one. We did have some pork for winter use. Vegetables were scarce, unless one lived on a creek, where a garden could be irrigated, which we didn't.

Fruit was a scarce article, believe me. We went to Lemon Butte to pick plums, gooseberries, buffalo berries, and wild grapes. We canned lots of them, and we had rhubarb.

They used to tell a story on Cecil, I think in 1910, when he tried to eat a banana, peeling and all, because he didn't know what it was.

We did live through it and had lots of good times too. In fact I think we appreciated our neighbors more in those days, than people do now.

The first few years there were almost no fences, except around houses or a garden spot, and every fall about six or eight riders would stop in to get a drink of water, and inquire if we had seen any stock that might belong to some of them. Sometimes they hadn't seen them since spring.

The first school we went to was held in what I think was Tom Smith's claim shack and was taught by Gladys Tibble Davis. It was moved several times before we finally got a new and permanent one, and that was when the Sternad's arrived with seven children, five in school, and the old claim shack just wouldn't hold us all. Teachers were mighty hard to get in those days, and we remember one year when we didn't get one at all, until one teacher agreed to come for a month after her school was out. That was the first time we saw Daphne Boomer, now Mrs. Sutfin, and she taught many schools around here, and so many of the people in this area for many years from then on.

In 1922 J. O. Cammack bid on the mail route between Faith and Chalkbutte, and got it. He or Cecil drove, and he hired some drivers too. He had many harrowing and varied experiences in those years, but especially the first year or so, as the roads weren't very good, and the rest were just trails. I have heard them tell about having to carry part of the load of cream up a steep hill, because the truck couldn't make it. In those days nearly everyone sold some cream, and it was sent to the cream station on the mail truck.

Then through the winter or whenever the road was impassible, for the truck on the south end, one man drove the truck from the ranch and another took a team and went on to Blake Crowsers, or Johnny Heberlings, where they kept a second team to go on from there. Dad and his drivers prided themselves on the fact that he never missed a trip in all the years that he had the mail route, though he would have been money ahead if he had. He had to catch up on week ends many times. I remember one trip when it was blizzarding, and snow so deep they knew a rig couldn't make it, so Cecil and Hugo Welter took the first class mail through on their saddle horses.

Another time when Dad was driving and had arrived at Sulphur Creek the water was way over the banks, and he couldn't tell where the crossing was, but he took a chance and got out in the middle and stayed there. I don't remember if he missed the crossing or the water was just that deep. From a ranch house near by a woman offered her help, and took their team and helped pull the truck out, since none of the men were home. It must have taken some nerve to drive the team in that deep water, and Dad sat on the top of the seat to stay out of the water, and guided the truck. He was very grateful, and never got over his admiration for a lady that had nerve enough to go out into that deep water and help him. Her name was Mrs. Arthur Hart.

It was during this time that Cecil hauled the lumber for the Red Owl hall, using the mail truck and hiring a driver and truck from Linn Morarity, to help him.

J. O., my father, and Nell, my mother stayed on the ranch, and celebrated their golden wedding anniversary, in 1951. Then in August of '52 my mother passed away and my family and I stayed with Dad for awhile and then moved to Black Hawk, where I still live. Dad was with Cecil for a time, then moved to Black Hawk to make his home with me until his death, January 15, 1963, at the age of 83. He sold the ranch to Cecil, who lives at Stoneville, Oral and husband lives in Denison, Texas. Darrell lives in Montana.

KNUTE KJORNESS

by Maude Kjorness

In the fall of 1908, Knute Kjorness and three other young Norwegians freighted from Philip, South Dakota, to their homestead claims on Middle Creek. They brought lumber for their one room frame houses, where they built on four adjoining quarters of land; that later became a part of Knute's ranch, which he operated until his death in December 1956.

In 1908 White Owl was their nearest post office and store. They sometimes walked, the distance of thirty-five miles from their places, for mail, tobacco, etc.; and back again the same day.

I came from Iowa in 1929 and taught the Brushie School. We were married in 1931. After Knute's death, I moved to Sturgis, in 1959.

Andrew Hart family.

ANDY HART FAMILY

by Orpha Simons

My folks lived in Charles Mix County for several years, but moved around many times. An incident happened on one of these moves that I remember very well. We came to a ranch near the road with some milk cows in the corral. There were three men watching us go by and let their cows get out and mix with ours. They thought my brother should have kept them apart, so they bawled him out for it, then went down to the next wagon where my mother and the rest of the children were and told her about it. Then they came to my dad and Walt Homeman in the next wagon. All three men had clubs and Walt wanted to help, but dad told him to stay with the team as he could take care of them. He did, too. He took their clubs away from them, and when it was over they all had black eyes.

We lived there for several years. Three of my sisters were born there.

Then my dad got the 'moving fever' again, so he and V. A. Palmer came to Meade County and filed on claims, and settled down for some more hardships. He freighted for Bert Norris at the Cooper Store from Philip with horses. He had to camp out on the way, and one night he couldn't make a fire because it was raining so hard, so he got a can of sauerkraut from the groceries he was hauling and ate it; he was sick for 2 or 3 days afterward.

After freighting for some time, he went to N. Dak. to work in the harvest fields in the summer. Mother took care of the cows, raised a big garden, made butter to sell, and there was always a baby or two to take care of. During these years she had four more girls.

Then they got the 'moving fever' again, this time heading for Washington. They lived the rest of their lives there, where they had a nice home. My mother passed away at the age of 71 and dad lived alone until his death at 89. He had made his own living since he had been eight years old, his mother had died when he was a baby.

T. J. McCabe homestead.

T. J. McCABE

by Henry Holt

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. McCabe moved to their homestead, about four miles from Cooper, before Faith was a town. At that time they had to freight everything from Sturgis, about 125 miles away.

My mother and step-father lived on this place many years. My brother, Carl, grew to manhood on this homestead, as did my sister Margaret. A half-brother Joseph passed away on the ranch when he was four years old. He was buried near the house, and this little cemetery can still be seen today, enclosed in a concrete and heavy wire fence. Most of the buildings are gone.

An incident happened when Carl was about 9 or 10 years old. He rode horseback to school, about

Carl McCabe in his Overland car.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom McCabe, Joseph and Margaret - 1910.

five miles away. One day a bad looking cloud, or what appeared to be a cloud was in reality a prairie fire, could be seen. This was the fire many people remember as the 'great prairie fire'. Carl saw the fire coming and got his horse to ride home. The teacher forbid any of the children to leave the schoolhouse, but Carl left for home anyway. By getting home ahead of the fire, no doubt saved a lot or maybe all of their cattle, as Carl rode out and drove all of their cattle home. There were many cattle lost because they took refuge in the draws where the grass was higher, and were burned to death. My Dad put Carl on the roof of the house with a bucket of water to put out any fires that started in the shingles. The folks lost about 700 fence posts, as well as lot of hay, but they stayed on and in time acquired more land. They had quite a few cattle and also raised horses, several of these were sold to the army for the cavalry.

Some of their neighbors at that time were the J. O. Cammacks, Ralph Smiths, Paul Lorang, John Goedens, Mrs. Christenson, Andy Schomers, Bill Dubas, L. Vaughns, and many others.

Carl married Ethel Choate and lived on the ranch raising a large flock of sheep. He passed away in 1935. His daughters, Doris Risdall, lives in Sheridan, Wyoming and Peggy Reed south of Faith.

My folks came back to the ranch in the 30's, after living in Minnesota for a few years. Margaret married Joseph Haugen, and they lived on the ranch too, until they and my folks all moved to Coeur d' Alene, Idaho. Of these four, only my mother is still living. She is living in a rest home in Coeur d' Alene and is 95 years old.

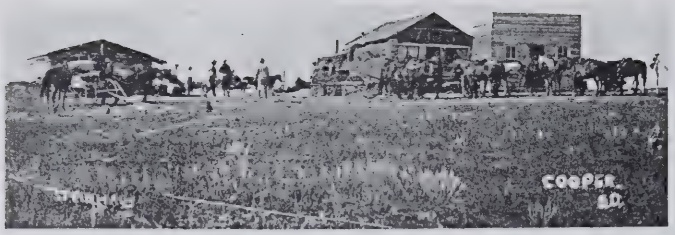
My home is in Eugene, Ore. now, also my son, Charles, and his family. The three daughters, live in S. Dak., Doris Schleuning at Faith, and Ella Cammack and Inez Clarin, at Stoneville.

One thing I recall of the days I lived near Cooper, were those baseball games. Norris Schooler was the main 'cog' in the baseball 'wheel'. He played 1st base and quite often hit a home run. Also in the team were the Bauer brothers, one pitched, one was the catcher, and another played second base. Bob Peck, Godfrey Oakland, Eric Ellefson also played on the team and many others, whom I can't recall.

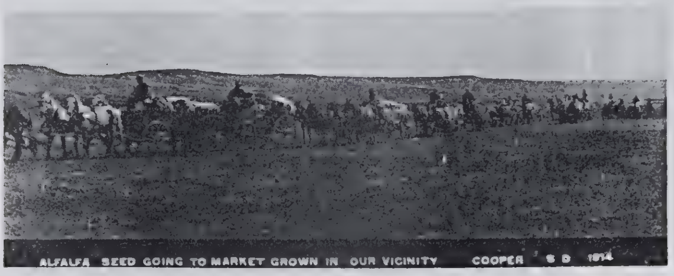
Hank Reber Homestead.

J. Noels Homestead.

Gathering at the McCabe ranch.

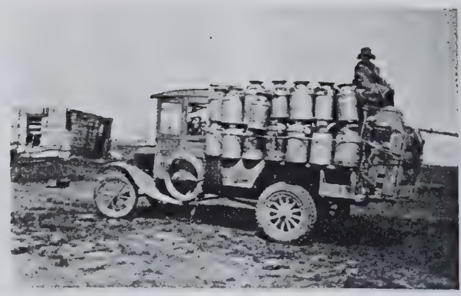


Old Cooper


ALFALFA SEED GOING TO MARKET GROWN IN OUR VICINITY COOPER S D 1914

Hi Brandt and Palmer.

Maude and Harry Robins Homestead and unknown.



J. O. Cammack's mail truck, J. Miller at wheel. Truck loaded with cream cans on both sides. Little girl is depot agent's girl, Evelyn Donnenworth.

Margaret Sternad, Ruth Cammack, Verena Albee and Wilma Sternad at Cammack Ranch.

Emery Sternad, John Welter Jr., Chris Neff, Harold Kellison, Clarence Allen, Joe Isaac, ? Norris, Hugo Welter and George Norris Jr. at the Cammack ranch.

McCabe's and Woolworth's.

Unclassified Section

DIAMOND S TRAIL

by Ed S. Johnson

In the fall of 1908, H. G. Nelson then of Presho and I took up residence on our homesteads filed on in April of that same year. They are now a part of the Russell Speed ranch a few miles southwest of the present day Stoneville.

In our first trip to Sturgis in the fall of 1908 shortly after our arrival on the homesteads our objective was to procure lumber for our shacks. August Lindstrom gave us road directions--"Take the trail leading southwest until you get to the Old "Diamond S. trail" then follow it to the Belle Fourche River, from there to Sturgis is like driving in Iowa.

"The Diamond S trail", that surely had the flavor of the wild west to it! "How are we to know when we reach this trail" we asked, "is it marked in some way?" "No," said August, "there is no marking but you will know it."

He was right--we recognized it at once when we got to it. Not that it was improved, graded or in any way hard surfaced. Just a trail it was, but after following the faint trail we had been on it loomed up to us like a modern federal highway does after coming from a township road. It was not so much a trail as a series of trails. As traffic and erosion wore the road too deep there was plenty of room to start another one beside the one abandoned. In places these trails now covered ground perhaps twenty rods wide.

It was said the trail had gotten its-name from the Diamond S ranch which may have been the first ranch to use it. I never saw this ranch nor did I get acquainted with the folks operating it. There name was Wahl and I heard recently that the name is still Wahl at this ranch.

The general direction the trail took was, of course, northeast-southwest, yet at times one direction changed in curves to a direction almost the opposite of the one taken a short time before. Presumably there was a reason for all this meandering but what that reason was one at times couldn't figure out. One story had it that the first man to drive the trail--in other words the trailblazer had imbibed so much firewater that he could not see straight, thus wandering all over the place, then subsequent travelers followed his tracks. A rather poor story it seems to me and hardly believable, yet there is no denying one did seemingly lengthen the miles unnecessarily.

In the fall of 1908 and the spring of 1909 Sod Town was the last outpost of civilization going southwest on the Diamond S trail until one reached the Belle Fourche River, this was said to be a stretch of 26 miles. I was over the trail both in the fall and the following spring and I am sure there was no visible sign of human habitation in these many miles. During the summer of 1909 however, there were a few homesteaders taking up residence on what we called "the big Gumbo." One could travel on the gumbo when it was real wet and when it was dry. In the intermediate state, impossible it was to turn a wheel! The reason being that the wheels would get so gummed up they could not turn. One could turn the horses loose without fear of them straying--it was too hard for them to stray with loads they carried on their feet.

About in the center of this gumbo flat was a prairie dog town. It was many miles across it.

At the Belle Fourche River one again got back to populated country, even though sparsely settled. On the west bank of the river a man from Sturgis had erected a roadhouse for the accommodation of travelers. This he and his wife were operating. This building was a large rectangular structure built entirely of slab. The slabs were a by-product of lumber and could be obtained at any of the mills in the hills for free, if one would haul it away. The building contained four rooms. Two of these ran lengthwise through the center of the building. The front of the building was the lobby or living room, back of this was a smaller room which was the kitchen and dining room. In the lobby was a gigantic stove. Lengthwise of the building were two partitions perhaps seven feet high--this made two long, narrow bedrooms very low at the eaves of the building. The west room usually used by the men and the east by the ladies and children. These partitions were high enough for privacy of a sort but not high enough so they shut out the heat of the stove. One could wash hands and face in the kitchen, other toilet facilities were in a very primitive building outside.

A large slab barn to the north of the roadhouse took care of many team of horses. A supply of feed was on hand to sell to those needing it.

The slab walls of the building had been chinked up, but there was only this flimsy wall between the guests and the elements outside. The food was not fancy. Bacon, potatoes, and soda biscuits were the mainstay of meals served, sometimes prune sauce, and I recollect eating a piece of pie there. Always there was plenty of coffee.

L. F. GLOVER'S HISTORY

I was born Sept. 6, 1880, two and three fourths miles northwest of Vale on a ranch in squatters right country. It was not named and not surveyed, but was named Butte County in 1883.

During the hard winter of 1886 and 1887 thousands of range cattle died on our ranch, I don't recall ever seeing a wild range buffalo.

I went to the Willey School in 1886 and to the Langdon School in 1887 with Alma Williams as the teacher. I went to the Kise house in 1888 and to the Riger School in 1889. Maud Gardner taught these two terms. The school was moved into Vale the fall of 1889. Wyman Richards taught in 1889 to 1896. I went to the Vale and Wilson Schools.

In the summer of 1897 I stayed home and worked on the ranch. In 1898 I broke a string of 3 and 4 year old broncs to ride. Eleven head for my dad to ride on a horse roundup. There were 24 men on this roundup. We camped on the forks of Indian Creek with some 2 or 3 hundred horses. A bad storm hit us, rain and snow. The water run us out of camp in the night. We saddled our horses and rode 12 miles to a 12 x 14 shack in the little Missouri brakes. We turned the herd of wild horses loose in this herd. My dad had 15 head of pinto horses branded G-. Some one must have stolen them, as we never saw them again. We 21 men were in this shack for 3 days without food and no place to sleep. Seven saddle horses died around the pen where we were camped.

In 1900 I started out with a saddle horse and a pack horse with my bed for Miles City and traded my pack horse for a big red sorrel HS horse.

The fall of 1900 and spring of 1901 I came home and worked for a man named Scott. He had bought and turned loose 1,100 head of young steers branded 5 and Charles Miller and I rode 2 strings of 5 horses, 11 in each string. We camped on Bridger Creek for 15 days. I broke out 5 head of these horses. Miller and Shannon came down with smallpox and we were quarantined for 15 days. When the quarantine was lifted we left for Ft. Pierre. We caught the Lime Kiln Pool wagon at Pierre, and worked on the White and Bad River the summer of 1901 and the spring of 1902.

That fall I worked for Holcomb the OHO with Manuel Coy, wagon boss. Lee Elliot ran the Lime Kiln Pool wagon. The OHO was on the Cheyenne Reservation.

The spring of 1903 I went to work for Ed Lemmon and the L7. I broke a string of horses and helped fence the south side of the Standing Rock Reservation. In 1904 we dipped 31,000 head of L7 cattle. Also went to Dickenson for a trail herd that the company had shipped in from Oregon. They were two weeks late so we camped on the Hart River until the cattle got in. We trailed them from Dickenson to the pasture on Grand River in the spring of 1904 we bought a trail herd from Everetts to the pasture. Crossed them on a ferry boat. In the fall of 1904 we shipped beef across the river on the pontoon bridge. Cap Sowers ran the ferry boat. That was the last of my cowboy life. I came home the fall of 1904.

In 1905 I filed on a homestead on the south Moreau, 12 miles down the river from Hoover. I moved 60 head of good horses to the Moreau, located them between the north and south Moreau. We closed out the horse business in 1911. I sold a Canadian horse buyer 100 head of horses for $3,100. In 1912 sold a St. Louis horse buyer a hundred head for $35.00 a head. I took 16 head of cavalry and artillery horses to Fort Key on the Yellowstone River. Sold them to Cap Howard. He said that was the best string of horses that ever came to Fort Key.

The fall of 1906 I went to Ekalaka and wintered there. In 1907 I worked for Booth and Mclain on the Box Elder he ran 130 head of black Gallaways. I came back to the homestead and looked after the horses.

I lived in the Vale area, farming and had a summer herd, and have made my home in this area since.

Mr. and Mrs. William Crowser and family.

MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM CROWSER

By Bessie Flack

Mr. and Mrs. William Crowser left Iowa, about 1897 for a new home, not knowing where to. They took a train, with their few head of livestock, to Ft. Pierre, S. Dak. When they reached Pierre, it was the end of the railroad. They had to cross the Missouri River on a ferry boat. One cow fell overboard and they had a terrible time getting her out and onto the boat again.

Will and Jen started across the wide country with their stock, driving them afoot. Tucker Smith loaned them a horse which they returned later.

They reached Ash Creek, dug a dugout and moved in. When it rained, the two children, Jim and Martha were put under the table to keep dry.

It was here Mr. Crowser got typhoid fever and was in bed for twenty-one days. He had ridden in from Pierre and his wife thought he had one too many. His brother-in-law, Willie White got on the same horse and went to Rapid City to get a doctor.

Later they cut cedar logs and built a three room house where the three of us children were born, with no doctors attending. That was W. F. Crowser, Lee and Bessie, (Mrs. Bud Flack). A little boy passed away in 1914. The snow was so deep that people made him a little casket, lined it with flannel, and buried him north of the old house.

In 1911 dry weather hit again. With 400 head of horses, they headed for the badlands, then returned in the fall with them.

Bill said he has worked many a day like a horse, for a half bushel of potatoes no bigger than marbles. Mom cooked them with the jackets on so as not to waste any.

An old friend, Jim Braddock, probably helped Bill Crowser meet his goal. He loaned him $10,000 to buy land and stock. Old Jim took an old envelope out of his pocket and drew up a note which Dad signed. Interest was high, but he made out good with the loan.

The following was written by Herb Handley, a neighbor of Will Crowser's for 45 years, and published in the Pioneer Review, the Philip Paper.

March 2nd, in a Rapid City Hospital, one of South Dakota's old pioneers passed away.

Mr. and Mrs. Crowser settled on Ash Creek at a very early date, when this area was included in old Stanley County.

Will and Jennie had previously resided for a time south of Ft. Pierre on Cedar Creek, coming from Iowa originally.

After locating on Ash Creek, Will was raising horses in quite a large way, and when the homestead movement came, he sold many horses to the homesteaders. Will raised a lot of big horses, just what the new people wanted to pull the breaking plows.

As horses passed out of the picture, Will sent into the cattle business, and he also grew a lot of alfalfa on Ash Creek bottoms. He was one of the first to own a tractor, and a car in these parts and at one time raised a lot of wheat on the large flat west of Ash Creek.

He increased his land holdings, quite considerably in his area, starting with a 160 acre homestead, back in the beginning. Also he increased his cattle to a large herd.

Will and Jennie said one time to "yours truly," if you stick to gumbo country when it is dry, it will stick to you when it is wet."

We shall all miss "Bill" as we called him. There are not many of the Old Guard left and would take a big book to record their ups and downs through the dry and wet years.

Will's wife, Jennie, passed away some two or three years ago and is laid to rest in Bear Butte Cemetery, where he will also sleep beside her. I do not exactly know Will's age. In those days we paid little heed to age, years and birthdays. We were all young, in a new country and we loved it.

Ethel and Less Boyer - 1913.

Elmer Davis - mailman from Newell to Cedar Canyon.

A Fourth of July at McCabes.

The Printing Staff.

This picture shows the printing staff at work in the print shop at Wahl's. Left to Right are Wanna Young, Ella Wahl, Donna Cammack, Ella Cammack and Inez Clarin.

Due to the unexpected response for stories and pictures we have about one hundred more pages than planned. We have all enjoyed working on the book and we hope it offers the readers many hours of pleasure.

A HISTORY OF THE WEST RIVER ELECTRIC ASSOCIATION

It was during the year of 1936 that thoughts of better and cheaper electric power were being formed among some of the members of the Wall Commercial Club. A committee was appointed by the president of the club to gather information about the feasibility of a municipal A. C. light plant for the city of Wall.

In 1937, Walter Walkling, stopped in Wall on his way to Pierre and said he would find out if REA assistance could be obtained for a light plant. More committees were appointed to complete a distribution survey and to tabulate the results of a house to house canvas of electric users. Everyone in Quinn, Wasta, and Owanka reacted very favorably to going in with Wall on an electric system.

On March, 1939 a mass meeting was held at Wasta for the purpose of deciding on a general plan of the electric system. At this meeting an organization was started with R. F. Lewis of Wall as Chairman and a director from each of the represented localities as a body. Maurice Faragher of Wall was employed to make a map of the entire system, locating all the various details that were required by REA. This application was submitted, and word was soon received to select an attorney and proceed to organize the cooperative. James Clapp, of Rapid City was selected as the attorney and a group of nine men met to prepare incorporation papers. A week later, the incorporation papers were returned by the Secretary of State at Pierre and the directors elected officers for the cooperative which was named, "West River Electric Association Inc.

Signers of these papers were Earl Brownson, Quinn; G. W. Mills, J. A. Galbraith and R. F. Lewis of Wall; J. R. Killian, Wasta; A. P. Wilhoite, Owanka; and F. H. Rector, A. N. Nelson and James Forest of New Underwood. A week later, the incorporation papers were returned by the Secretary of State at Pierre; and the directors elected officers for the cooperative which was named West River Electric Association Inc. F. H. Rector, New Underwood was elected president, Earl Brownson, Quinn, vice-president, and R. F. Lewis, Wall, as secretary-treasurer.

On July 15, 1939, the long awaited REA approval of the application was received in the form of a telegram which read, "Rural Electrification Administration approved allotment for West River Electric Association to build 125 miles of line for 445 members, and money is available. Will include service for six towns as well as farmers on the line.

Organization of the cooperative having been completed, it became necessary to locate an office to serve as "base of operations."

The first annual meeting of the West River Electric Association was held at the Community Hut, in Wall. A new board of directors was elected.

By July 11, 1940, West River Electric Association was ready to supply energy to its customers.

Through the years that followed many more sections were added to this association.

In January 1953, the cooperative moved into its new headquarters building in Wall.

The latest statistics taken in 1963 showed 3,546 consumers and approximately 30 million KWH were used by the members in 1963.

Yes, it has been many years since the first loan from REA was made to the West River Electric Association. From a struggling little association, the West River Electric Association has progressed rapidly to a prosperous cooperative today. The men responsible for its inception, its progress and its prosperity may feel justly proud of their accomplishments - a difficult job well done.

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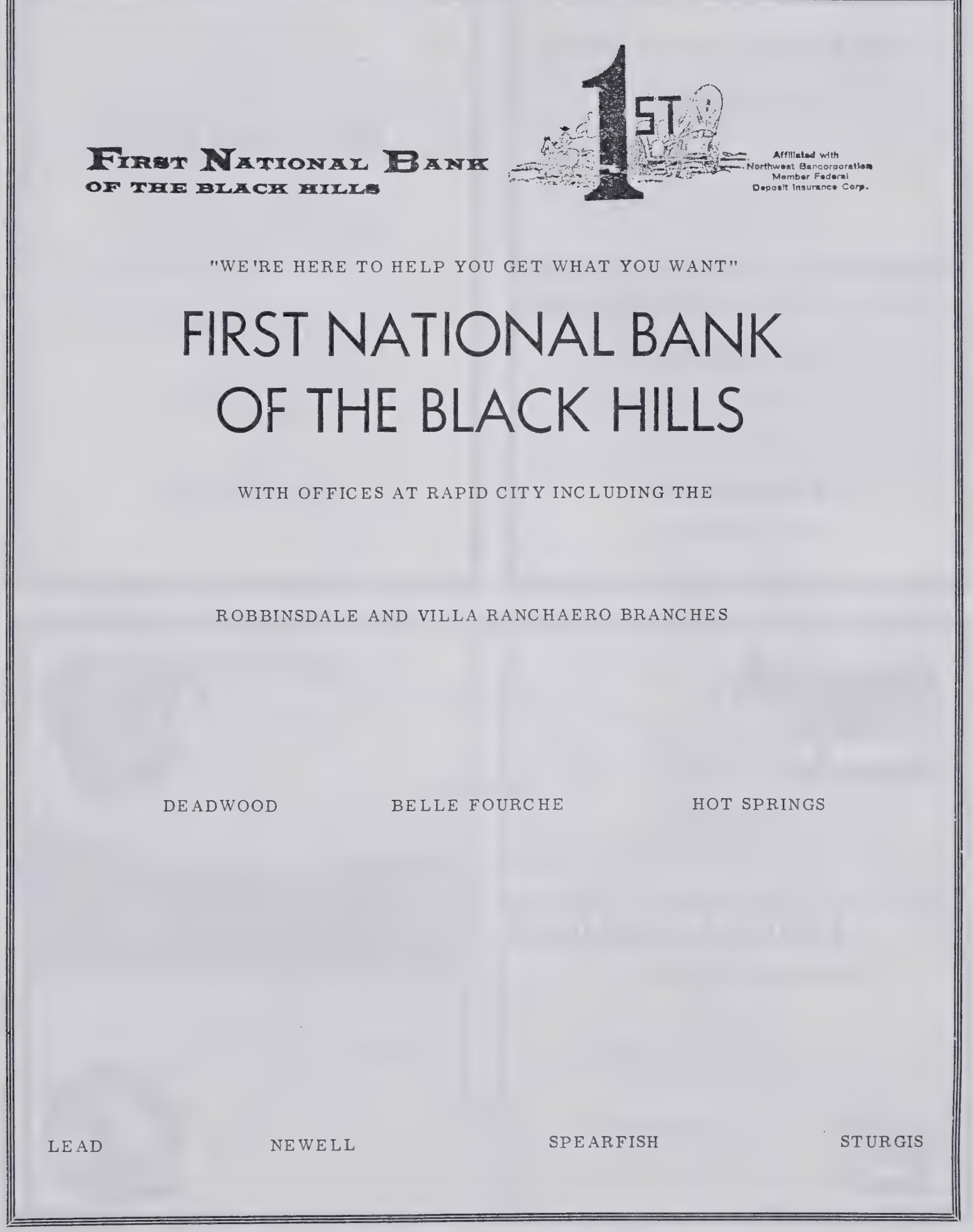

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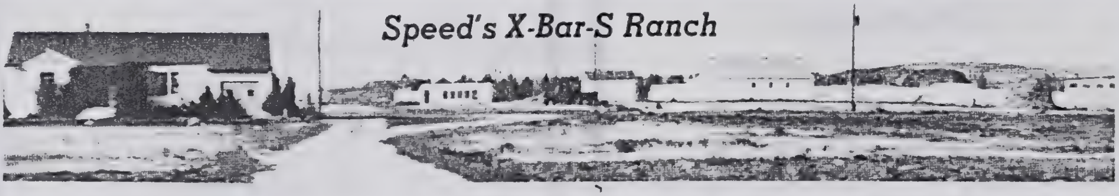

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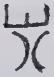

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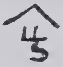
Marcus  South Dakota

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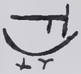
FLOYD AND DONNA CAMMACK



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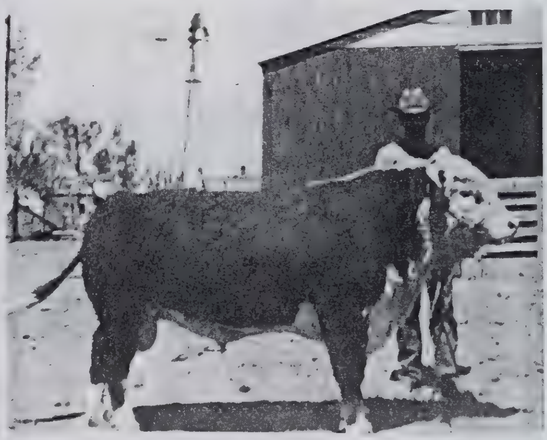


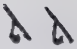
PJ lh
Duane

Charles (Bud)

PJ lh
Roger

Enning, South Dakota

ASHEIM, OSCAR
Elm Springs, South Dakota . . . . l r h c



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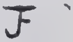
BACHAND, MARTIN
Sturgis, South Dakota . . . . r r c



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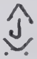

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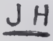

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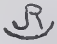

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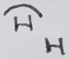

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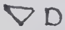

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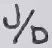

BRUCH, HENRY
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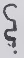
BRUCH, JOE
Stoneville, South Dakota . . . . r r c

CAMMACK, CECIL
Stoneville, South Dakota . . . . l h c



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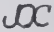

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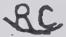

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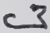

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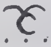

DENKER, JOHN
Union Center, South Dakota . . . . r h c

DENNIS, ROY
Red Owl, South Dakota . . . . l r c

DENNIS, WALTER
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DOW, ROBERT
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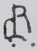

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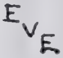
Union Center, South Dakota  . . . . l sh r h c

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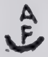
White Owl, South Dakota  . . . . r h c h

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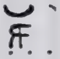
Union Center, South Dakota  . . . . r r c r h h

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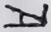
Union Center, South Dakota  . . . . r h c h

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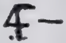
Union Center, South Dakota  . . . . r h h c

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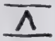
Viewfield, South Dakota  . . . . r h c

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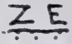
Plainview, South Dakota  . . . . l r c

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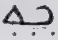
Plainview, South Dakota  . . . . l h c

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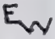
Plainview, South Dakota  . . . . r r c

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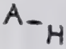
Union Center, South Dakota  . . . . r h c

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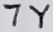
White Owl, South Dakota  . . . . l r c

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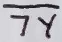
Marcus, South Dakota  . . . . r r c

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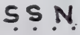
White Owl, South Dakota  . . . . l r c

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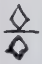
Mud Butte, South Dakota  . . . . l r c

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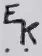
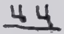
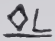
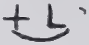
Union Center, South Dakota  . . . . l r c

KOLBU, ORVILLE Red Owl, South Dakota		r sh c
LEE, LLOYD, BERNADENE AND LUCKY Stoneville, South Dakota		r r c
LONG, JAY White Owl, South Dakota		l r c
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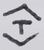
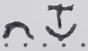
MAHAFFY, TED AND SON Marcus, South Dakota		r r c
McCARTHY, JUSTIN AND SON Fairpoint, South Dakota		l r c
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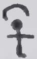
MIKUDIK, HAROLD Stoneville, South Dakota		r h c
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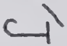
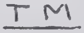
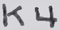
MILLER, JOHN JR. Red Owl, South Dakota		l h c
MILLER, TOM C. Red Owl, South Dakota		l r c
MOORHEAD, HARVEY Red Owl, South Dakota		r r c
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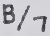
MUTCHLER, WILLIAM Union Center, South Dakota		r r c
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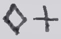
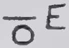
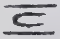
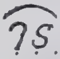
ORTH, HENRY Stoneville, South Dakota		l h c
OUTKA, ADA AND BERT Enning, South Dakota		r r c
PATTERSON AND VIG Mud Butte, South Dakota		r r c r h c
PETERSON, HARVEY Faith, South Dakota		l h c
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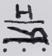
ROUNDS, HARLEY Fairpoint, South Dakota		r h c
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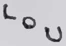
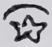
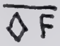
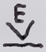
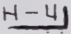
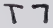
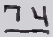
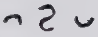
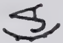
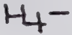
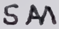
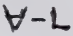
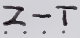
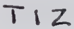
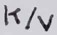
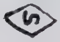
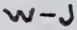
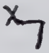
SCHLEUNING, CARL AND DORIS Faith, South Dakota		rh sh c
SHAW, LESLIE White Owl, South Dakota		r h c
SHOUN, ELBERT Red Owl, South Dakota		r h c
SHOUN, MARJORIE Red Owl, South Dakota		l r c
SIMONS, GARFIELD Enning, South Dakota		l r c
SIMONS, ORRIE Red Owl, South Dakota		l r c
SIMONS, VIRGIL Enning, South Dakota		r r c
SMILEY, ROBERT Red Owl, South Dakota		l r c
SMITH, JACK Union Center, South Dakota		r h c
SMITH, PERRY SR. Union Center, South Dakota		l h c
STRONG, FLOYD AND JO Union Center, South Dakota		r r c
STRONG, RALPH Union Center, South Dakota		l r c
TOPINKA, JOE Nemo, South Dakota		l r c
TYSDAL, CLINTON Red Owl, South Dakota		r r c
VIG, KENNETH AND DAGNY Stoneville, South Dakota		r r c
WAHL, CARL J. Union Center, South Dakota		r r c
WAHL, JIM, VICKY AND ANNE Red Owl, South Dakota		r r c
WELTER, EUGENE Faith, South Dakota		r h h c

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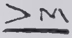

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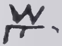

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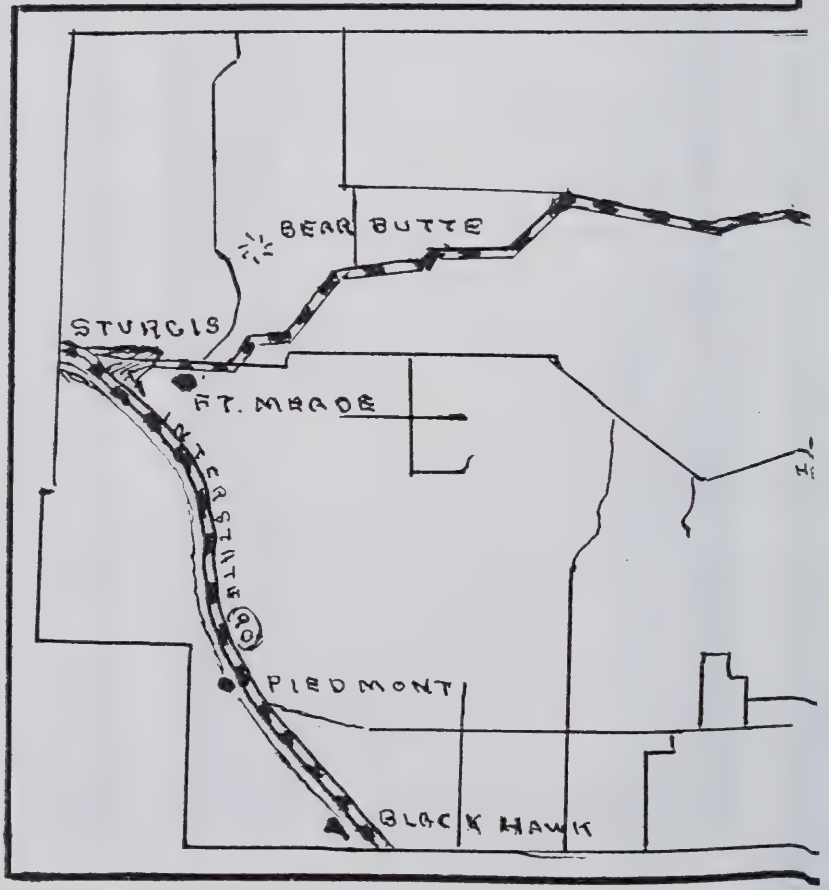
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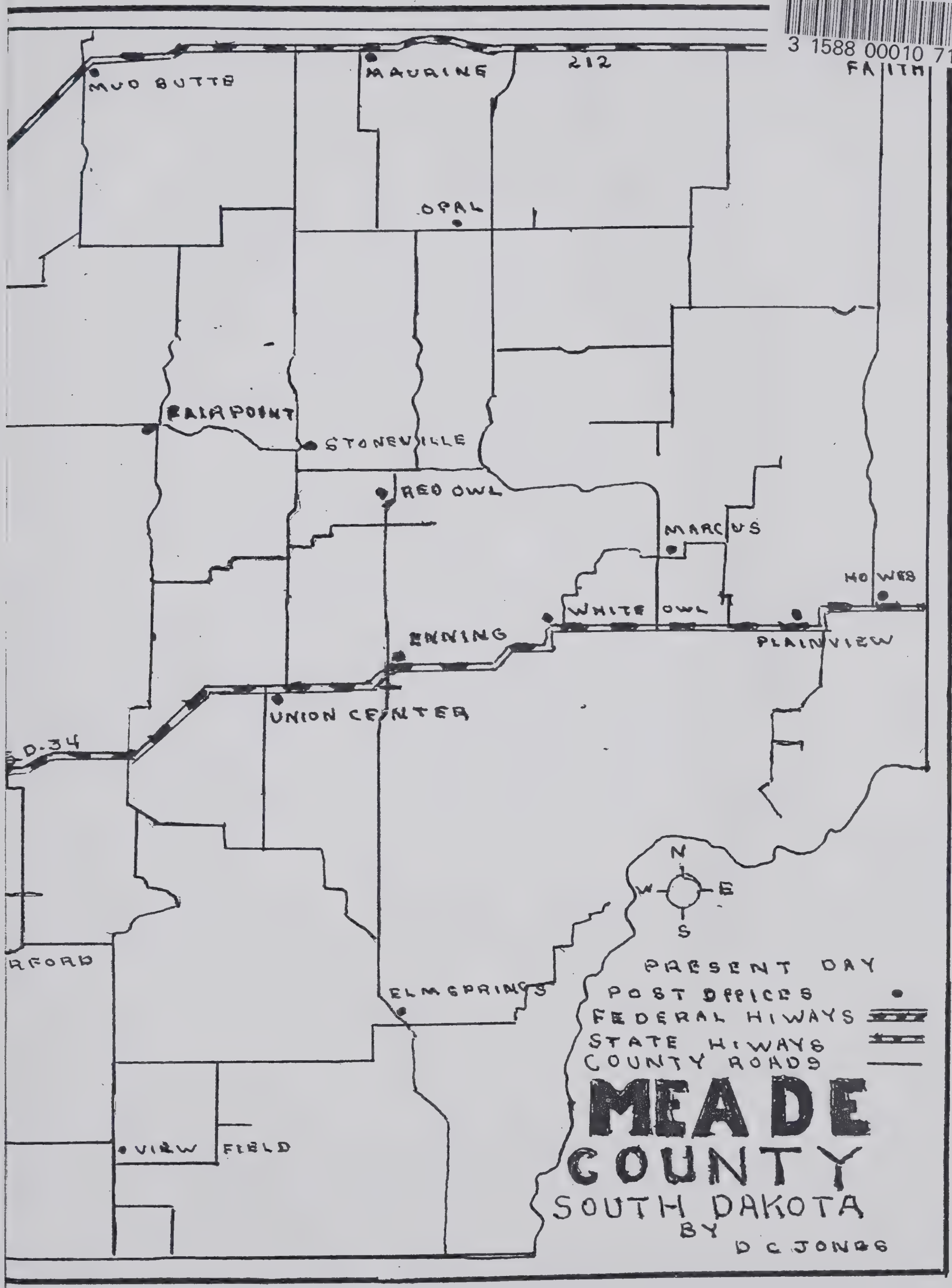
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